THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES THE FOUNDLING, IN HIS MARRIED STATE.

— *Utile dulci.*

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBINSON, at the *Golden Lion* in *Ludgate-Street.*

MDCCL.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

ELIZABETH,

Countess of MARCHMONT;

THIS

HISTORY

IS

Most humbly inscribed

BY THE

AUTHOR.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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RIGHT HONOURABLE

ELIZABETH,

Counteſs of MARCHMONT;

THIS

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Moſt humbly inſcribed

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AUTHOR.

THE PREFACE.

THE Author should scarce think it necessary to provide the Reader with a Preface, was it not his Intention that the World should be satisfied that HENRY FIELDING, Esq; is not the Author of this Book, nor in any Manner concerned in its Composition or Publication.

FOR, as to the Work itself; though it cannot boast of being warmly recommended by an honourable Lord of the Treasury, BEFORE it appears in Public; the Author's Station of Life, Getting him at too great a Distance from Court, where such a Patronage is to be sought, not be hopes the Subjects contained therein will be found to interesting, in the most useful Parts of Life, among all Degrees, as to engage the warm Recommendation, not only of Men of Generous, but of all serious and well-meaning Readers.

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PREFACE.

IF he has ſtepped out of the common Road of Hiſtorians, *it was with an Intention to draw Nature more to the Life; and to gather proper Antidotes againſt the many and common Vices of the Age. And where he has been obliged to deſcend to Particulars, he has neither uſed a luſcious nor ambiguous Diction: It being as neceſſary to guard the Reader from the Poiſon of Words, as from the Vice they ſeem to conceal; a Caution too ſeldom regarded by thoſe who pretend to write to pleaſe the* Taſte *of the Times. Which cannot, by any Means, be accounted a Compliment to their Readers.—*

HE has only introduced ſuch Characters as both Young and Old frequently meet with, or may obſerve at a Diſtance; ſo that they may not only amuſe, but conduct the Reader thro' many otherwiſe difficult Caſes. In fine, theſe Sheets may be juſtly ſtiled an Admonition to the unthinking Part of both Sexes; and a Guide to preſerve the moſt Virtuous, againſt the Deluſions and falſe Appearances, which mix ſo frequently in the Tranſactions of Life.

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THE

THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES THE FOUNDLING, IN HIS MARRIED STATE.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Containing ſome Reflections on Marriage.

THE moſt affecting, and, indeed, the Parts which convey the beſt Inſtruction in the former Books of this Hiſtory, are thoſe Struggles of the

charming and conſtant *Sophia* with her Father and Aunt; wherein ſhe ſo long, and under ſo many Difficulties and Sufferings, obſtinately rejected their advantageous Propoſals of a Marriage, firſt with Mr. *Bliſil*, and afterwards with my Lord *Fellamar*, though neither of them were diſagreeable in their Perſons; and, according to the common Way of computing, were poſſeſſed of Eſtates much ſuperior to her Fortune; and, in her Affections, preferred one, in all Appearance, much their inferior in Wealth. Yet, notwithſtanding, ſhe could not force her Inclinations to ſubmit to the Dictates of her Family; ſhe was firmly reſolved to preſerve her Duty untainted, and never to marry without her Father's Conſent. But as ſhe had a Right ſo to do, the young Lady only deſired they would not force her to marry againſt her own Liking.

Thus ſhe expreſſed herſelf to her Aunt at ſeveral Times; and to Mr. *Allworthy*, at his firſt Viſit, who then highly approved of her Reſolution, not ſo to be captivated with Riches and Honours, and the Proſpect of living great, as to conſider them the ſole Objects of matrimonial Happineſs: And, therefore, while Mr. *Weſtern* was deeply engaged in his Cups with the Father

of

of young Mr. *Nightingale*, towards the Evening of the happy Day in which *Jones* and *Sophia* had been married, Mr. *Allworthy* retired with the reſt of the Company; and, as it conſiſted of three young Couple, married to their own Satisfaction, he congratulated them all; and, according to his uſual Cuſtom, treated them over a Diſh of Tea, with a Diſcourſe upon Marriage, which he delivered with the Tenderneſs of a Father, as he really appeared to be in the preſent happy Union; but he particularly addreſſed himſelf to the good Underſtanding of *Sophia*.

'My dear Child, ſaid he, what a happy 'Change is here before me! How was I 'deceived by the Hypocriſy of *Bliſil!* Oh 'how you muſt have been undone, had not 'your good Genius inſpired your tender 'Years with Courage and Diſcretion, to 'bear up under, and to fruſtrate all the 'Attempts made againſt your Liberty, by 'the deceived Friends of that Wretch! I 'rejoice from my Heart; I rejoice in your 'Eſcape of him. He, with my Fortune, 'to be ſure, was no contemptible Match: 'The Man is well enough to look at: But '—he was a mercenary Creature; and as 'he ſcrupled not the perpetrating the worſt

'of Villainies, the ſecreting from me the laſt 'Words of his own Mother, in order to 'find an Opportunity to remove from my 'Preſence; nay, even to ſuborn Perjury, 'and to contrive and procure the ignomi-'nious Death of his elder Brother, that he 'might inherit my whole Eſtate; he would 'always have ſacrificed the Peace and Quiet, 'and the very Health and Being of his 'Wife, to the Gratification of his own In-'clinations. I thank kind Providence which 'has indulged you ſo far, as to put you 'out of the Reach of ſuch a Tyrant; for 'I am ſure, at the beſt, that if you could 'have been perſuaded or forced, into a 'Marriage with *Blifil*, as it was your Fa-'ther's Intention; and he could have had 'the Government of his own Temper, ſo 'as to behave towards you with Reſpect; 'your Life muſt have been either entirely 'unhappy, or vexatious, or inſipid. And 'though at Mr. *Weſtern*'s earneſt Sollicita-'tion I came to Town to ſettle the marri-'age Articles between you and *Blifil*, who 'then triumphed in deceiving me; I, ſtill 'finding you reſolute againſt the Match, 'could not help reflecting upon my own Con-'duct, in yielding too far to Mr. *Weſtern*'s 'miſtaken Notion of a Child's Duty in the 'grand Article of Marriage. I even went

'ſo

'ſo far to ſhew my Diſlike of it to my 'Nephew *Bliſil*. Becauſe, where two Peo-'ple of quick Taſte and Reſentment 'are joined in Matrimony, for good Rea-'ſons well known only to their Friends, 'whoſe ſole Care is to avoid Poverty, and 'to enſure to them Riches, with every E-'vil beſides, they muſt live a vexatious 'Life; eſpecially if they be of a quick 'Taſte and Reſentment. The World a-'bounds with too many Examples of this 'Miſchief. Theſe People live in a conſtant 'Reſtraint before Company; and too great 'Familiarity alone: They cannot obſerve 'each other's Carriage and Behaviour with-'out fretting: They always revile one ano-'ther's Perſon and Conduct in private; and 'their whole Syſtem is how to vex, puniſh, 'and injure their Companion in a marriage 'State. But had not this been the Caſe; 'I am afraid your marriage Life with him 'would not have been otherwiſe than in-'ſipid. For I have always obſerved that, 'when two People who diſcover no Geni-'us or Taſte for themſelves meet together, 'upon ſuch a Settlement as hath been 'thought reaſonable by Parents and Con-'veyancers, from an exact Valuation of 'the Land and Caſh of both Parties; the 'young Lady's Perſon is no more regard-

'ed than the Houſe and Improvements in
'the Purchaſe of an Eſtate; in all ſuch
'Contracts, ſhe may more properly be ſaid
'to go with her Fortune, than to ſay her
'Fortune goes with her. Believe me, my
'Child! it would have given me real Con-
'cern, to have ſeen you in ſuch a wretch-
'ed Condition, through my Means. And
'you, my Friends, who have all taken the
'wiſe Step to keep clear of this fatal Bar
'to matrimonial Happineſs, look but
'round you; and it muſt be confeſſed,
'that theſe make up the Crowd amongſt
'the Rich, and fill up the Lumber of human
'Race. And now you are happy in each
'other's Love, which is regulated by Rea-
'ſon and Virtue, never mix with thoſe
'whoſe Life is deſpicable, independent,
'and uſeleſs; and who have no Senſe of
'the Laws of Kindneſs, good Nature, and
'mutual Offices, but eagerly ſeek and pur-
'ſue every Art and Opportunity to diſgrace
'that State with Contention and Strife,
'which was created to nouriſh Love and
'Unity amongſt Men. Ladies! I cannot
'conclude, without adding a Word of Com-
'mendation of thoſe who take a Huſband,
'in whom, what they like is not transfer-
'able to another: For, if they chuſe other-
'wiſe, there is no Hopes their Huſband

'will

'will ever have what they eſteemed in his 'Rival: But intrinſic Qualities in one Man, 'may very probably purchaſe every Thing 'that is adventitious in another: Or, to 'ſpeak more intelligibly; a Man poſſeſſed 'of perſonal Perfections will ſooner arrive 'at the Gifts of Fortune, than one of a 'great Eſtate only, can attain to perſo-'nal Perfections.' Here *Sophia* preſumed to break Silence; and, with her uſual Modeſty and Grace, replied,—'I perceive, 'Sir, you are complimenting me upon my 'Choice of Mr. *Jones*, in Preference to '*Blifil*. And, I muſt confeſs, that nothing 'was more ſhocking to me, than when 'my dear Father would have hurried me 'into the matrimonial Nooſe, with a 'Suppoſition that Love would naturally 'have followed the Ceremony uſed by the 'Parſon: For, I was confirmed in this 'Principle; That, as I could not diſcern a-'ny of thoſe good Qualities or perſonal Per-'fections in *Blifil*, which were eminent in 'Mr. *Jones*, Marriage could never render 'him ſo accompliſhed and agreeable to me. 'And though you had enriched *Blifil* with 'your whole Eſtate, and turned Mr. *Jones* 'out of your Houſe and Favour; I doubt-'ed not to find more Happineſs by mar-'rying poor Mr. *Jones*, than by yielding

'up my Liberty to the rich *Blifil*.' 'I ap-'plaud your Reaſoning;' ſays Mr. *All-worthy*, 'And I would recommend your 'Example to all young Ladies, who de-'ſire to make a ſure Purchaſe of a happy 'Marriage. Let them employ Fortune 'upon Certainties; but never ſacrifice Cer-'tainties to Fortune.'

Theſe Words were ſcarce finiſhed, when Squire *Weſtern*, already pretty forward in his Cups, inſiſted upon Mr. *Allworthy*'s, and the others Company. To which they were in good Manners obliged to acquieſce, till Wine and Smoak deprived him of Senſation, and lulled him aſleep.

CHAP. II.

Containing the Characters of the principal Perſons already mentioned; with ſome Remarks on Taſte.

MR. *Allworthy* was poſſeſſed of one of the largeſt Eſtates in *Somerſetſhire*. He was alſo enriched with good natural Parts, improved by a liberal Education. And he was a ſincere Friend, a liberal Benefactor to the Poor, and truly Religious without Hypocriſy.

Mr.

Mr. *Thomas Jones*, the Son of *Bridget*, the only and beloved Siſter of Mr. *Allworthy*, by one Mr. *Summer*, enjoyed many of his Uncle's good Qualities. For though he cannot be placed amongſt the *Literati*, he did not want the Gifts of Nature. He was a fine Man in Perſon, and of a courteous, affable, humane Diſpoſition. But ſo amorous, that his early Lewdneſs laid him open to the Schemes of his Enemies, involved him in many and great Calamities, and hitherto ſullied all his other amiable Qualities in the Opinion of the Virtuous.

Mr. *Blifil*, the Son of the ſaid *Bridget Allworthy*, by her Huſband Capt. *Blifil*, you have read, was covetous, proud, hypocritical, and malicious towards Mr. *Jones*.

Mr. *Twackum* was Chaplain and Tutor in this Family, of a cruel, proud, over-bearing Spirit, deceitful, and an Enemy to *Tom Jones*.

Mr. *Weſtern* was an ignorant, drunken, Country Squire, peremptory in his Commands, poſitive in his Aſſertions, and greedy of Money.

Miſs *Sophia Weſtern*, his only Daughter, was celebrated for her Prudence, Virtue, and her Beauty; conſtant in her Affections to her Lover, and ſtrictly dutiful to her Father.

Mrs. *Weſtern*, the Squire's Siſter, ſet up for a great Deal of Wit and Oeconomy. She was alſo very Talkative, Vain, Conceited, Ambitious, and Revengeful.

Mr. *Supple*, the Chaplain, was a Batchelor, a very eaſy man, good-natured to Exceſs, and ready to oblige every Body.

Mrs. *Honour*, an artful, intriguing Chambermaid; firſt to Miſs *Sophia*, afterwards to Lady *Bellaſton*, was proud and covetous.

Lady *Bellaſton* was a Coquette, vicious, jealous, and revengeful, *Tom Jones*'s ſecret Enemy.

Mrs. *Miller* and her Children, Mrs. *Waters*, Mr. *Partridge*, and *Molly Seagrim*, were Friends and Dependants on Mr. *Jones*.

Mr. *Dowling*, an Attorney, and Steward to

to Mr. *Allworthy*, but entirely influenced by *Blifil*, was treacherous and ungrateful.

Lord *Fellamar* was poſſeſſed of a large Fortune, but extremely weak in his Intellects, eaſy to be impoſed upon by the deſigning Part of his Acquaintance.

Theſe are the principal Perſons already mentioned in this Hiſtory; and of whom we ſhall have frequent Occaſion to treat in the following Sheets. And as it is in the Power of Imagination, once ſtocked with particular Ideas to enlarge, compound, and vary them at her own Pleaſure; ſo it is ſufficient to requeſt your Attention to what I have more to add to the Characters of theſe Perſons, provided I in general preſerve a Reſemblance, or at leaſt, ſome remote Analogy to their Actions already repreſented. And I puff myſelf up with an Expectation of your Approbation in this Undertaking; becauſe, a Reader finds a Scene drawn in ſtronger Colours, and painted more to the Life in his Imagination, by the Help of Words, than by an actual Survey of the Scene which they deſcribe. For in the actual Survey of an Object, we have only ſo much of it painted on the Imagination, as comes in at the Eye; whereas in

its Deſcription, the Poet gives us as free a View of it as he pleaſes, and diſcovers to us ſeveral Parts, that either we did not attend to, or that lay out of ſight, at our firſt View.

Why then have not all Readers the ſame Reliſh of the ſame Deſcriptions? Does it not often happen, that one Reader ſhall be tranſported or weep at a Paſſage, which another runs over with Coldneſs and Indifference? Or ſhall find the Repreſentation extremely natural, where another can perceive nothing of Likeneſs and Conformity?—This different Taſte muſt proceed either from the Perfection of Imagination in one more than in another, or from the different Ideas that ſeveral Readers affix to the ſame Words; and not always from the Imperfection of the Author. For, to have a true Reliſh, and to form a right Judgment of a Deſcription, a Man ſhould be born with a good Imagination, and ought ſo to weigh the Force and Energy, that lie in the ſeveral Words of a Language; as to be able to diſtinguiſh which are moſt ſignificant and expreſſive of their proper Ideas, and what additional Strength and Beauty, they are capable of receiving from Conjunction with others. The Fancy muſt be warm to retain the

the Print of thoſe Images, it has received from outward Objects? and the Judgment muſt be diſcerning to know what Expreſſions are moſt proper to clothe and adorn them to the beſt Advantage. And therefore a Man, who is deficient in either of theſe Particulars, though he may receive the general Notion of a Deſcription, can never ſee all its native Beauties diſtinctly: He may be compared to a weak-ſighted Perſon, who has a confuſed Proſpect of a fine Landſkip, that lies before him, but is not able to enter into the Beauties of its ſeveral Parts, nor diſcern the Variety of its Colours in their full Glory and Perfection.

CHAP. III.

What happened on the ſecond Day after Mr. Jones's *Marriage with* Sophia.

FROM the Occurrences ſince Squire *Weſtern* and his Siſter Mrs. *Weſtern* arrived in Town, it appears, that they both were eager to impoſe a Huſband upon Miſs *Sophia*; but were divided in their Intereſts in Regard to the Man, to whom that charming Virgin was to be ſacrificed with their Conſent.— So long as Mr. *Blifil* excelled in Eſtate, this Female Manager agreed

greed in Sentiments with her Brother, that his Daughter ought to be compelled into a Marriage with him: Again, the more advantageous Propoſal of Lord *Fellamar*, and the ambitious Proſpect of an Alliance with a Title ſo dazzled her Underſtanding, and captivated her Heart by the Repreſentations of her Lady, Couſin *Bellaſton*, in his Favour, that ſhe no ſooner was informed thereof, than ſhe entered heartily into ſuch Meaſures, as were conceived might ſet *Blifil* aſide, and perſuade her Niece to accept of the Lord's honourable Terms; though ſhe knew, nothing could be more againſt the Inclination of the Squire, *Sophy*'s Father.

How far Mrs. *Weſtern* puſhed this Match with my Lord, both in Regard to her Brother, her Niece, and *Tom Jones*, you have been already informed. She now rails againſt *Blifil*; repreſents him to be a hideous Kind of Fellow; hearkens to every Scheme, Lady *Bellaſton* could invent, to ruin *Jones* in the Affections of *Sophia*; pleads with her Niece upon the Motives of aggrandizing their Family, of ennobling herſelf, and of enjoying all that the World calls great and happy. Then, finding no Succeſs by theſe ambitious Repreſentations, ſhe turns her Sollicitations into Fury, and threatens to give

give her up again to the Male-treatment of her Father, who was ſtill as ſtrenuous in the Behalf of Mr. *Blifil*; and, when Madam *Weſtern* brought *Sophia* Home, on this Account, he expreſſed himſelf with ſo much Reſolution, againſt marrying his Daughter to a Lord, that ſhe, big with Paſſion, left him with Proteſtations never more to ſet her Foot within his Doors.

From the Time of this *Billinſgate* Altercation, Mrs. *Weſtern* had ſo far kept her Word, as not to viſit her Brother. But, not giving up all Hopes to accompliſh what her Ambition only could make her expect, and quite ignorant of the grand Revolution, which Fortune was bringing about in Favour of *Jones*, ſhe, backed by Lady *Bellaſton*, informs him of *Sophy*'s Conſtancy to *Jones*, and adviſeth him to take all the Care he could of his Daughter, leſt he ſhould be releaſed from his Confinement, and run away with her; and found Means even to raiſe *Sophy*'s Reſentment againſt her Beloved, by ſlyly communicating to her that Letter, which with young Mr. *Nightingale*'s Advice and Direction, Mr. *Jones* had written to Lady *Bellaſton*, with a Propoſal of Marriage; though it was calculated

culated only to break off all criminal Converſation with her Ladyſhip.

But the News of Mr. *Jones*'s Releaſe from the *Gate-houſe*; his Reception into Mr. *Allworthy*'s Favour; his near Alliance to that Gentleman by Birth; the Diſgrace of *Blifil*; and above all, the Certainty of his having conſummated the Marriage, ſhe always dreaded, with her Niece, and that, contrary to all Expectation, with her Brother's Conſent and Approbation, was no ſooner communicated by public Report, than, like a Courtier, who always haſtens to tender his Service to a new Miniſter, when, at the ſame Time, nothing is more at his Heart, than to pull him down from the Favour and Eſteem of his Prince; ſhe ſmothers her Reſentment for the preſent; declares her Acquieſcence and Approbation of her Niece's Marriage; and concerts with Lady *Bellaſton*, to pay the Bride an hypocritical Viſit of Felicitation on that ſudden and ſtrange Event.

Mrs. *Weſtern* had ſo artfully diſguiſed her Intentions, and armed herſelf with every little Suggeſtion to create a good Opinion of her Sincerity, that ſhe found but little Difficulty, in gaining ſome Credit to the Profeſſions

ſions ſhe made of Friendſhip and Affection towards the new married Couple. She was no ſooner conducted by Mr. *Jones* to a Chair, with all the Complaiſance he was juſtly celebrated for; but ſhe felicitated them both on the happy Occaſion. 'I heartily congratulate you, in particular, ſays ſhe, Nephew *Jones*, upon this happy Event; and hope you will attribute all the Oppoſition I made to your Marriage with my Niece, to the ſole View of doing the beſt I could, according to the Suggeſtions of human Prudence for my Relations. This was the Cauſe of my Eſpouſing the Intereſt of Mr. *Blifil*, in the firſt Propoſal by my Brother to Mr. *Allworthy*: And as I gave him up, when a more advantageous Offer came from my Lord *Fellamar*, it ſhould, it ought to be admitted in Evidence that my Objection did not lie againſt your Perſon, no more than againſt Mr. *Blifil*'s; but, you know, Sir, the Intereſt of a Family muſt be conſulted: I believe there are very few, except ſuch a real Lover as my Niece, could reſiſt the Temptations of a fine Gentleman, with the Charms of a very large Eſtate, a Title, and a Coach with a Coronet. I muſt confeſs that the Situation I ſaw you in at one Time, prejudiced

'

'diced you much in my Opinion; though 'as Things have changed about I ſincerely 'applaud my Niece's Choice; and wiſh 'you all Happineſs together.— I am ſure, 'it delivers me, as well as my Brother, 'from much Trouble; and can avouch for '*Sophy*, that it has put her in Poſſeſſion of 'all that ſhe ever wiſhed to enjoy.— You 'muſt think that I have ſome Notion of 'Things.— I could ſee as far into a Mill-'ſtone as any Body elſe.— And I was per-'ſuaded her Conſtancy to her Love would 'never forſake her.— You know, my 'Dear, I have tried you always; but I 'doubt not of your now putting the beſt 'Conſtruction upon it.— I am no Hypo-'crite; I cannot carry a double Face.'— Mrs *Weſtern* would have continued, but the Squire, her Brother, being apprized of her Viſit, puſhed into the Parlour, and opening the Chace with a loud Hallow! 'Well, ſays he, Ziſter, there's that *Juones*, 'who thu and ſome Volks call'd Raſcal; 'he's now my Zun.— Zounds! What con-'funded Lies I've bin toold of um. I 'hoop thu arn't coome to breake the Peace 'with ſuch other Stwories.' Mrs. *Weſtern*'s Temper was almoſt diſconcerted with her Brother's Bluntneſs: But as her Game was to diſguiſe her real Intentions, nothing perſpired

ſpired in her Reply, that diſcovered the leaſt Emotion or Guilt. On the contrary, ſhe maſked her Countenance with an artful Smile; and with an Air of Submiſſion, for which ſhe had never been remarkable, waved the Truth of her Brother's Suſpicion with 'A don't uſe me ſo ill.—You 'muſt confeſs that I know as many good 'Things as any Body elſe.— And all my 'Care and Study has been to manage for 'the Good of the Family.—And as Things 'are now circumſtanced, I hope, by my 'future Addreſs, to cancel all the little 'Diſguſts, which I have undeſignedly and 'unwillingly been the Occaſion of.' 'Ay, 'Ay, ſaid the Squire, is it zo. I have hit 'o't.' Let me go.

Mr. *Weſtern* being withdrawn, Mr. *Jones* replied to his Aunt: 'Madam, I am ſen'ſibly affected with your kind Congratu'lation on this truly happy Occaſion, which 'has not only delivered me out of the 'greateſt Misfortunes; but put me in Poſ'ſeſſion of all I deſire in the World; the 'Enjoyment of my charming *Sophia*. I 'am alſo fully ſatisfied as to the Princi'ples, which were not of Hatred to the 'Perſon, as you diſtinguiſh, but of Regard 'to your Family, that carried you to

" thoſe

'those Extremities, we have experienced. 'Riches and Honours are great Temptations to a Heart, that is not fortified with 'real Love; and I at present have no Reason, and I hope never shall, to question 'the Sincerity of your voluntary Professions of Regard for me, and my dear '*Sophia*. But, as I find by Experience, 'that Mankind take an ill-natured Pleasure in crossing our Inclinations, and disappointing us in what our Hearts are most 'set upon; I cannot expect to live hereafter, no more than I have deserved such 'Treatment heretofore, without the Envy 'of many; especially of those, who led to 'an Expectancy of what she never countenanced, aspired to any Pretensions on 'your Niece; and therefore I have a Right 'to expect that all my Friends, and in 'particular they, who have given me the 'most Uneasiness in my Pursuit of what I 'now enjoy, will concur to maintain the 'Peace of Mind, which is so essential to 'the Happiness of a married State.'

Whether Mr. *Jones* suspected the Sincerity of his Aunt's Reconciliation, I shall not enquire at present: It is certain, he always behaved to her henceforward, with great Caution; and for the present contented

tented himſelf with ſhewing his Diſguſt at her, Mrs. *Weſtern*'s, paſt officious Behaviour, by the following Obſervations.

'Pardon me, Madam, continued Mr. 'Jones, for the Liberty of obſerving that 'you demeaned yourſelf very much in the 'Affair of my Lord *Fellamar*, wherein you 'played the direct Part of a *Match-maker*; 'and what gives me more Concern is, the 'very Reaſon which you advance for ſo 'extraordinary a Degrading of the Family 'of *Weſtern*'s, ſubjects you to that Cha-'racter in the worſt Senſe. It ſhocked 'me to hear you was determined to ſacri-'fice the Peace and Quiet of your Niece's 'Mind, to the Benefit of a Family, as you 'term it.'

Can Wealth *give* Happineſs? *Look round, and ſee*
What gay Diſtreſs! what ſplendid Miſery!
Wealth *is a Cheat, believe not what it ſays,*
Like any Lord it promiſes—*and* pays:
Then wed not Acres, but a noble Mind.

— — — — — — —

Can Gold *calm* Paſſion, *or make* Reaſon *ſhine?*
Can we dig Peace, *or* Wiſdom, *from the Mine?*
Wiſdom

Wiſdom to Gold prefer; for, 'tis much leſs
To make our Fortune, than our Happineſs.
Nothing is meaner than a Wretch of State;
The Happy *only are the truly* Great.

'You muſt have ſtrange Notions of 'Juſtice; or certainly you muſt confeſs 'to raiſe Profit by Abuſes, is as irrepa-'rable, as taking away Life is worſe than 'to rob, and even more grievous than 'Murther; becauſe ſuch a Match conſum-'mated becomes an everlaſting Miſery to 'the Party deceived.—To rob a Lady, at 'Play, of half, nay, I had almoſt ſaid, of 'all her Fortune, is not ſo ill as giving 'the whole and herſelf to an unworthy 'Man. I cannot harbour ſo groſs an Im-'putation againſt one ſo nearly allied; but 'it is the common Practice of ſuch, as 'have perſuaded young Women to yield 'up their Liberty to thoſe they diſlike, to 'try if they cannot alſo perſuade them to 'ſoften their Afflictions at Home, by en-'joying an agreeable Gallant Abroad. Nor 'can I help the Remembrance of thoſe 'violent Methods made Uſe of by my Fa-'ther *Weſtern*, to biaſs the Affections of 'my dear *Sophy:* I thankfully acknow-'ledge your Prudence and Tenderneſs in 'this Particular, that preſerved her in a

'great

'great Meaſure from the Hardſhips, which
'otherwiſe his rough Temper might have
'laid upon her. Where young Ladies
'blindly caſt themſelves away upon Men,
'who turn out bad Huſbands, as, God
'knows, is too often the Caſe; they are
'ſeldom found to repine at their bad For-
'tune; and bear the Diſappointment of
'the Happineſs they expected, with greater
'Patience. But, there is no Calamity in
'Life, that falls heavier upon human Na-
'ture, than a Diſappointment in Love;
'eſpecially when it happens, as in our Caſe,
'between two Perſons whoſe Hearts are
'mutually engaged. Therefore I muſt
'ever blame the Cruelty of Parents and
'Guardians, who will not allow the Child
'a Negative in this grand Article of Life.
'They, who force a Child of a liberal and
'ingenuous Spirit into the Arms of a
'Clown or a Blockhead, may be ſaid to
'be, in a Degree, the Cauſe of an unna-
'tural Conjunction of a rational Creature
'with a Brute. I do not know what the
'Traders in Matrimony think of it; but,
'I am of Opinion, that Wedlock is but a
'more ſolemn Proſtitution, where there is
'not a Union of Minds. This Rigour of
'Parents, and miſtaken Obedience exact-
'ed from their Children, has brought on

'them

'them that Diſtreſs, which is the Subject 'of the fineſt Tragedies, and daily fills 'the World with Melancholy, Diſcontent, 'Phrenſy, Sickneſs, Deſpair, and Death 'itſelf.'

Mrs. *Weſtern*, who eaſily diſcovered the Meaning of Mr. *Jones*'s Obſervations, was juſt a going to reply in defence of the Parents Authority over their Children; when my Lady *Bellaſton*'s Footmen thundered at the Door; ſhe therefore begged leave to be excuſed from touching upon all the Particulars, and had only Time enough to ſay, 'That unhappy Marriages did not ſo often 'proceed from the Over-bearing or Perſua-'ſion of Parents, as from the Miſconduct 'of Childrens yielding too much to Incli-'nation. For, when they let their Imagi-'nations take this unbridled Swing, it is 'not he that acts beſt, that is moſt lovely; 'but he that is moſt lovely, acts beſt in 'their Eyes and Affections. And when 'their humble Servants make their Ad-'dreſſes, Women do not keep themſelves 'enough diſengaged to be Judges of their 'Merit; ſo that they ſeldom give their 'Judgment of their Lovers, till they have 'loſt their Judgment for them.'

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Lady Bellaſton's *Viſit to the new-married Couple.*

LADY *Bellaſton*, by this Time entered with all the ſeeming Good-nature and Complaiſance imaginable; and was received without the leaſt Appearance of Diſcontent or Diſcovery, on the Part of the new married Couple. After the uſual Compliments paſſed on theſe Occaſions, a deep Silence enſued, till Mr. *Jones*, with an Air of Pleaſantry, applied to the two unmarried Ladies, with a 'Why ſo penſive Ladies? I dare ſay Matrimony is not ſo 'dreadful a Thing as to fright you.' 'You 'judge right, replied Lady *Bellaſton*; I 'ſpeak however for myſelf only.—Fie Mr. '*Jones*, you are enough to diſcourage your 'Bride with ſuch an Inſinuation, that I, who 'have had my Share in the matrimonial 'State, ſhould be ſuſpected to be frightened 'at the Sight of ſo happy a Couple, as you 'are. But indeed I was thinking, Mr. *Jones*, 'that it is a Misfortune, that the Marriage 'State, which in its own Nature is adapted 'to give us the completeſt Happineſs this 'Life is capable of, ſhould be ſo uncom-

'fortable a one to ſo many, as it daily 'proves. Oh! had I but the Man I love.—' Then Mr. *Jones*, giving her Ladyſhip Time to ſigh, and recollect her Spirits a little, which ſeemed to be flattened all on a ſudden, replied, 'I grant the Misfortune is in-'tolerable, but permit me to add, that I 'apprehend the Miſchief generally proceeds 'from an Expectation of Happineſs from 'Things not capable of giving it. Believe 'me, nothing but the good Qualities of 'the Perſon beloved can be a Foundation 'for a Love of Judgment and Diſcretion; 'and whoever expects Happineſs in Pro-'portion to the Honours and large Eſtates 'of their Huſbands, or from any Thing 'but Virtue, Wiſdom, Good-humour, and 'a Similitude of Manners, will find them-'ſelves widely miſtaken. Therefore did 'Mankind ſeek after theſe Things, and not 'make Riches their chief, if not their on-'ly Aim: Could we ſatisfy ourſelves, when 'the Marriage State is reſolved upon, to 'ſeek out only for a conſtant, agreeable 'Companion, who is willing to divide the 'Cares, and double the Joys of her Huſ-'band; who will manage that Share of his 'Eſtate or Income intruſted to her Con-'duct with Prudence and Frugality; go-'vern his Houſe with Oeconomy and Diſ-

'cretion,

'cretion, and be an Ornament to him and 'her Family; who, in fine, places her 'chief Happineſs in the Practice of Virtue, 'and makes her Duty her continual Plea-'ſure. Would Men not take up with a 'large Sum of Money, as the End of all 'their Deſires; and regardleſs of what 'Kind of Wives they take, think Riches 'will procure them all Kind of Pleaſures, 'ſo they enable them to keep Miſtreſſes, 'Horſes, and Hounds; to drink, feaſt, 'and game; to pay their Debts contract-'ed by former Extravagancies, or ſome 'ſuch vile and unworthy End; and in-'dulge themſelves in Pleaſures, which 'are a Shame and a Scandal to human Na-'ture; the Proſpect of a Marriage State, I 'dare ſay, would never convey to us any 'Objects of Horror.—I have ſeen my Fol-'ly.—I will never abuſe my Wife and her 'Subſtance, in following the criminal De-'lights of my unmarried State. And then, 'as for Women, they would generally find 'more Satisfaction, could they be ruled to 'place the Happineſs of their Marriage, in 'the having a wiſe and virtuous Friend; 'one who will be faithful and juſt to all, 'and conſtant and loving to them; who 'with Care and Diligence will look after 'and improve the Eſtate; and without

'Grudging will allow whatever is prudent
'and convenient. I cannot help proteſting
'againſt thoſe, who place all their Happineſs
'in outſhining others in Pomp and Show;
'and when they have once got a Huſband,
'think of nothing but how they ſhall ſquan-
'der away their Subſtance, in ſtriving to
'outſtrip their Acquaintance in Equipage,
'Dreſs, and magnificent Furniture. Thus,
'I have obſerved, both Sexes deceive them-
'ſelves, and bring Reflexions and Diſgrace
'upon, what I hope to find, the moſt hap-
'py and moſt honourable State of Life, by
'their own Imprudences and Miſcarriages;
'whereas, would they but correct their de-
'praved Taſte, moderate their Ambition,
'and place their Happineſs upon proper
'Objects; Felicity, in a Marriage State,
'would not be found ſuch a Wonder, as it
'now ſeems to be, eſpecially amongſt Peo-
'ple of Diſtinction and Fortune.'

Theſe ſolemn Truths were delivered with ſo much Emphaſis, that they at once beſpoke the real Sentiments of his Heart; gave Lady *Bellaſton* a plain Intimation of his Diſlike to her Way of Living; openly reſolved to forſake the Follies of his Youth; and moſt wiſely reproved Mrs. *Weſtern* for her too great Attachment to Riches, more than

than Merit, in all her Inſtructions to her Neice *Sophia*.

It was well underſtood by them both; but as Mr. *Jones* had ſpoken nothing but ſtubborn Truths, and it would have been at once diſcovering their Enmity to him, and their wicked Scheme to undermine his future Happineſs; they concealed their Reſentment, and took their Leave with applauding the Generoſity of his Sentiments, and ſtrong Profeſſions of Friendſhip.

Lady *Bellaſton* complimented Mrs. *Weſtern* with a Part of her Chariot; but turning ſhort, as if ſhe had ſomewhat to ſay in Private, 'My dear *Sophia*, ſays the Lady, 'if I offended you by propoſing the Match 'with Lord *Fellamar*, it was done with a 'real good Intention. I was ſo enraged at 'him for the Rudeneſs he offered to your 'Perſon, that I would never ſee him ſince, 'nor ever will give him my Company. I 'could perceive you was diſguſted with me 'for it. But to convince you of my Friend-'ſhip, and Abhorrence of ſuch an Action: 'when the Imprudence of your Aunt, and 'the Paſſion of your Father, put it out of 'my Power to ſerve you in any other Way; 'I riſqued their Favour, and their Eſteem,

'and laid myſelf open to my Couſin's opprobrious Language, by openly eſpouſing 'your Cauſe, and placing your Maid *Honour*, that good and faithful Servant, the 'Companion in your Sufferings, next my 'own Perſon. I love her, becauſe ſhe has 'proved her Fidelity to you and Mr. *Jones*. 'And I am ſatisfied no Time nor Change 'of Circumſtances will ever be able to efface the Love ſhe is always profeſſing for 'you both. And though I prize her above 'all my Attendants; yet as a farther Evidence of my Regard to you, I am willing 'to reſtore her to you again. And, as I 'likewiſe know it is her Inclination to be 'about your Perſon, I will ſincerely reſign 'her up, upon the leaſt Intimation of its 'being alſo agreeable to yourſelf.' Mrs. *Sophia Jones*, for ſo we are to call her now, not being acquainted with the true Reaſons of Mrs. *Honour*'s being taken into that Lady's Service, believed this whole Narrative; and having a great Opinion of her Maid's Fidelity to her Perſon, readily fell into the Snare of this artful Lady, and accepted of her kind Propoſal. By which Means, *Honour* was re-inſtated in her Place of Waiting-maid to her former Miſtreſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Mr. Jones *carries his Lady to a* Play.

THESE Ladies were juſt gone, when the Eſquire bounces open the Parlour Door, with a 'Zounds, Son *Jouanes*, wilt 'not carry *Sophy* to a Play, before goes 'out of Town? Here's vive Guineas. Go, 'go this Moment. Let the Girl zee vat 'Tricks theſe Town-volks play.' Mr. *Jones* and his Spouſe, who wanted no Diverſions to paſs away the Time, which rather ſeemed too ſhort for their own private Entertainment in the mutual Tranſports occaſioned by their late happy Union, would not, however, ſhew any Backwardneſs to their Papa; but prepared immediately for the Play-houſe.

The Play this Evening at the —— was, *She would if ſhe could*—which, as Madam *Sophy* had never been in a Theatre before, happened very unlucky, as it gave her a Diſguſt to all Entertainments of the like Sort ever after; and created in her a bad Opinion of the Morals of thoſe ſhe found to take any Pleaſure in theatrical Diverſions; to whoſe forward Air and Faſhion,

from her chaſte Education, and ſome Acts of this Play, ſhe contracted an utter Averſion.—While the Play laſted, Mrs. *Jones* loſt all Patience; and, as ſoon as ſhe found herſelf back at her Lodgings, where her Father and Mr. *Allworthy* waited their Return, ſhe ſurprized them very much at her open and peremptory Declaration, that ſhe never would ſpend her Time ſo badly any more, at a Place where Women could not be preſent, without doing Violence to their Chaſtity and Modeſty: And Men were encouraged to ſeek after, and conſummate forbidden Embraces.—She was already become ſo much the Wife, that ſhe made herſelf and her Huſband Parties in every Action, that tended to diſhonour the married State, though at ever ſo great a Diſtance from their own Circumſtances. In fine, ſhe, on this Occaſion, gave violent Suſpicions, that her extraordinary Love would at laſt degenerate into Jealouſy, the worſt of all Torments. Whether Mr *Allworthy* perceived the Tendency of this violent Emotion, I will not preſume to ſay; but, though he was not an Advocate for theatrical Entertainments promiſcuouſly, he, taking the Opportunity of Mr. *Allworthy*'s Napping, replied with an Air of Admiration at ſuch an abrupt Speech from a new-

married

married Lady: 'Niece, ſays he, why ſo 'diſguſted with the Play-houſe? — You 'was carried there to be merry.' 'I wonder, Sir, ſaith ſhe, where the Mirth can 'be to hear a Heap of luſcious, immodeſt, 'bawdy Expreſſions and Actions. Fie upon them! I wiſh I was at Home again in '*Somerſetſhire*, with my *Jones* in my Arms. 'They will certainly corrupt him, if he frequents thoſe Houſes of Debauchery; 'where the very young Girls pretend Modeſty, by ſhading their bold Faces with 'their Fans, and twitter and laugh at what 'is a Shame to be ſeen or heard. I proteſt againſt all ſuch Diverſions.—Then Mr. *Allworthy* interrupting her; 'I confeſs, 'ſaid he, the Diverſions at the Play-houſes 'are much degenerated from their original Deſign. But then let us not lay the 'Fault upon this Sort of Entertainment; 'not upon theatrical Performances in general; but upon the vicious and corrupt 'Taſte of the Age, which will not be 'pleaſed without ſuch Indecencies. When 'I was young, I delighted much in frequenting Plays; I found them inſtructive 'as well as entertaining. I learned both to 'ſpeak well, and to add a good Grace to 'my Words. And for this ſame Reaſon, I 'believe, the Play-houſe in thoſe Days was

‘ the Evening Reſort of the polite and diſ-
‘ engaged Part of the Town. And if the
‘ chaſte and witty Stile and Manners of our
‘ Plays have given Place to Immodeſty
and Bombaſt, we muſt attribute the luſ-
‘ cious Expreſſions, you juſtly complain of,
‘ to the Shifts of an Author when he is
‘ ſpent; for, not being able to ſtrike out
‘ of himſelf any more of that, which he has
‘ ſuperior to thoſe, who make up the Bulk
‘ of his Audience, his natural Recourſe is
‘ to that, which he has in common with
‘ them; knowing that a Deſcription which
‘ gratifies a ſenſual Appetite will pleaſe,
‘ when the Author has nothing about him
‘ to delight. A Circumſtance highly blame-
‘ able—and what, no doubt, baniſheth ma-
‘ ny Ladies from the Enjoyments of the
‘ Theatre: Nay, this is ſuch a Reſource as
‘ can by no Means be excuſed: For, as we
‘ ſeldom find any one abandoned to more
‘ than one Vice at a Time, there is Room
‘ enough to gain Applauſe from their mix-
‘ ed Audiences, if the Poets would attempt
‘ it with that Honeſty, which becomes
‘ their Characters on the Stage: though,
‘ by the modern Practice, it looks as if the
‘ readieſt Way to gain good Audiences,
‘ muſt be to offer ſuch Things as are moſt
‘ reliſhed by the Crowd; or, as you de-
‘ ſcribed

'cribed it, immodeſt Action, empty Show, 'or impertinent Activity: Which every 'Body ought to diſcourage, if they love 'Virtue.'

CHAP. VI.

The Miſinterpretation of Mr. Jones's *Kindneſs to Mr.* Blifil.

IN the Morning, Mr. *Jones* acquainted his Bride, that he was going to take Leave of Mr. *Blifil*, and ſhould return again by Breakfaſt-time. Mr. *Jones*, at the Time he carried *Allworthy*'s Meſſage to Mr. *Blifil*, omitted nothing which his Invention could ſupply, to raiſe and comfort his drooping Spirits, before he communicated to him the Reſolution of his Uncle to quit his Lodgings that very Evening. He ſincerely pardoned him, ſo far as related to himſelf; promiſed to retain a brotherly Correſpondence with him; offered to furniſh him with Money; and aſſured him, that nothing ſhould be wanting, on his Part, to effectuate a perfect Reconciliation. With the ſame good and generous Spirit, he now returns to this unhappy Man, not to inſult, but to convince him, with the moſt ſenſible Tokens of Friendſhip, that

he had entirely baniſhed all Thoughts of Retaliation, and ſhould do all in his Power to make his Life as happy as poſſible under the Affliction, which muſt naturally follow from the Loſs of ſuch great Expectations, and the never to be obtained Reconciliation with his Uncle: and he ſo contrived his Diſcourſe, as to demonſtrate what he had to ſay was not ſo much to pleaſe himſelf, as for Mr. *Blifil*'s Good and Benefit.

He, quite unexpected, took the young Gentleman at unawares; juſt riſen from an uneaſy Bed, on which he had been, a whole Night, bewailing his Misfortune. The Thoughts of what he had loſt; the Want and Miſery that purſued and threatened him with immediate Deſtruction; and all the Horrors of Remorſe for his Ingratitude, Perfidy, and intended Fratricide, would not permit his Eye-lids to ſlumber. And as, upon the bad Principles he himſelf had acted againſt his Brother, knowing him to be ſuch, he could expect no Sincerity in the Profeſſions made by Mr. *Jones*, notifying his Diſgrace; he, therefore, interpreted this unexpected Viſit to be the Harbinger of his final Ruin; till he was undeceived with his ſweet and ſmiling Countenance, and the following tender and affectionate

fectionate Declaration: 'Brother *Blifil*, I 'am ſorry you ſeem ſtartled at my Pre- 'ſence.—I promiſed to do all in my Power 'to leſſen your Afflictions; if you would 'not abandon yourſelf to Deſpair,—I come 'again with the ſame Good-will towards 'you.—And though I fear my Uncle will 'never permit me to mention your Name 'to him henceforward, I have the Pleaſure 'to be not only the Meſſenger, but alſo 'the Inſtrument of two hundred Pounds a 'Year being ſettled upon you, and charg- 'ed upon his Eſtate, during your Life.—I 'wiſh it were more.—And, to convince 'you of the Reality of my Intention, I, un- 'known to my Uncle, and with the Con- 'ſent of my dear *Sophy*, have likewiſe ſettled 'and do preſent you with one hundred 'Pounds a Year more, to be paid during 'your Life out of our own Eſtate, con- 'veyed to us by Father *Weſtern*. And have 'only to add, that I ſhall be glad to em- 'brace every Opportunity to avail myſelf 'of that Character, which becomes a Bro- 'ther.' *Blifil*, confounded at *Jones*'s Gene- roſity, ſtood ſpeechleſs for a Minute: when recollecting how he had been checked with Diſdain for his extreme Servility, at their firſt Intercourſe,—he exerted all his Man-

hood,

hood, and received the Tokens of his Brother's Reconciliation with Proteſtations of his eternal Gratitude. Grief and Weeping are indeed frequent Companions; but I believe never in their higheſt Exceſſes; for it is well known that the Heart, diſtended with Grief, ſtops all Paſſages for Lamentations and Tears: Therefore, as Mr. *Jones* did not imagine that profound Sorrow muſt neceſſarily be attended with Weeping; but that true Affliction labours to be inviſible; and that the Humility of his Words and Actions, which ran through his preſent Behaviour, gave more ſure Proofs of the Senſe of his late deſtitute Condition, and Thankfulneſs for his preſent Relief; he congratulated himſelf with the Hopes of having wrought in Mr. *Blifil* a thorough Remorſe and Repentance for his paſt Behaviour, and a grateful Senſe of the Benefit received from himſelf, and by his Means; and embracing him in the moſt tender Manner, under this Perſuaſion he took his final Leave. And truly this Virtue gained the Aſcendant, ſo powerfully, for the preſent, that Mr. *Blifil*'s raptured Soul broke out into the following Verſes, recollected from the Spectator.

When

When all thy Mercies, O my God,
My riſing Soul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the View, I'm loſt
In Wonder, Love, and Praiſe.

O how ſhall Words with equal Warmth
The Gratitude *declare,*
That glows within my raviſh'd Heart?
But thou can'ſt read it there.

Thy bounteous Hand, with worldly Bliſs,
Has made my Cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful Friend,
Has doubled all my Store.

Through every Period of my Life,
Thy Goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after Death, in diſtant Worlds,
The glorious Theme renew.

When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more;
My ever grateful Heart, O Lord!
Thy Mercy ſhall adore.

During this Tranſport of Joy, Mr. *Dowling* entered in a great Hurry and Confuſion; and being quite ignorant of what had paſſed this Morning between the two Brothers,

thers, came charged with premeditated Revenge againſt *Jones* and all his Friends; for he expected to be alſo diſcharged from his Stewardſhip, as ſoon as the Family could be ſettled in the Country. He juſt caught *Blifil*'s laſt Words,

——— *O Lord!*
Thy Mercy *ſhall adore.*

And imagining that the young Gentleman, abandoned to Grief, was at his Prayers, and begging *Relief* from Heaven, cryed out, with a Kind of Fury, 'What *Mercy* do you implore, Mr. *Blifil?* You are 'to expect no Mercy from ſuch a wicked 'Crew; there is no Relief for you, but in 'a Court of Juſtice, which you may one 'Day obtain; ſo as to put you in full Poſſeſſion and Seiſin of all the Eſtates of your 'Uncle *Allworthy*. Do not give yourſelf 'a Moment's Concern about Conſequences. 'Your Uncle, in the Courſe of Nature, 'has not long to live, then I will—: yes, 'that I will. I will prove you his ſole Heir, 'and out that *Jones*, and all the Baſtard 'Offſpring; and make him refund whatever Waſte he ſhall commit in the mean 'Time upon that Eſtate. And till then 'I will ſupply all your Wants; I will anſwer all your Demands, that you may 'live

'live like a Gentleman. There is the Caſe. 'I drew it up, the Moment I heard of your 'Diſmiſſion; and there is the Opinion of 'the beſt Council, a Conveyancer, a ſpecial 'Pleader, a *Chancery* Counſellor, *&c.* who 'unanimouſly aſſert your ſole Right to Mr. '*Allworthy*'s Eſtate. I only deſire you will 'ſign a promiſſory Note to repay me, when 'you come in Poſſeſſion, all you ſhall take 'up upon my Credit, and the Charges I 'muſt neceſſarily be at in the Law on your 'Account; and there is my Bill of Credit: 'it is already accepted, and you may at all 'Times, upon producing it, be ſupplied 'with ſuch Sums as you require of Mr. '*C—l—b—k.* But huſh, never let my 'Friendſhip perſpire; for, if poſſible, I 'will keep in my Place. I will put up 'with all Affronts, I will creep and cringe 'to the Baſtard for your Sake; for it will 'be of great Service to your Cauſe to have 'the Management of the Eſtate in my 'Hands, and to be about the Perſons, and to 'be in the Favour and Confidence of your 'Antagoniſts. I ſhall be able not only to 'come at their Defence; but it may be, to 'baffle any Schemes which the Subtilty of 'the Lawyers may caſt in the Way to ob-'ſtruct our Proceedings.'

Mr.

Mr. *Blifil* perceived indeed, that *Dowling* was quite ignorant of the Favours he had juſt received from Mr. *Jones:* And though Self-love was very urgent with his Heart to cloſe with the Lawyer's Advice, to believe all he had advanced, and to throw himſelf wholly into his Power; yet the Principle of Gratitude, which was now glowing within his Heart, raviſhed by the Behaviour, as well as Generoſity, of Mr. *Jones*, would not permit him to conceal them on this Occaſion. 'What, replied Mr. *Bli-* 'fil, is it poſſible for me to hearken to any 'Propoſal, though ever ſo advantageous, 'to injure my Benefactor; the Man from 'whom I have received, in the moſt obli- 'ging Manner, the Comfort of an eaſy 'Fortune; even from him, whom I had ſo 'baſely contrived to ruin? No, Mr. *Dow-* 'ling: I now feel a Pleaſure I never was 'acquainted with before. I will preſerve 'a grateful Heart; I find it accompanied 'with ſuch an inward Satisfaction, that 'were it not a Duty, nor any Recompence 'laid up for it hereafter, I think I ought 'to indulge myſelf in its Performance; I 'beg you will, for the future, never grate 'my Ears with the ignominious Name you 'give Mr. *Jones.* He is the Preſerver of 'my Life; he has not only obtained an

'An-

'Annuity of 200 *l.* from my Uncle for 'me, but has of his own free Gift enlarged 'it with 100 *l. per Annum*, more. Shall 'I, can I, harbour any ill Deſign againſt 'my Friend in Need? I once ran great 'Lengths to ruin him without Provocation. 'God forgive them that were my bad Ad-'viſers. I am convinced of my Error, I 'will not enter into any more Schemes a-'gainſt him.'

This moſt unexpected Declaration very much ſurprized *Dowling*; nay, it was ſo far beyond his Comprehenſion, that, imagining *Blifil* was grown delirious, he concluded theſe were only Phrenſies, the Effects of a cracked Brain, overloaded with Grief, and ariſing from a confuſed Meditation on the late Practices againſt Mr. *Jones*'s Life, while under Confinement; and therefore waving all Notice of Particulars, he begged of him to compoſe himſelf, and not diſturb his Brain about Things that were never likely to come to paſs; for he himſelf had heard *Allworthy* declare, he ſhould never hearken to any Reconciliation; that he would never ſee him; and that he had already ſtruck him out of his Will. And as for *Jones*, there could be nothing expected from him, but the keeneſt Revenge, whenever

ever he ſhould find himſelf in a Capacity to exert it. 'What, replied *Blifil*, do you 'then think I am in a Dream, or mad? 'No, ſee! behold! here is the Subſtance. '*Jones*, that beſt of Brothers, has been 'here, has forgiven me all that is paſt; and 'has preſented me with this Annuity of '200 *l.* from my Uncle, and 100 *l. per An-* '*num*, his own free Gift. Theſe are the 'Writings.' Nothing could ſtartle *Dowling* more, than theſe Proofs of Mr. *Jones*'s Regard for his Brother *Blifil*; he nevertheleſs was ſo far from giving up his Cauſe for loſt, that he made Uſe of this very Act of Friendſhip, as the moſt effectual Means to ſtifle the Sparks of Gratitude it had kindled in *Blifil*'s Heart. For, 'Truly, ſays he, 'Mr. *Blifil*, I could not have thought they 'would have acted with ſo much Imprudence. I always looked upon *Jones* to 'be more crafty, than to betray his own 'Weakneſs ſo much. Certainly, if he had 'nothing to fear from you, he would never 'have pardoned you unaſked, nor courted 'your Friendſhip. He is conſcious of his 'own Baſtardy; and therefore he has engaged your Uncle not to drive you to 'ſeek thoſe juſt Remedies, which the Laws 'of the Land preſcribe for the Injured; 'and, by Way of an Opiate, to alleviate 'your

'your preſent Afflictions, augments this An-
'nuity to you, out of his own Purſe; that
'being made eaſy in your Fortune, you
'may never be prompted through Neceſ-
'ſity to aſſert your Right to the whole Eſ-
'tate of the *Allworthy*'s.—This is no better
'than a Confeſſion of a bad Title. It
'ſhews what they are afraid of, when they
'ſubmit to bribe ſo high. And be but ad-
'viſed, and I will put you into full Poſ-
'ſeſſion of all at your Uncle's Death. As
'for that little Bar in the Way, the prov-
'ing your Mother a Whore;—I am ſenſi-
'ble you do not care it ſhould be proved
'in a public Court of Judicature: but, as
'that is all, and it can in no wiſe reflect
'upon yourſelf, ſhe being lawfully married
'to your Father; and as it is abſolutely
'neceſſary in order to prove *Jones* not her
'legitimate Son, and conſequently no Ways
'qualified to inherit the Eſtate of her Fa-
'mily; I hope you will not boggle at it;
'leave all to me, I will dreſs her Fault up
'in as neat Terms as the Law can invent.
'Never ſell your Birth-right for a Meſs of
'Pottage.'

This artful Speech, however falſe as to Particulars, being tempered with Self-intereſt and Ambition, wrought powerfully on the

the Heart of *Blifil*; whoſe Gratitude ſeemed now yielding to the Suggeſtions of *Dowling*, who by this Time had perſuaded him that he had been deceived by the Art and Grimace of *Jones*; as you will read in the Sequel of this Hiſtory.

CHAP. VII.

Mrs. Honour *inſtructed and ſent to tender her Service to Madam* Sophia.

LADY *Bellaſton* well pleaſed with the Behaviour of Madam *Sophia Jones*, at her Offer of reſtoring Mrs. *Honour* to her Service, was now ſo to manage the Affair as to make Mrs. *Weſtern* alſo ſubſervient in her Plot againſt Mr. *Jones*, and yet to cover her Deſign, and the real Cauſe of her employing Mrs. *Honour* in its Execution; ſo that they were no ſooner in the Coach, than my Lady with great Pleaſure acquainted Mrs. *Weſtern* of the great Hopes ſhe conceived from Mrs. *Jones*'s Readineſs to reinſtate her Maid *Honour* about her Perſon. Though Mrs. *Weſtern* could not abide *Honour*, from the Time ſhe had played her that ſly Trick in carrying off her Neice; yet ſhe concluded, that, if ſhe could be truſted, there could not be a more artful Huſſy

in

in the World; and that, if ſhe could be gained over, ſhe was the moſt likely Perſon to work their Deſign between Mr. *Jones* and his Lady. My Lady *Bellaſton* vouched for her Fidelity, and undertook the whole Direction of their Scheme.

When Lady *Bellaſton* had ſet Mrs. *Weſtern* down at her own Lodgings, ſhe impatiently hurried Home to ſound her Maid: 'Honour, ſays my Lady, you muſt remember when I admitted you into my Service, you was turned out of Doors, and left in a ſtrange Place entirely deſtitute.—It was purely my Tenderneſs for you that engaged me to be your Friend. It is true the Diſadvantage, in which you met me in Mr. *Jones*'s Room, might have flattered one of leſs Prudence and Diſcernment than yourſelf, that I might have taken her into my Family to ſtop her Prating. But as it is no Crime to be in Love, when it is with a chaſte Intention to conſummate it in the Bond of Wedlock; ſo I am not aſhamed to own, that I was enamoured with the Perſon of Mr. *Jones*. And as I apprehend he could not have the Aſſurance to make any Advances of that Nature to one of my Quality, without ſome Liberties given on my Side; What Harm

'was

'was there in modeſtly intimating my Paſ-
'ſion for him? You are ſenſible, Girl,
'that I gave no Way to any Indecencies. I
'muſt own, it however diſcompoſed me
'much, to find I was over-heard. But to
'convince you that Mr. *Jones* underſtood
'my Intentions, he immediately ſent me
'the following Letter, with the Propoſals
'of Marriage.'—"O Lady *Bellaſton*, what a
"Terror have I been in, for Fear your Re-
"putation ſhould be expoſed by theſe per-
"verſe Accidents? There is one only Way
"to ſecure it; I need not name what that is.
"Only permit me to ſay, that as your Ho-
"nour is as dear to me as my own, ſo my
"ſole Ambition is to have the Glory of
"laying my Liberty at your Feet; and be-
"lieve me when I aſſure you, I can never
"be made completely happy, without you
"generouſly beſtow on me a legal Right
"of calling you mine for ever."—'I mar-
'ry, that is his Hand-writing. I know it ve-
'ry well, ſaid *Honour*, I have received many
'of his Letters to my Lady *Sophia*.' 'Well
'then, my Girl, continued the Lady; it was
'not through Fear of your making any Diſ-
'coveries of my Amour, to my Diſadvan-
'tage; but in my Tenderneſs, as I told
'you before, that I have retained you a-
'bout my Perſon. And indeed, as I thought

'you

'you had acted the Part of a faithful Ser-
'vant towards my Couſin *Sophia*, I could
'not look upon the Severity of the Treat-
'ment you met with from her Father with-
'out Compaſſion. You remember, *Honour*,
'how I bid you keep up your Spirits, and
'that *Ways might be found out to make you*
'*Amends*. You remember my Words; don't
'you?'—'Yes, my Lady, I do, and with
'a great many Acknowledgments to your
'Ladyſhip. I am for ever bound to obey
'your Ladyſhip's Commands,' ſaid *Honour*.
'Well then, *Honour*, continued Lady *Bel-*
'*laſton*, I have found out the Way to make
'you Amends for every Thing, if you will
'be punctual to your Promiſe to follow my
'Commands. I have been deceived by Mr.
'*Jones*; he has ſlighted me, and thinks
'himſelf the happieſt Creature in the
'World, as ſure he is, while he enjoys the
'peaceable Poſſeſſion of my Couſin *Sophia*.
'But I am reſolved—I conjure you to keep
'it an eternal Secret.—I am reſolved to
'make his Life unhappy. I know you do
'not love him, he's ſuch a whoring Dog.—
'*Sophia* told me, you had often perſuaded
'her to relinquiſh him.—Nor indeed can it
'be ſaid, that *Sophia* has requited you ac-
'cording to your Deſerts. You ventured all
'to gratify her Paſſion: and ſee, now ſhe has

'gained her Point, poor *Honour* is not ſo much as thought on. Nay, ſhe did not name you to me, during my long Viſit this Afternoon.—But I could not take my Leave, without ſhewing my Reſentment at ſuch Ingratitude.—And what do you think, *Honour?* Do not take it ill, my good Girl. I do not mean to diſcard you from my Favour, nor yet from my Service;—but I inſiſted ſhe ſhould re-inſtate you about her Perſon, in your former Place; and I preſſed her ſo far, that ſhe at laſt, but with much ado, was obliged to yield to my Sollicitations. Now *Honour*, I——, I muſt inſiſt upon your Acquieſcence to my Propoſal. You ſhall ſtill retain all the Profits of my Waiting-woman: but you muſt go and offer your Service, and accept of my Couſin's Place; though ſhe ſhould behave never ſo coldly. And when you are eſtabliſhed, all I requeſt in Return for my Favours, is to follow my Directions. Never be reconciled cordially to *Jones* your Maſter: for his Scheme was to let you ſtarve,—you know it:—and inform me of the moſt minute Occurrences in his Family.'

Mrs. *Honour*, whoſe ſelfiſh Nature, tinctured very deep with Pride, had always laid

it

it down as a Rule of all her Actions to look firſt at Home, preſently cloſed with the advantageous Propoſal of Lady *Bellaſton*;—and as the beſt Proof of her Regard to her Ladyſhip, produced a Scrap of a Letter in which ſhe had acquainted Mr. *Jones* of her good *Luck*, at the Time of being admitted into her Ladyſhip's Service, and expreſſed her Sentiments concerning her good Lady in theſe Words:—"To bee ſur ſhee is won "of thee beſt Ladis in thee Wurld, and "Pepil who ſaſe to the Kontrari muſt bee "veri wiket Pepil in thare Harts. To bee "ſur, if ever I ave ſad ani Thing of that "Kine, it as bin thru Ignorens, and I am "hartili ſorri for it."—This attended by many Proteſtations of Secreſy, Obedience, and Watchfulneſs, gained the entire Confidence of Lady *Bellaſton*; who after making her a Preſent of a ſmall Gold Ring with her Hair in it, and a Set of Top-knots and Breaſt-knots, diſmiſſed her with Orders to wait on Madam *Sophia Jones*, the next Morning early.

CHAP. VIII.

The Art of Diſſimulation.

WHEN Mr. *Jones* returned from *Bliſil*'s Lodgings, he found his Bride at the Dreſſing-table, and her Maid *Honour* behind her. Upon this Occaſion it might have been expected, that Mrs. *Honour* would have exerted her loquacious Talent. But the Inſincerity and Diſſimulation, with which her Heart was loaded, took off the Edge of her Tongue, and inſtead of Joy, ſhe rather ſeemed to carry Confuſion in her Countenance. There is nothing like Sincerity, it is firm and ſubſtantial; there is nothing hollow or unſound in it, it is true Wiſdom and Peace of Mind, it is always near at Hand, and ſits upon our Lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware. It creates Confidence in thoſe we ſpeak to, and is the plaineſt and eaſieſt, and much the ſafeſt and moſt ſecure Way of Dealing in the World; it has leſs of Trouble and Difficulty, of Entanglement and Perplexity, of Danger and Hazard in it; whereas Inſincerity, Cunning, and Diſſimulation grow weaker and leſs effectual or ſerviceable to them that uſe them;

them; a Lye is troubleſome, and ſets the Invention on the Rack; for one Trick requires many more to make it good, or to prevent a Diſcovery. The crafty Perſon is always in Danger, all other Arts will fail; but Truth and Integrity will carry a Man through, and bear him out to the laſt, though he may live ſome Time in Obſcurity and Diſtreſs.

The innocent undeſigning *Sophia*, however, attributed this Confuſion and Silence to her Maid's exceſſive Joy; and ſmiling at her Husband, 'Look, ſays ſhe, Mr. *Jones*, how '*Honour* is ſurprized; how ſhe is overcome 'with Joy to ſee our happy Union.' Mr. *Jones*, who had never been guilty of Deceit, nor accuſtomed to cover his Intentions with a Lye; and reflecting on the many unguarded Expreſſions which *Honour* let drop to him, at the Time ſhe came to acquaint him of her Diſcharge from Miſs. *Sophia*'s Place, ſuſpected her Inſincerity; becauſe he was ſure ſhe preferred her own private Gain to every Thing elſe. And then he was alſo jealous of the intriguing Spirit of Lady *Bellaſton*, to whoſe Way of Life he knew *Honour* had accommodated herſelf without Reſerve: and therefore ſlightly replied, 'I am ſorry 'Mrs. *Honour* cannot bear the Affliction of

'our Happineſs.' Mrs. *Honour*, perceiving the Drift of this Sarcaſm, replied immediately with ſome Degree of Reſentment, 'Sir, I 'ſhould think my Caſe very hard, after ſo 'much Fatigue, and Diſgrace, beſides ſome 'Expence, in the faithful Diſcharge of my 'Duty to my good Lady, before ſhe be-'came your Spouſe, and all upon your Ac-'count, I ſhould be ſo ſlighted, and tan-'talized, and in a Manner bid be-gone 'out of her Houſe.' Theſe laſt Words were accompanied with ſuch a Flood of Tears, and a Fit, ſo artfully counterfeited that Mr. *Jones* recalled his Words, and left her to the Care of the Women. When ſhe found herſelf delivered from his diſcerning Eye, ſhe preſently recollected her Spirits; and, as if ſhe were revived with the charming Voice of Mrs. *Jones*, who was endeavouring to gratify her Ears with Aſſurances of taking her again into her Service, proteſted that ſhe would ſooner beg with her round the World, were it her hard Fortune to be driven to it, than live with any other Perſon, on any Terms whatever. Accordingly *Honour* was ordered to pack up, and, with Lady *Bellaſton*'s Conſent, to go that very Day with the new-married Couple to their Seat in *Somerſetſhire*.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Mr. Allworthy's *Diſcourſe at* Breakfaſt, *on* Party-Lying, Libels, Lampoons, *&c.*

BReakfaſt being ready, the Footman acquainted Mrs. *Jones*, that her Father, Uncle, and Spouſe waited her Coming, in the Parlour, where the Converſation turned upon a ridiculous Lampoon publiſhed in the *Fool* upon the Word *Pellam*, which he very ridiculouſly inſinuated was the ſame as *Palam* or *Balaam*. The Squire, who was now perfectly ſober, ſhewed himſelf wonderful witty on this low Subject. I will not however expoſe him too far by recording his Criticiſm, which univocally agreed with the Fool that publiſhed the Satyr; but I think Mr. *Allworthy*'s Reply to him very deſerving of our Attention:—'I do not, 'ſays he to Mr. *Weſtern*, pretend to defend 'M——rs of State in all their Actions. I 'believe they will not undertake ſo much 'for themſelves.—They certainly are guilty 'of Overſights as well as other Men; and 'by a raſh or random Stroke are ſometimes 'obliged to riſque one Good, to obtain 'what in their Judgment is better for the 'Nation. But Sir, I muſt diſcourage all 'Party Lying, Libels, Lampoons, or Sa-

'tyrs on thoſe, that are entruſted with pub-
'lic Affairs; and at the ſame Time, Mr.
'*Jones*, I ſhall hint at a few Obſervations,
'which may ſome Time or other become
'ſerviceable to you both in private Life,
'and ſtir you up againſt private Calumnia-
'tors, who are the Peſt of Society, and the
'Ruin of many Families. I am frequent-
'ly amazed to find Men otherwiſe of ſtrict
'Probity, Men who would ſcorn to utter
'a Falſhood for their own particular Ad-
'vantage, give ſo readily into a ſcandalous
'Lye, when it is become the Voice of their
'Faction; yea, even when they are tho-
'roughly ſenſible of its Falſhood, in order
'to lampoon their oppoſite Party. I know
'that this political Vice, when notoriouſly
'detected, is excuſed, as innocent Mirth,
'or Words that carry no bad Intention in
'them, diſperſed by the Multitude; but
'this cannot be allowed. For, neither the
'Guilt of a Lye, nor the Puniſhment can
'be diminiſhed, much leſs wholly worn out,
'by the Multitudes of thoſe who partake
'of it; becauſe Guilt, when it ſpreads
'through Numbers, is not ſo properly di-
'vided as multiplied: every one is crimi-
'nal, not in Proportion to the Number of
'thoſe, who are engaged with him in it,
'but in Proportion to the Offence which

'he

'he himſelf commits. The Diviſion of 'Guilt is like that of Matter; though it 'may be ſeparated into infinite Portions, 'every Portion ſhall have the whole Eſſence 'of Matter in it, and conſiſts of as many 'Parts, as the whole did, before it was di-'vided into Portions; conſequently, both 'the Crime and the Penalty lie as heavy 'upon every Individual of an offending 'Multitude, as they would upon any ſin-'gle Perſon, who had not ſhared with him 'in the Fault. Neither can Multitudes ex-'empt from the Shame, which naturally 'follows the Detection of a Lye. There is 'no ſuch Thing as eſcaping the Scandal of 'a Lye, becauſe it is diffuſed amongſt 'Thouſands; for, though a Drop of the 'blackeſt Tincture wears away and va-'niſhes, when mixed and confuſed in a con-'ſiderable Body of Water; yet the Blot is 'ſtill in it, though it is not able to diſco-'ver itſelf, ſo much as when alone. Ne-'verthelefs, this, I apprehend, is a very 'great Motive to ſeveral Party Offenders, 'who avoid Crimes, not as they are preju-'dicial to their Virtue, but to their Repu-'tation or worldly Credit: which is no 'leſs than playing the Part of an infamous 'Hypocrite, who prefers the Appearance

‘ of Virtue to its Reality; and regards neither the Dictates of Conſcience, the Suggeſtions of true Honour, nor the Principles of Religion and Virtue in the Courſe of his own Conduct. As to the Authors of Lampoons, they are generally Men, who being angry, and not daring to put their Name to what they impoſe upon the Public, naturally vent their Spleen in News-Papers, Journals, and Magazines, whoſe Invectives frequently die in their Birth; but when they are written with Wit and Spirit, they, like poiſoned Darts, not only give a Wound, but make it mortal.—What can be more baſe than this ungenerous Spirit, which in Secret ſtabs a Man's Reputation, Credit, or good Name? Or what can be more ſcandalous to a Government, and deteſtable in the Eyes of all good Men, than defamatory Pamphlets and Papers? I add, that this Race of Vermin are not only a Scandal to all Governments, but a Reproach to human Nature in General. They ſtir up Sorrow in the Hearts of private Perſons, raiſe Uneaſineſs among near Relations, and expoſe whole Families to Deriſion; while they themſelves remain in the Dark unſeen, and undiſcovered. Yet this wicked

‘ and

'and ungenerous Practice is become a Kind 'of national Crime, it is ſo much in Uſe 'with us at preſent. I do not decry Satyr, 'it is commendable, and has been of great 'Service to correct the Vices of an Age, 'when it makes a due Diſcrimination be-'tween thoſe who are, and thoſe who are not 'the proper Objects of it. I declaim only a-'gainſt Falſhood, Levelling Satyrs, and ſuch 'Lampoons, as we meet with now-a-days, 'which are a Sort of Playing with the four 'and twenty Letters, and throwing them 'into Names and Characters, as the *Fool*, 'that lies before you, has done, without 'Senſe, Wit, or Truth. Such Kind of Sa-'tyr is nothing but Ribaldry and *Billingſ-'gate*. And, let theſe political Slanderers 'profeſs ever ſo much Regard to Truth 'and good Neighbourhood, they, when 'detected, ought to be induſtriouſly avoid-'ed by all that deſire to live in Peace; be-'cauſe, by this Means, the Honour of Fa-'milies is ruined; the higheſt Poſts and 'greateſt Titles are rendered cheap and vile 'in the Sight of the People; the nobleſt 'Virtues, and the moſt exalted Parts, are 'expoſed to the Ignorant and Vicious.— 'Wit, when not tempered with Virtue and 'Humanity, is moſt pernicious.' Mr. *Weſ-tern*, who with more Complaiſance than u-

ſual, had not once interrupted Mr. *Allworthy*, being quite out of Patience, could no longer refrain; and ſtarting off his Chair, 'Zur, Sur, ſays he, thut make a good *Preſ-* 'byterian Parſon; d—n thur Polticks; let's 'get out this d—ned *Hanoverian* Town. 'Hallow, *Jack!* get the Horſes ready.'

CHAP. X.

Mrs. HONOUR *receives her Inſtructions from Lady* BELLASTON *and Mrs.* WESTERN.

AMongſt too many other Inſtances of the great Corruption and Degeneracy of the preſent Age, the great, and I had almoſt ſaid, the general Want of Sincerity in Converſation is none of the leaſt dangerous. The World is grown ſo full of Diſſimulation and Compliment, that Men's Words are hardly any Signification of their Thoughts; and the many Examples of Deceit, which are diſcovered under the fine gay Clothing of friendly Profeſſions, are ſo many Proofs that the old *Engliſh* Plainneſs and Sincerity, that generous Integrity of Nature, and Honeſty of Diſpoſition, which always argues true Greatneſs of Mind, and is uſually accompanied with undaunted Courage and Reſolution, is, in a great Meaſure, loſt

loſt amongſt us. Who could ſpeak more friendly than Lady *Bellaſton*, Mrs. *Weſtern*, and *Honour* the Lady's Woman? And yet their Expreſſions of Kindneſs and Reſpect only ſerved to conceal the Rancour of their Hearts, and to enable them with greater Force and Succeſs to deceive, and carry their wicked Intentions into Execution.

Thus Lady *Bellaſton*, who to a Reſentment at Mr. *Jones*'s rejecting her Amour, had now retained a Hatred, or rather envied his Spouſe the Enjoyments, ſhe once expected to poſſeſs at Will, was determined to ſeek their Ruin. Mr. *Jones*'s Valour and Conduct in the late Action with *Fitzpatrick*, his happy Reſtoration to his Uncle's Favour, the Diſcovery of his Birth, the Youth and Beauty of his Bride, and the perfect Union of their Hearts, and the general Pleaſure and Harmony that appeared in every Countenance about the young married Couple, ſtimulated her Paſſions, and increaſed her Pain. And as the Relief of the envious Perſon are thoſe Afflictions or Diſappointments, which may happen to a Family, or the Perſon envied; or thoſe Blemiſhes or Imperfections that diſcover themſelves in an illuſtrious Character; this Lady waited with Impatience the Iſſue of Mrs. *Honour*'s Viſit to Madam *Jones*. Mrs. *Weſtern*

tern alſo was already come to hear the Succeſs, and to concert their future Meaſures; when Mrs. *Honour* entered with a Report perfectly agreeable to their Inclinations.

While Mrs. *Honour* was packing up her Clothes, Lady *Bellaſton* began: 'Remember, my good Girl, though you live from 'me, you are ſtill my Woman: Remember you are going to do me Service: Remember this is to take all Opportunities 'to create Diſcontent, and, if poſſible, to 'foment Jealouſy between *Jones* and his 'Wife,—I mortally hate them.' 'Nor will 'I ever forgive, ſays Mrs. *Weſtern*, the 'Contempt thrown upon my Advice in the 'Affair of my Lord *Fellamar*. I will be 'revenged on them all,—no Baſtard ſhall 'inherit my Fortune. I expect, *Honour*, 'that you keep our Intentions a profound 'Secret, and hold a regular Correſpondence 'with my good Lady, Couſin *Bellaſton*; and 'do not imagine you can take any Advantage of this Confidence we repoſe in you; 'for I now ſolemnly proteſt we will deny 'every Thing, if you prove ſo falſe to us, 'and injurious to yourſelf, as to betray your 'Truſt.' Then Lady *Bellaſton* gave her a proper Direction, and a Name, which ſhe aſſumed, to be uſed for her Ladyſhip's, till fur-

further Orders. They both gave her a handſome Preſent, and hurried her away to her Miſtreſs *Sophia*; but charged her to preſent my Lady's Compliments, not to take any Notice of having ſeen Mrs. *Weſtern*, and to gloſs all her Intentions with Words of the greateſt Reſpect,—and an entire Obedience to all her Lady's Commands.

CHAP. XI.

Lord FELLAMAR'S *Engagements with Lady* BELLASTON.

THE Character of Lady *Bellaſton*, and the Liberties ſhe had permitted him to take with her Couſin *Sophia*, under her Roof, convinced Lord *Fellamar*, that he had not ſo much Difficulty to fear in an Attempt upon either Mrs. *Weſtern*, or her Ladyſhip, as there had been on the young Lady. And as he had imprudently caſt away a great Part of his Eſtate in the modiſh Foible of the Gentry at the Gaming Table, his Lordſhip reſolved to try his Fortune with one of theſe Ladies, who in the Opinion of the World, poſſeſſed much more Riches than Beauty.

His Addreſſes were firſt tendered to Lady *Bellaſton*. To which his Lordſhip was de-

determined from the very Moment the Marriage of Miſs *Sophia* was publickly known. I need not tell you with what Satisfaction that Coquette diſcovered his Lordſhip's Intentions. She never purpoſed to yield her Liberty and Fortune to any Perſon; having long calmed her Paſſions, as Opportunity ſerved, in a private Way. But the Inſtant Lord *Fellamar* broke his Mind to her in an honourable Way, and ſhe found him in Earneſt, and ready to engage in every Adventure to gain her Affections, her Ladyſhip once more reſolved to make him the Inſtrument of her Vengeance. And therefore, contrary to her uſual Behaviour, at ſuch a Propoſal, which was to revile and deſpiſe thoſe that talked to her of Marriage, her Ladyſhip received his Addreſs with great Civility and Tokens of her good Liking. 'But ſays ſhe, My Lord, you muſt never 'expect my Heart entirely, till you aſſiſt 'me in taking Vengeance on that *Jones*,— 'that *Jones*, who is the Cauſe of all my 'Sorrow, and the Rival of your beſt Af-'fections.' Lord *Fellamar*, as one thunderſtruck, continued ſilent with his Eyes fixed on the Ground for a Minute, when recollecting himſelf, he replied: 'My Lady! 'Your Commands touch my Honour. I 'have no juſt Cauſe of Complaint againſt

'Mr.

'Mr. *Jones*; but he rather might reſent my 'Rivalſhip. He was in Poſſeſſion of the 'Lady's Affections, long before I ever ſaw 'her. And to do her Juſtice, Miſs *Sophia* 'never gave me the leaſt Encouragement 'to expect her Affections. He indeed was 'repreſented to me in a very low Charac-'ter, no better than a Vagabond; and ta-'king this Repreſentation on your Lady-'ſhip's Word, I employed an Officer to 'preſs him, as ſuch, into the Sea-Service; 'though my Intention was fruſtrated by the 'Accident you are too well acquainted with 'for me to repeat. But as I have always 'preſerved my Reputation with ſtrict Ho-'nour, I no ſooner was informed of his 'Quality, and diſcovered my own egregious 'Miſtake, than I grew very uneaſy concern-'ing the Part I had acted, and thought it 'my Duty to make him the beſt Satisfac-'tion in my Power, for the Injury I had 'done him; and therefore I exerted my 'Intereſt to procure his Enlargement.— 'How then, *Madam*, can I, in Point of Ho-'nour, raiſe up any more Trouble to this 'Gentleman?' 'Gentleman! replies the 'Lady: no more a Gentleman than *Will* 'the Coachman,—I dare ſay, not ſo good a 'one.—He's a Son of a Whore.—And I'll 'be revenged on him,—That I will.—And

'if

'if your Lordſhip's Honour ſtands in your 'Way, in Truth you will ſtand in your 'own Light.—I will never put myſelf and 'Fortune into the Power of a Man, that 'is afraid to defend my Honour.' 'What 'then Madam, ſays my Lord, Has Mr. *Jones* 'attacked your Honour? If ſo I am devo-'ted to your Ladyſhip's Commands,—I'll 'ſend him a Challenge this Moment, and 'leave him not, till he has expiated his 'Guilt with his laſt Blood.' Lady *Bellaſton*, with an artful Smile, ſuddenly repli-ed, 'No, my Lord, no; it is beneath your 'Quality to give ſuch a Varlet the Oppor-'tunity to ennoble his Sword, it may be, in 'your Blood.—You know what he did to 'that *Iriſh* Maſter of Defence, *Fitzpatrick*. 'Did not he ſheathe one Half of his Sword 'in his Body? And ſhall I venture your 'Life; all that I regard in the World? 'My Lord, I am almoſt aſhamed to own 'my Paſſion for you.—But your Readineſs 'to defend my Honour demands—Shall I 'venture your Life againſt his? No: Nor 'do I crave his Blood.—I would only pu-'niſh him, in the midſt of his good For-'tune, and ſecrete from him the Hand that 'gives him the Blow.—And I have already 'thought how this may be done by your 'Lordſhip, ſo as both to conceal my Re-ſentment,

'ſentment, and preſerve your Honour from 'the leaſt Tarniſh. Was not *Jones* com-'mitted on Suſpicion of Murder? And, is 'he not enlarged upon your Lordſhip's Pa-'role of Honour? If the *Iriſhman* ſhould 'die of his Wounds; or of a Fever occaſi-'oned by them; Is he not to take his Tri-'al? Did not the Evidences depoſe before 'the Magiſtrate, that *Jones* drew firſt? 'And, if ſo, is he not liable to be hanged? 'How then can your Lordſhip look uncon-'cerned at his Proceedings? He, conſcious 'of his own Guilt, and afraid of the Juſ-'tice that hangs over his Head, is prepa-'ring to withdraw out of your Power; '—nay,—for what I know,—he's already 'gone to hide himſelf. And then your 'Honour will ſuffer indeed. So that you 'have nothing to do but to ſend proper 'Officers in Queſt of him, and recommit 'him into the Hands of Juſtice. Your 'own Honour, as well as the Laws of the 'Land, requires it. Conſequently, all that 'I demand of your Lordſhip, is to ſecure 'yourſelf from any ſcandalous Imputations, 'which *Jones*'s Eſcape may caſt upon you.'

Lady *Bellaſton* expreſſed herſelf with that Eagerneſs, and yet ſeeming Fondneſs for my Lord's Perſon, that the old Argument, *You do not love me, if you deny me this Re-*

queſt,

queſt, prevailed. A Female Argument, which though at firſt only uſed to obtain a Trifle, has been found by Experience to oblige unhappy Men, that give Way to it, to reſign the Cauſe even of their Country, and of their Honour, upon the like trifling Occaſion. And when a deceitful Woman ſuppoſes that a Man's Heart is in her Power, and builds her Demands upon an Opinion, that her Lover cannot reſiſt any of her Inſinuations, though never ſo much againſt his Intereſt and Inclination; ſhe ſeldom fails deſtroying the good Effects the following his own Way might have upon his Honour and Fortune, by interpoſing her Power over him, in Matters wherein they cannot influence him, but to his Diſparagement and Loſs. Yet nothing is ſo difficult in human Life, as to be proof againſt the Importunities of a Woman a Man loves, when ſhe covers and diſguiſes many malicious Purpoſes with a counterfeit Paſſion of diſſimulate Sorrow and Unquietneſs of Mind. It is always known that Women are ever too hard for us upon a Treaty; and indeed it is childiſh to argue with one, whoſe Looks and Geſtures are more prevalent with us, than our Reaſons and Arguments can be with her; that has no other View than

than to gratify her own Ambition, Malice, or Envy.

Therefore Lord *Fellamar*, without further Deliberation, hurried to execute this Requeſt of the Lady's with as much Precipitation, as he had before endeavoured to preſs Mr. *Jones*. The Officers of Juſtice were inſtructed to ſurround his Lodgings, and to ſeize him with the greateſt Brutality, as he was ſtepping into the Coach. And they were very punctual in the Execution of their Orders, to the great Surprize and Concern of Mr. *Jones*, his Relations and Friends.

CHAP. XII.

Mr. JONES *hurried away to Priſon, and his Diſcharge.*

SQuire *Weſtern* was rid on before with his Servant, and Mr. *Jones* was following his Uncle *Allworthy* into the Coach, when Half a Dozen terrible Fellows ſtopped him ſhort, one of whom ſeizing of him in the King's Name, the reſt dragged him away without giving him Leave to aſk the Meaning of ſuch rough Treatment. Which not only threw his Bride and Uncle into great Confuſion, but alarmed the whole Neighbourhood, who preſently began to gueſs

gueſs there was ſome Secret in this Arreſt; and one that pretended to know more Politics than his Neighbours, poſitively affirmed, that Mr. *Jones* was Lord *Elcho*, who had eſcaped the Army in the North, and was trying to make his Eſcape into *France*, or ſome other Place of Safety, from the Juſtice of the Nation, which purſued and had overtaken him. This Report ran like wild Fire, and gained Credit with every Body; but though a few Weeks before thoſe very People had been under the greateſt Conſternation and Terror at the near Approach of the Rebel Army to this Capital, imagining that the Rebels would change their Religion, ſubvert their Conſtitution, rob them of their Property, and murder thoſe that ſhould oppoſe them; they now forgetful of their paſt Danger, and of the Trouble and Charge the Nation had been at, were ſo inclining to a miſtaken Sort of Pity and Compaſſion, that inſtead of demanding Juſtice, a Debt due from the Criminal to the Public, they cried out for Mercy, and were almoſt ready to impeach the Equity of our Laws for defending them from Injury and Wrong. However they, in this Particular, were ſoon undeceived; for after Mrs. *Jones* was taken Care of, Mr. *Allworthy* followed the Priſoner, and found his Accuſation

cuſation no more than a Preſumption of his flying from his Bail, which being publiſhed, put an immediate Stop to all their political Comments on this Occaſion.

Mr. *Jones*, before the Juſtice where he was brought by Virtue of a Scape Warrant, denied the Fact; and beſides, he fairly pleaded, that *Fitzpatrick* was recovered of his Wounds, and had been abroad. He alſo enquired by whoſe Information he had been thus ſurprized? The Juſtice, who, we will ſuppoſe, was an entire Stranger to the Cauſe of this Information; but perceiving there would be no Want of Money to diſengage the young Gentleman from this ſeeming Embarraſsment, enlarged very much upon the Injuſtice of flying from a Bail; evaded every Attempt to clear up the Affair of which Mr. *Jones* was unjuſtly accuſed, and with ſullen Gravity gave to underſtand it was in his Power alone, either to releaſe the Priſoner, or to prevent his Journey, and force him out of the Arms of his Bride. Mr. *Allworthy* preſently dived into the Juſtice's Meaning, and wiſely concluding that no Time was to be loſt, where dark Schemes were hatching; for which he unjuſtly, though naturally, ſuſpected Mr. *Bliſil* and *Dowling*; and therefore *Fitzpatrick*, who

who had been ſearched out by a ſpecial Meſſenger, being arrived, he made both him and the Juſtice eaſy with a convenient Preſent; and they, to the great Mortification of his Enemies, who did not appear in Perſon, granted him and his Bail a free and final Diſcharge.

The Concluſion.

'*YOUR Work is long*,' *the Critics cry*:
'tis true,
And lengthens ſtill, to take in Fools like you.
One judges, as the Weather *dictates*; *right*,
The —— *is at Noon, and wrong at Night.*
Another judges by a ſurer Gage,
An Author's Principles, *or* Parentage:
Another judges by the Writer's Look,
Another judges for he bought the Book.
Some judge, their Knack of judging Wrong
to keep;
Some judge, becauſe it is too ſoon to Sleep.
Thus all will judge, and with one ſingle Aim,
To gain themſelves, not give the Writer Fame:
None are at Leiſure, others to Reward,
They ſcarce will Damn, *but out of Self-regard.*

BOOK

THE HISTORY OF *TOM JONES* THE FOUNDLING, IN HIS MARRIED STATE.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Remarks *on* Duelling.

WHEN Honour ſupports virtuous Principles, and runs parallel with the Laws of God and our Country, it cannot be too much cheriſhed and

encouraged; but when the Dictates of a miſtaken Honour are contrary to thoſe of Religion and Equity, they, by giving wrong Ambitions, and falſe Ideas of what is good and laudable, become the greateſt Depravations of human Nature, and ſhould therefore be exploded and ſeverely puniſhed by all Governments, and driven out as the Bane of human Society in General.—Thus I would have that barbarous Practice of *Duelling* treated; though this dreadful Action, by long Impunity, is become honourable, and the Refuſal to engage in it diſhonourable. For, by this wicked Cuſtom of *daring to Death*, the greateſt Act of the human Mind, the forgiving of Injuries and Affronts, is become vile and ſhameful; the Rules of good Society and virtuous Converſation are inverted; the Looſe, the Vain, and the Impudent, inſult the Careful, the Diſcreet, and the Modeſt; the Sharper is put in Competition with a Gentleman of the firſt Rank; and a brave Man ſometimes has fallen by the Hand of one below that of a common Hangman.

Therefore Men that place a right Eſteem upon Honour, ſhould always, eſpecially in this mad Age we live in, guard it with that true Virtue, which is never to let one of their

their Actions ſtoop below the Level of their Quality, nor be deceived in their true Notion of Honour. For, when this Caution is once removed, it has been found that the Name of Honour has been proſtituted to countenance the very worſt Actions of Pilfering, Lewdneſs, and Murder, by placing it in Profit, Pleaſure, and the Point of a Sword. On which Occaſions it is well obſerved, there is no Difference between Honour and Savageneſs; between a Pickpocket and a Peer, and between a Gentleman and a Butcher; who perſuade themſelves that Honour conſiſts in Slaughter. But theſe Dealers in human Blood, who turn Slaughter into Diverſion, are not only condemned by the Laws of the Land, which mark them with Infamy and Shame, but likewiſe by the Law of God, and ſo at once are outlawed by Religion and the State. Which double Excommunication, certainly, one would think, ſhould effectually ſtigmatize and aboliſh ſo vile and diſhonourable a Practice. Truly a courageous Man's great Glory is neither to fear, nor to ſtrike Terror into others, without juſt Provocation. It is the diſtinguiſhing Character of a Man of Merit, to be ever active in laudable Purſuits; while that of every gay Coxcomb of *Fire* is

to be confidently in the Wrong, and dare to perſiſt in it, contrary to Reaſon and good Manners.

But Cuſtom has ennobled Revenge, and ſome may reply, as by Fact, they put it in Practice, that we had better be out of the World, than out of the Faſhion. Well, but hearken to Reaſon; is not the King the only Fountain of Honour? Yet it does not appear that his Majeſty ever made over to Cuſtom this Prerogative of his Crown. And, what is that Cuſtom ſo much inſiſted on? Is it any better than a Club of *Deſperadoes*, without Religion, without Conſcience; a Pack of *Renegado Chriſtians*, who are a Scandal to their Profeſſion, and a Shame to their Nature, and vote Murder a brave Action. How ſhameful then is it to obtrude this depraved Cuſtom of a few, whoſe Judgments are as falſe as their Principles, and their Opinions as depraved as their Manners, for the true Standard of Honour and Bravery? Muſt we look upon Perjury, Robbery, and Licentiouſneſs as innocent, lawful, and creditable Vocations, becauſe they are common, and extolled by Raſcals, Highwaymen, and Debauchees? —Beſides, what can be more extravagantly

fooliſh,

fooliſh, than the Punctilio's of a *Duelliſt?* If I am affronted, is there no Way to redreſs myſelf, but by provoking my Enemy to tilt at my Lungs? I am of Opinion, a Gentleman would act more conſiſtent with his Nature and his Honour, to put up an Affront, than throw himſelf in the Way of a Stab or a Halter; for, that may poſſibly be retrieved; but a Wound in the Heart, or a disjointed Neck, can never be cured. And I am perſuaded that they who would rather take a Man's Life, than his ingenuous Acknowledgment of his Fault, have no Right to true Reaſon, or to ſolid Fame; and their Courage is an Impoſture made up of Cowardice, Falſhood, and Want of Underſtanding; for the courageous Mind, however enraged againſt an Enemy, feels its Reſentments ſink and vaniſh away, when the Object of its Wrath falls into its Power, and lies at its Mercy. It is to no Purpoſe to urge, I have Right on my Side; for, ſhould Fortune take the Part of my Antagoniſt, I am undone. Right is a dull Weapon, unleſs Skill and good Luck manage it.—A Duel is an ill Diſtemper to die of, though our modern Heroes, that defy Heaven, may think it a genteel one; and I am pretty ſure thoſe Martyrs of Honour will be much diſcompoſed when they find their

Reception, in the next Life, falls ſhort of their Expectation; in which our Treatment will anſwer our Actions, not our Birth, and an innocent Clown will meet with Reſpect, when a guilty Prince ſhall be rejected with Contempt.

CHAP. II.

What paſſed in Town after Mr. JONES's *Diſcharge, and his Journey to* Portſmouth.

THE unexpected Releaſement of Mr. *Jones* threw Lady *Bellaſton* into the greateſt Fury, as ſoon as Lord *Fellamar* related what had paſſed. 'What, ſaith ſhe, 'ſhall that Country Clod eſcape at laſt?— 'The Man who dared to attack my Chaſ-'tity, and with more Impudence than an '*Iriſh* Bully, accuſe me of criminal Con-'verſation with him in private Lodgings. 'My Lord, I almoſt ſuſpect your Pretences 'of Courtſhip; and if you deſire to con-'vince me that there has been no Colluſi-'on on your Side, in the Favour *Jones* has 'now received in the Face of Juſtice, draw 'your Sword in my Defence.—Oh! there 'is no other Way left to bring down that 'ambitious wicked Heart. While he 'lives, mine can have no Reſt.—It is doing

'the

'the Varlet too great Honour, for your 'Lordſhip to ſtoop ſo much below the Le-'vel of your Quality;—but I muſt be deli-'vered from this Diſtraction.—I hope there 'will be no Danger in defending my Inno-'cence.—It is half the Battle to fight in a 'juſt Cauſe.' Whether Lady *Bellaſton* really ſuſpected that ſhe was impoſed upon by my Lord *Fellamar* in this Affair, whoſe Honour had boggled at her firſt Propoſal of it: Or, as it is more likely, being previouſly reſolved never to marry, ſhe tried this Expedient, in Hopes of being diſingaged, by the Sword of Mr. *Jones*, from the Promiſe made to Lord *Fellamar*; or at leaſt of being revenged on our Hero by ſome lucky Puſh of his Lordſhip's Sword; her Ladyſhip expreſſed herſelf ſo roundly upon the Subject, that Lord *Fellamar*, perceiving there could be no Acceſs to her Eſtate without it, ſhewed a great Deal of Eagerneſs to purſue her Directions; and a Letter of Appointment was immediately dictated by her Ladyſhip, in the following Terms:

To Mr. Thomas Jones, *at his Lodgings in* Arlington-Street.

SIR, *Berkley-Square, Tueſ.* 11 *o'Clock.*

'I Have been informed of your Ingrati-'tude to me, your beſt Friend and Be-

'nefactor; who, at a Time all your Rela-
'tions had caſt you off, and nothing but
'Deſtruction and an ignominious Death
'threatened you, obtained your Enlarge-
'ment upon my Parole of Honour; which
'Honour you have endeavoured to ſtain,
'firſt, by attempting to flee from Juſtice;
'and ſince that, by clandeſtinely procuring
'a Diſcharge from the injured Perſon, with-
'out conſidering how far my Honour was
'engaged; and therefore I demand Satiſ-
'faction, and expect you will anſwer my
'Reſentment, at the Point of my Sword
'To-morrow Morning, at ———

'FELLAMAR.'

By which Means the Lady kept herſelf ſtill in the Dark, and at Liberty to play what Game ſhe pleaſed, according as her Scheme turned out in Conſequence of this Challenge. But I need not tell you what a Conſternation appeared in every Face at the Receipt of this Challenge; it is not ſo eaſily expreſſed, as conceived.—Mr. *Jones*, fired with youthful Vigour, and ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed with the modiſh Defence of Honour; and withal knowing himſelf clear of the Imputation caſt upon him by Lord *Fellamar*, the Memory of whoſe former Behaviour renewed itſelf a-freſh; reſolved in himſelf

ſelf to give him the Meeting and Satisfaction required; but his Reſentment, upon reading the Letter, carried him ſo far beyond the Bounds of his uſual Calmneſs, that his Uncle interpoſed, and diſcovering the Truth, commanded him upon his Duty, and the Regard and Love he had for his Wife, that he ſhould not accept of the Challenge; and then turned the Meſſenger to the Door, with the Indignation ſuch bloody Emiſſaries deſerve. And then turning to his Nephew, whom Mr. *Allworthy* perceived too deſirous to break looſe into the Vice of the Age, and to follow the Example of thoſe in high Life, endeavoured to convince him, That true Quality does not lie in the narrow Compaſs of thoſe, who are graced with Titles to play the *Ape* by Patent; whom Nature has loaded with *Vices*, and Chance has flung into the World with an *Eſchutcheon:* But it triumphs moſt, when it conquers Vice, forgives Injuries, and deſpiſeth cauſeleſs Affronts. 'Believe me, Nephew, 'ſaith he, this Lord has diſgraced his Title 'by aſſuming the Character of a Butcher. 'And if you would deſire to ſhew yourſelf 'a Gentleman, you muſt carefully avoid 'his Example, and copy after that real Pat-'tern of Gentility, Mr. *Nicholſon*, who,

'without the advantageous Helps of Pre-
'cepts, or Education, carries his Birth in
'his very Countenance; his Gate and Mein
'tell his Quality; he both charms and
'awes, and at the ſame Time demands
'Love and Reverence; his Extraction glit-
'ters under all Diſguiſes. He is reſerved
'without Pride, and familiar without Mean-
'neſs; he times his Behaviour to Circum-
'ſtances, and knows when to ſtand on Tip-
'toe, and when to ſtoop. Then you
'would ſoon get clear of the Foible of miſ-
'taken Honour, and adopt no Actions but
'ſuch as are truly great, and tend to do
'Good; and not to deſtroy Life, and ruin
'Families.'

In the mean Time Mrs. *Jones* with a Flood of Tears, and the moſt endearing Perſuaſions, added great Force to Mr. *Allworthy*'s Repreſentations and Commands. So that he conſented to order the Coach immediately, and being all ready, they reached that Night as far as the *Red Lion* at *Brentford*, according to the Appointment of Squire *Weſtern*; and next Morning, as they were preparing to proceed on their Journey homewards, the Inn was on a ſudden filled with my L. *B*——*n*'s Retinue poſting with all Speed for *Portſmouth*, to pleaſure him-

himſelf and Friends with the Proſpect and Diverſions of the Royal Navy, then lying at *Spithead*, and ready to annoy our Enemies, and to defend our Coaſts. Mr. *Allworthy* and the Squire could not conceal themſelves, their Servants preſently mixing with that noble Lord's, their Neighbour, and therefore haſted to pay their Compliments; and as his Lordſhip was no Stranger to the Diſgrace of *Tom Jones*, and the Elopement of Miſs *Sophia* from his old Fox-hunting Companion, Squire *Weſtern*, her Father, in Purſuit of her Lover; they informed his Lordſhip of the Strangeneſs of the Event, That *Jones* was not only reſtored to Mr. *Allworthy*'s Favour, but being proved his Nephew, was declared his Heir, and married to Miſs *Sophia Weſtern*, with her Father's Conſent, though he, after purſuing his Daughter in vain through the Country, had made that ſudden Trip to *London*, to prevent their Marriage. The young Couple were then introduced, and after a hearty Felicitation, his Lordſhip, well judging that ſuch an Invitation could not be diſagreeable to them, who had been bred up in an inland Place, very courteouſly deſired their Company aboard the Fleet, where he was haſting to divert his Friends.

The Invitation was accepted with the Addreſs, as propoſed; and indeed how could ſuch a Favour be rejected, when offered by a Lord, in whom the Generous, the Wiſe, the Prudent, the Wonderful, and the Sublime, had taken up their Habitation, not to be concealed, but to be imparted, as it were by Sparkles, to the reſt of Mankind? And though his Perſon was not of the talleſt Make, you might read a Prince in his Aſpect, lofty by the Animation of the noble Sentiments within, yet in which there was not the leaſt Ingredient or Appearance of Pride. His Eyes both dazzled and delighted; whoever beheld him, could not but aſk themſelves, what muſt be the inexhauſtible Store of Spirits and Light within, that ſo profuſely darted through thoſe Caſements of the Mind. Such a Companion could enliven any Converſation, and filled Mr. *Jones* and his Relations with great Expectations from his prodigious Vivacity, which was ſo natural to my Lord; whoſe very Looks demanded both Love and Reverence, being the Indices to every Virtue, nouriſhed and practiſed by his truly noble Soul.

It was late in the Evening before they reached *Portſmouth*-Common, where after the Ladies were retired from Supper to their proper

proper Apartments, the Gentlemen ſpent the Remainder of the Evening over their Bottle, and in the Courſe of their Diſcourſe the very Occaſion of their Meeting gave Riſe to ſeveral political Reflections. Mr. *Allworthy* aſked his Lordſhip if the flying Reports, which for a few Days had ſpread Abroad of the Commotions and Reſignations at Court, were true. 'Yes, ſaid my 'Lord, the Scene is indeed ſhifted, and a 'new Set of Court-officers are introduced. 'But continued he, I very much queſtion 'whether the Public will be any Gainers 'by this Change.' 'What are they not Or-'thodox? 'ſaid Mr. *Allworthy*.' 'Yes, 'replied my Lord, I verily believe they 'are; but I am afraid they are tainted with 'that Pliancy of Temper, which a few 'Years ago corrupted the Senate, at the 'Time, they, that ſhould have ſtood up 'with Vigour to oppoſe the Miniſterial 'Schemes, deſerted their Seats in Parlia-'ment; whoſe Principles were not looſe e-'nough to come directly into the Wrong, 'but yet wanted Courage boldly to defend 'and aſſert what is juſt and right; which 'puts me in Mind of that falſe Step which 'tarniſheth the Memory of Lord *Notting-'ham*, who could be excelled by none in 'Probity, Virtue, and the Love of his

'Coun-

'Country and Religion, and diſtinguiſhed
'his Capacity to govern, when never ſo
'ſtrenuouſly oppoſed from Abroad; but
'yet degenerated in his Courage, became
'piqued and awed by a Faction at Home,
'and quitted the Helm at the firſt Omen
'of a tempeſtuous Sea, whereas his Buſi-
'neſs ſhould have been to have rid it out;
'for if a good Miniſter cannot prevail him-
'ſelf, he, at leaſt, by the Poſt he holds, may
'hinder others from prevailing.' 'Well
'but ſaid Mr. *Allworthy*, are not Matters
'much mended ſince the Patriots wreſted
'the Reins of the Adminiſtration out of
'the Hands of the late prime Miniſter; a
'Man who, with a Complication of Vices,
'had but this one Virtue, that *he did not*
'*pretend to any?* Every Way *mercurial*, he
'would ſin up to the Height of Pleaſure,
'yet drudge on to the laſt Extremity of
'Buſineſs; indefatigable in his Purſuits, not
'by Fits and Starts, but a regular Succeſ-
'ſion. Vaſt was his Ambition, vaſt was
'his Artifice! Mighty in Lewdneſs, not
'leſs in Politics! He could fawn, lye, and
'flatter, and ſeem ſincere, but never be ſo!
'When I repreſented the Borough of——,
'I could obſerve, he never would ſuffer a-
'ny of his Views to drop or be thrown out

'of

'of the Houſe, though never ſo trivial. 'His oily, deceitful, artful Tongue could 'inſinuate any Thing. He was bold even 'to Impudence. He never valued what he 'ſtaked, ſo he could make ſure of the Prize; 'all his Paſſions ſubſiding till he had reach-'ed the Port, whither he was bound. He 'never could be made angry, he was al-'ways ſeemingly pleaſed. When foiled in 'any Attempt, he fell, but to riſe again 'with the greater Force; obſerving the 'weak Side, through which he had miſſed 'his Aim, he returned with double Vigour 'and double Conduct to the Aſſault. Ma-'ny had been his Endeavours in a former 'Reign to get Footing at Court; but his 'intricate Purpoſe, which was to deprive 'the Subject of their Liberty, and to keep 'the K—— in his own Power, could not 'take Place till he, by Craft and Diſſimula-'tion, had jumbled every Thing into Con-'fuſion, in a Nation full of Jealouſies, Di-'viſions, and Fears. How did he pack the 'Senate? How the Voices at any Promo-'tion? In his Temper an admirable Tri-'bune of the People, he would ſtoop to the 'meaneſt Office; nor would he loſe the 'moſt deſpicable Voice for Want of Aſſi-'duity, Promiſes, Rewards, Bribes, Hopes,

'Fears,

'Fears, Threatenings, or whatever could 'influence the Paſſions or Circumſtances of 'thoſe, with whom he had to deal. He 'would play with the Gameſter, be lewd with 'the Libertine, drunk with the Debauchee, 'ſober with the Abſtemious, full of real 'Ambiguity, and pretended Openneſs. His 'Houſe, his Purſe, his Intereſt, his Trou-'ble, were all at the Service of whomſoe-'ver was conſiderable enough to be obliged 'by him. No Principles ſo fixed, but 'what he endeavoured to undermine. His 'own ruling Principle was, That *every* '*Man has his Price.* He found the weak 'Side of all Mankind; thoſe unſceptible of 'Avarice, and who were only ambitious, 'he attacked by Grandeur, Dignities, and 'Honours; and he had Penſions for the 'Covetous and Poor. And yet I cannot 'perceive, that they, who triumph in their 'pulling him down, and have taken his 'Place, are either wiſer, more able, or even 'ſo deſerving of the public Favour, as he.' Here my Lord, who had nothing to fear from the deceaſed Miniſter, and therefore thought it impolite to interrupt his Neighbour, in drawing the Character of L—— *O*——, could not admit of any Illuſtrations upon the Conduct of the governing Party,

ty, under whom his Family held ſeveral conſiderable Poſts and Commands; and therefore cut the Converſation for this Evening very ſhort, with a Propoſal to riſe by Seven next Morning, 'when ſays he, I 'will carry you all on Board the fineſt Fleet 'that ever ſwam in the *Britiſh* Channel, rea-'dy to ſail on ſuch an important Expediti-'on, as muſt convince us all of the Ability 'and Reſolution of our preſent Governors.'

CHAP. III.

A Night's Converſation among the Ladies.

THE Ladies who had withdrawn themſelves after Supper, being acquainted with Mrs. *Jones*'s Adventure, could not deny their Curioſity the Gratification of accompanying her to her Chamber, to paſs away the Evening in a little Chit-chat upon ſo amorous a Subject. The Ladies were nearly allied to the noble Lord above-mentioned, and were both married. Their Names, as well as I can recollect, were *Conſtantia* and *Tereſa*. When theſe Ladies found themſelves alone, they heartily congratulated Mrs. *Jones* upon her Nuptials, and highly applauded her Conſtancy and Duty, never to give up her Liberty and Fortune

to

to a Man ſhe could not love, and never to marry any Perſon againſt her Father's Conſent. The innocent Bride received their Compliments with a becoming Modeſty, and at their urgent Requeſt, gave them a true and full Relation of the Hardſhips ſhe had ſuffered; and the moſt providential event that had delivered her out of them all, and put her in Poſſeſſion of all her Soul deſired, at the very Time when ſhe could foreſee nothing but Deſtruction and Ruin contriving againſt both herſelf and Mr. *Jones*. So great and ſo juſt is that God, who ſeeing the Hearts of the Innocent, defends their Cauſe, delivers them out of Danger, grants their Petitions, and puniſheth their Enemies with an inviſible Hand: 'For, this I can ſay, 'Mr. *Jones* never attacked my Virtue, nor 'I never intended to diſobey my Father, 'by marrying him, contrary to his Com-'mand.'

At theſe laſt Words, which Mrs. *Jones* ſpoke with ſuch an Accent as indicated her inward Satisfaction at the Remembrance of their ſtrict Attachment to Virtue in their whole Courtſhip; and a real Belief that the fulfilling of their Deſires was the juſt Reward of their Virtue; Madam *Conſtantia* fetched a heavy Sigh. 'Oh! ſaid *Conſtantia*, 'could

'could I enjoy my Soul with the Comforts 'that delight your Breaſt, Mrs. *Jones*, how 'happy ſhould I be! How would it add to 'the Pleaſures which daily invite me to be 'chearful: But— my whole Life is im-'bittered with that loathſome Pill of Diſo-'bedience; a Diſobedience to the beſt of 'Parents;—I ſcrupled nothing to gratify 'my Love.—But though my Schemes ſuc-'ceeded to my Wiſh, and my prudent Fa-'ther ſtooped at laſt to receive my Sub-'miſſion, and gave me in Marriage, rather 'than expoſe my Miſconduct and Shame, 'into which I had been artfully drawn to 'force his Conſent; the ſame all-ſeeing Eye, 'which has bleſſed your Obedience and 'Virtue, purſues me with ſevere Juſtice. 'I cannot indeed complain of a moroſe, or 'even of a ſlighting Huſband. I poſſeſs a 'large Eſtate, I am laid under no Reſtraints 'in my Expences, and I really am treat-'ed with more Diverſions, and crowded 'with more Attendants than I deſire. But 'I am for ever tortured with Remorſe, with 'Jealouſy; ſo dangerous a Thing it is to 'deviate from the Paths of Virtue.' Then burſting out into a violent Fit of Paſſion, 'I was ſeduced into the Paths of Deſtruc-'tion; my Actions will never bear the Re-'flection of Reaſon; Actions that will re-

'proach

'proach my Conſcience for ever. I am diſ-
'tracted with the Memory of what is paſt,
'Oh! could my Tears waſh away my Guilt,
'and reſtore me back to Virtue!

——————— *Yet I'll look up,*
My Fault is paſt: But oh! What Form of
Prayer
Can ſerve my Turn! SHAKESPEAR.

'Curſe be on the Maxims of the World,
'and that Impropriety of Language, that
'would diſguiſe Diſobedience with the
'Names of Love and Neceſſity. Oh! had
'I been but ſingular, unpolite, and un-
'faſhionably good, I had kept my Peace,
'and juſtified myſelf to my own Conſci-
'ence.—It was but this Morning, while my
'unfaithful Huſband was buſy with his
'Groom, that I intercepted a freſh Voucher
'of his ſtraying from my Bed.—This is a
'Letter from one of his caſt-off Miſtreſſes,
'—it may be ſome poor deluded Virgin.

SIR,

"YOUR abſenting from my Compa-
"ny for ſome Days paſt, and the
"poſitive Intelligence I have had of your
"ſudden Departure from *Ayres-ſtreet* into
"the Country, have thrown me into great
Per-

" Perplexity of Mind, and Doubts of your
" Sincerity.——Should my Suſpicions be
" groundleſs, I hope to ſee you this Even-
" ing, as uſual; but, if on the contrary,
" you have deſerted me, permit me to re-
" mind you, That you firſt inſinuated
" yourſelf into my Affections, with Pro-
" feſſions of Eſteem for my Perſon: You
" then perſuaded me that the Law of Na-
" ture, as well as the Cuſtom of many
" Nations, and moſt Religions, allowed
" double Marriages. You ſwore that to
" have me for your Wife was the ultimate
" of all your Wiſhes; that you never could
" taſte the Joys of Life, till you poſſeſſed
" me as ſuch. Why are you now ſo
" changed? Have I been guilty of any
" Fault to render me leſs amiable in your
" Sight, but that alone, which an Exceſs
" of Love, a deceived Opinion, and a
" Readineſs to oblige you, cauſed me to
" commit?—Good God! are you reſolv-
" ed to prove that all that has been invent-
" ed of the Ingratitude and Perjury of
" your Sex falls ſhort of the Truth in you?
" Am I to be made the Sacrifice of your
" betraying Vows, and counterfeit Flames?
" Oh! how vaſtly different in your Sex
" are Love and Friendſhip? The latter,
" aſhamed to be too much obliged, en-

" deavours

" deavours ſtill to repay what it receives :
" The former ſhuns and flees from the
" Giver, and, having obtained its Deſire,
" contemns the Bounty! How monſtrous
" is it to Reaſon and Reflection, That
" Love ſhould beget Hate? That no lon-
" ger than Indifference in our Sex ſubſiſts,
" Deſire can live in yours? It is not yet a
" full Month, ſince, deceived by your Ar-
" tifice, I have yielded up my Honour,
" and am already abandoned to Deſpair
" and Shame. How can you, dare you,
" treat me in this Manner? To be five
" Days already, without ſeeing me, ill-ſuits
" with thoſe vehement Profeſſions you
" have often made of an everlaſting Paſ-
" ſion. But to pack up your *Alls*, and be
" gone, will admit of no Excuſe. Think
" you I want a Soul to reſent it? No: By
" my Wrongs, I will not bear ſuch Treat-
" ment. Be aſſured, I am a right Wo-
" man; extreme in all my Paſſions: And
" as I have ſcrupled neither Conſcience
" nor Reputation to gratify my Love, I
" ſhall as little heſitate to perform what
" my Revenge demands.—You have a
" Wife but too juſtly ſuſpicious of your
" Conduct; ſhe ſhall be informed of all:
" Not one Tittle ſhall paſs untold: I va-
" lue not what ſhall become of me, but
" ſhall

" ſhall rather pride myſelf in being ex-
" poſed, when I conſider, that by being
" ſo, I inflict the worſt of Puniſhments on
" you; ſuch as domeſtic Jars, and the un-
" ceaſing Clamour of a Tongue, who
" wants but ſuch a Proof to become the
" Plague of your Life, and which you
" muſt be doomed to hear.—Clear your-
" ſelf, therefore, if there be a Poſſibility
" of it: Convince me that you are not
" that perjured Wretch, your late Behavi-
" our has repreſented you to my Heart:
" Reſtore me to that Repoſe you have too
" long diſturbed, and yourſelf to the Arms
" and Heart of her, who, in ſpite of her
" Indignation, ſtill wiſhes, with the utmoſt
" Warmth, to continue

" *Your true and faithful*

" PHYLLIS."

' Where you may diſcern ſuch a Scene
' of Iniquity, that muſt convict him of
' trifling with the Laws of God, and of
' ſtriking at the Root of all ſocial Virtues.
' Thus he that once was the Object of all
' my Deſire, is become the Bane of my
' Happineſs: And my Contrivances to de-
' ceive my Father, for his Sake, have only
' ſerved

'ſerved to make me miſerable. Oh, what 'Courſe ſhall I take to ſeek for Relief?— 'I forſook my Duty, how can I expect 'Redreſs from Heaven?'

The young innocent Mrs. *Jones* did not pretend to enter into any abſolute Reaſoning and Advice upon ſo critical a Subject, in her little Experience of a Marriage-ſtate: But the Tenderneſs of her Nature forced her to ſympathize with a few Tears in Madam *Conſtantia*'s Diſtreſs. At the ſame Time her Heart glowed with Joy, for having adhered ſo ſtrictly to her Duty in the Caſe of Matrimony, the Breach of which, ſhe was convinced, by the Example before her, would at ſome Time or other have turnit into Sorrow. But, ſaid ſhe, 'Madam, 'if you have no Objection, as to his Secrecy and Prudence, I would adviſe you to 'conſult my Uncle *Allworthy* upon this 'melancholy Affair: And, as I underſtand 'we all are to croſs the Country, and re'turn to *Somerſetſhire* together, there can'not want a ſufficient Opportunity to do 'it, while the reſt of the Gentlemen divert 'themſelves in Hunting; it will be eaſy 'for you to take his Advice, under the 'Colour of paying me a Viſit; who ſhall

'always

'always be ready to aſſiſt the Afflicted, ſo 'far as in my Power.'

Madam *Tereſa* then began, 'Oh, my 'dear *Conſtantia!* every one thinks the 'Burthen they bear to be much the heavieſt. 'I am ſenſible you are ill uſed: I have 'been privy to many of your Huſband's 'Follies. But what is your Miſery when 'compared to mine? It is true, I cannot 'avail myſelf of that Quality and For-'tune, you was born to: but I have the 'ſame Senſibility, ſubject to the ſame In-'firmities and Paſſions, to the ſame De-'ſires and Averſions.—My Heart was fix-'ed on the moſt deſerving *Orlando*,—with 'him I could have ſuffered the greateſt 'Tribulations.—But my Parents, who knew 'my Affections were placed on that Dar-'ling of my Soul, preferred Wealth to 'Merit, and imagined, that by making 'me *great* they made me *happy*; and com-'manded me, in ſpite of all my Tears 'and Prayers, to give my Hand to *Ruſti-'cus*. Behold then, and let it, Madam *Con-'ſtantia*, conſole you, that you are not the 'moſt miſerable. Believe me, the Diſap-'pointment of mutual Wiſhes is infinitely 'more terrible, than the Combating of a 'ſingle Woe. You have the Man you love;

'though he is not ſo grateful to return
'your Affections as he ought. But I am
'deſtined to a double Miſery, of quitting
'all I loved, and devoting myſelf to the
'very Object of my Hate.—Oh! what a
'Shock to Nature, to be confined in loath-
'ed Embraces?——To aid deteſted Rap-
'tures, and, by tyrannic Duty, be compel-
'led to take Delight in my own Wretch-
'edneſs?—This is real Miſery.—I am
'forced to diſguiſe my Averſion.—Miſery
'which cannot be comforted, either by
'Duty, Virtue, or Advice.—No Words
'can give a Name to it, nor Thought, un-
'feeling it, conceive.—And yet this I bear
'in Defiance of all thoſe vain Arguments,
'which Paſſion has ſuggeſted to perſuade
'me, contrary to that indiſpenſable Obe-
'dience, owing to thoſe that gave me Be-
'ing.—In this alone I conſole myſelf, I
'have done my Duty.—As all I have was
'theirs, they, doubtleſs, had a Right to
'diſpoſe of me; and, as their Determi-
'nation has not fallen in with my Inclinati-
'ons, *Reſignation* muſt be my *Practice*, and
'*Patience* my *Study*.' Madam *Tereſa* con-
cluded her Tale with a Flood of Tears—
but, even then, ſhewed ſuch a Reſolution
to bear up under her diſagreeable Station,
that

that Mrs. *Jones*, ever after, held her in great Eſteem.

CHAP. IV.

Remarks on a SPIT HEAD *Expedition.*

THE roſy-fingered Morning had now unbarred the Gates of Light, and, decked in golden Veſtments, had begun her Progreſs over the *eaſtern* Hills, and, topping the watery Main, diſplayed the Wonders of the Deep, when my Lord *B——n* informed his Gueſts of the Time of Tide, and genteely ſummoned them to attend him to the neighbouring Shore.

About half an Hour brought them to the Boat: When, as if ſhe had been dropped into another World, Mrs. *Jones*, now under my Lord's particular Care, delighted with the Sight and Noiſe of the Ships and Seamen, expreſſed her great Surprize at every Object that appeared round about her. 'I cannot, ſaid ſhe, enough admire 'the Ingenuity of Mortals, that have raiſed 'ſuch wooden Towers on the Waters.' To which my Lord was pleaſed to reply, 'Madam, the Art of Navigation is ſupe-'rior to all others. What can excel the

'Architecture of thoſe Men of War be-
'fore us? And how can we ſufficiently
'admire the Courage and Agility of the
'Sailors?—A Race of Men, who in all their
'Actions, would perſuade us, that they
'are more than Mortals!—They contemn
'*Heat* and *Cold*, *Hunger* and *Thirſt*: They
'remain intrepid in the midſt of the moſt
'aſtoniſhing Dangers, when both the
'Winds and the Seas are at War. And
'though Sheets of Lightning deſcend; the
'Moon be obſcured; the Stars ſeem ex-
'tinguiſhed by the Tempeſt; the rattling
'Thunder bellow throughout the Sky; all
'Things be filled with Horror and De-
'ſpair; and the dangerous Rocks, and de-
'vouring Sands, ſeem ready to break their
'Ships in Pieces, and ſwallow them up;
'They meet them all with Reſolution
'and undaunted Courage.—But—I cannot
'hide their Faults.—Even in the very Mo-
'ment of Deſtruction, when their Veſſel
'ſtrikes, and the rolling Waves ruſh gree-
'dily to devour them, theſe Men, who
'ſeem more indebted to Providence for
'their Safety, than other Men, mingle
'their very Prayers with Blaſphemies:
'They will invoke the Name of GOD with
'Horror, calling upon him, at every tri-
'fling Moment, to deſtroy and reprobate
'them

'them to Eternity: and as they have caſt 'off the Fear of God, ſo, I can aſſure you, 'they regard no Man's Perſon; and you 'will ſoon be convinced, by too many In-'ſtances, of this new-invented Vice, before 'you have done viewing the Navy before 'you.'

'Do all theſe, ſaid Mr. *Jones*, belong 'to the King? No, replied my Lord. But 'even the Merchant-ſhip, which you ſee 'to Windward ploughing the Waves, is 'only to be diſtinguiſhed from a Ship of 'War by her Bulk and Number of Men 'and Guns: for her Poop and Stern glit-'ter with Gold; her Maſts are decked 'with Streamers; and other imitated Or-'naments make her appear magnificent.' Then Mrs. *Jones* interrupted his Lord-ſhip with an Admiration of the Beauty of the Fleet, to which they now approached very near, 'They all ſeem in a vaſt Hur-'ry, continued ſhe; what are they doing?' And ſome of them hoiſting Sail, ſhe aſk-ed, 'Of what Uſe is ſo much Linnen, faſ-'tened with Cords, that trembles in the 'Wind, and is but, with Struggling, made 'obedient to the Hand?' 'That Linnen, 'replied his Lordſhip, are Sails; and, ac-'cording to the Sea Phraſe, *a favourable*

'*Gale* being juſt ſprung up, they ſpread 'them before the Wind, which, filling the 'whitened Canvas, carries them ſwift, al-'moſt as Imagination, from the Haven 'where they have lain wind-bound for 'ſome Time, to their deſired Port; which, 'for Expedition, far exceeds any other Way 'of Travelling.—This is the Admiral's 'Ship, the Sovereign of the Seas, into 'which, Madam, permit me to conduct 'you ſafe.'

The Day being almoſt ſpent, and the Ladies quite tired with their marine Entertainment and Hurry, in which the whole Fleet was in, during the whole Day, my Lord conducted them back to their Lodgings: when Mrs. *Jones*, after a moſt reſpectful Apology for what ſhe was about to ſay, declared, 'That ſhe never would go 'aboard another Fleet: Where there is 'nothing but Pride and Oppreſſion, Riot 'and Blaſphemy. I am glad we are got 'aſhore, and releaſed from their Diſor-'ders.—I found your Lordſhip's Words 'very true.—Good Heaven! how beauti-'ful in Proſpect! how deteſtable in Exa-'mination, is that gaudy, gilded, mag-'nificent Proſpect of a Fleet? How proud, 'how luxurious the Commanders? How

'diſſo-

'diſſolute, blaſphemous, and ſervile are the 'inferior Crew? They bow lower to their 'Officers, than ever they did to Heaven; 'whilſt they, as if made of another Sort 'of Clay, elate and haughty, look down 'with Contempt upon the fawning Com-'pany of Curs beneath them. Pray who 'was that old Gentleman ſtretched at his 'Length upon the crimſon damaſk Couch?' 'That was the Admiral, ſaid my Lord, 'who has been remarkable for his Amours, 'as well as his Valour and Conduct. It is 'that *L—ſ—ck*, who, if the Voice of 'Fame be true, was broke for his Wife's 'Imprudence and Jealouſy; becauſe ſhe, 'contrary to Orders, had ſhipped herſelf 'in Men's Clothes, aboard her Huſband's 'Ship, to detect a ſuſpected Intrigue: 'Though the poor Man, you ſee, is quite 'diſabled in his Limbs by the Gout. This 'Misfortune reduced them to the utmoſt 'Diſtreſs; and obliged him to put up 'with her Temper, and retire to a little 'Country-Village about ten Miles from '*London*, to wait a Turn of Fortune, which 'ſoon happened in his Favour; though he 'was obliged, in the mean Time, to un-'dergo a ſevere Diſcipline from his en-'raged Wife.—His Houſe ſtood cloſe to 'a bye Road, where Mr. *L—ſ—ck* made

'Shift to creep for the Benefit of the Sun, 'as he pretended: But, it being now Hay-'making Seaſon, it was obſerved he rather 'choſe that Seat to pick up an *Iriſh* 'Wench going or returning from the ad-'jacent Meadows. But, unlucky for him: 'When he had brought his Intentions to 'bear, his jealous Wife, receiving imme-'diate Intelligence, ſurpriſed them toge-'ther in a neighbouring Barn, and in ſuch 'a Poſture, that they were neither capable 'of running away, nor of defending them-'ſelves from her Fury; which vented itſelf 'very liberally with a *Ratan* Cane upon 'them both, eſpecially the poor Captain, 'whom ſhe diſciplined quite Home to his 'own Houſe. And he tamely ſubmitted 'to the Rod of Correction. Yet this is 'the Man that was entruſted with a ſu-'preme Command againſt our moſt power-'ful Enemies! But with what Honour 'and Courage he acquitted his Commiſ-'ſion in the *M—d—r—n*, it is for a Court-'Martial, and not for ſuch as us to paſs 'our Judgment.' He is now ordered upon another important Expedition: I hope not againſt the *French*: For we ſeldom find that a needy Man, influenced by an ambitious, covetous Wife, has ever been able to reſiſt the Temptation of *Louis d'Ors*.

'Was

'Was his Wife aboard To-day?' ſaid Mr. *Allworthy*. 'No, replied Lord *B—n*: 'But did not you obſerve him very fond 'of a certain Youth, that ſat by him? 'That's a Woman, one of his Damſels 'in Man's Clothes, of whom they, his 'Friends, that endeavour to acquit him of 'taking a Bribe, ſay, ſhe was the Cauſe of 'that fatal Diſappointment to the Nation 'in the *M—t—rr—n*: For, that young 'Creature being thrown into Fits by the 'Roaring of the Cannon, the Cries of the 'Wounded, *&c.* the Admiral, careleſs of 'Glory, or the Preſervation of that Re-'nown he had formerly acquired; forget-'ful of his Nation's Intereſt, intruſted in 'his Hands; forbid the Ships in his Divi-'ſion to advance, loſt the Opportunity of 'taking or burning moſt of the Enemy's 'Ships, and ſuffered them to make off with 'the Reputation of Victory.'

Here Madam *Conſtantia*, craving Pardon; aſked who that very handſome Comman-der was, to whom his Lordſhip introduced them at Dinner-time. 'That Commander, 'ſaid he, is what the Age calls a fortunate 'Man, amongſt the Ladies: Of whom 'they tell a great many pleaſant Stories;

'I mean, *pleaſant* to the Ears of the Vi-
'cious; not that he is very delicate in his
'Amours; for the Girl you ſaw upon the
'Eminence on his right Hand, was lately
'no better than a Fruiterer at the Play-
'houſe. Did you mark what Profuſeneſs
'in Eating; how his Table abounded in
'what was nice, as well as neceſſary; the
'extreme Delicateneſs of his own Taſte,
'and the affected one of that Circle of
'Women, who were his Concubines: The
'Debauch of the Glaſs after Dinner; the
'Variety of rich Wines, and heightening
'Cordials; the *double Entendres* of their
'Converſation, which ſcarce preſerved good
'Manners, and did Violence to the Mo-
'deſty of your Sex.—And the obſcene
'Sports which ſucceeded, after we were
'gone, were an Accumulation of a riotous
'Life. Thus all diſſolved in Luxury,
'this young *Neptune* provokes Death;
'waſtes the ebbing Sand, and ſhakes the
'haſty Hour-glaſs, while he is in Danger,
'every Hour, of being ſummoned to
'launch into the Deep of Eternity; nei-
'ther taught to reflect by Tempeſts or
'Thunder, by Cannon or Deſtruction, to
'prepare for that dreadful Alteration, that
'Antipathy to Nature, the Antitheſis of
'Life, which that Mortal ought, every

'Hour,

'Hour, to be apprehenſive of.' 'Ah, 'my Lord, ſaid Mr. *Allworthy*, I wonder 'that the Waves do not immediately ſwal-'low them alive! or that God does not 'give them up to their Enemies to be per-'petually vanquiſhed. What Hope can a 'Nation have of Succeſs, when their 'Power is truſted in ſuch wicked Hands? 'It was a very ungrateful Obſervation: 'But I could not help being a Witneſs, 'That, among the ten-thouſand Mariners 'we paſſed through To-day, I never heard 'the Name of God invoked, but to blaſ-'pheme it, and to witneſs their Millions 'of Falſhoods and Vanities. You did not 'ſee one in the whole Fleet riſe from Ta-'ble to improve their Converſation and 'Time by reading meritorious Authors, 'the Sciences, even their own Mathema-'tics; or in any Entertainment that could 'better their Lives, Philoſophy, and Hu-'manity, to ſoften the Rigidneſs of a 'ſtern, cruel Education, or to enable them 'to bear the Fatigues and Dangers of their 'Employment: But the Glaſs was put 'briſkly about to make them noiſy, vain-'glorious, boaſting, ſevere, unmerciful: 'And I could ſee others withdrawing to 'riſk their Fortune at Dice and Cards.'

Theſe Obſervations were too juſt to be in any Meaſure excuſed: But Captain *Naucler*, who was come aſhore with my Lord, and had ſerved in the Royal Navy in all Queen *Anne*'s War, begged Leave to obſerve, That our Fleets now are under a much better Regulation; and though they wear away their Lives in a deteſtable Round of Viciouſneſs, they are not ſo bad as the Officers of old, who omitted no Opportunity to defraud the Seamen of their Subſiſtance, by adulterating their Proviſions, both Meat, Drink and Pulſe; by which their Strength was enervated, and a thouſand other Inconveniencies were entailed upon the Nation in general, as well as on the Men that were the immediate Sufferers. Then they were eminent in nothing more, than for the Art of defrauding them of the ſweet Enjoyment and Fruit of their Labour. When thro' the undaunted Courage of the Mariners, their Contempt of Death, and warrantable Deſire to better their wretched Condition of Life, they attacked a rich Prize, and took it, though all ought to have an equal Share in what they have equally purchaſed, at the Expence of their Lives, the Commanders appropriated the Benefit, as well as the Glory: And the poor Wretches durſt

durſt not murmur, for Fear of that Diſcipline, which was firſt deſigned and termed Martial; but is ſince degenerated, as the wild Fancy of a cruel Man in Power ſhall ſuggeſt.

Mr. *Jones*, who had all this Time given great Attention to what had been ſaid and done, made bold to break Silence, and aſked if there could be found no Remedy to all thoſe Evils, which had taken ſo deep Root in the Navy? To which Capt. *Naucler* replied, 'If ſome great good Man 'ſhould ſtand up and vigorouſly attack 'theſe Diſorders, as it is hoped there is 'now ſuch a one at their Head: If Corrup-'tions were not above, theſe Inconvenien-'cies would not be below: Did only Service 'and true Merit recommend to Office: 'Were not Bribery and the Sollicitations 'of Friends preferred to Duty and Worth: 'Were ſevere Penalties inflicted upon thoſe 'Blaſphemers, the Commanders themſelves 'firſt deſiſting from the Uſe: Were Dice, 'Cards, and an exorbitant Love of Wine, 'and the hotter Liquors taxed ſo high as 'to put them out of the Power of the 'lower Claſſes: Were faithful Commiſſio-'ners appointed to inſpect the Proviſion 'of the Navy: Were Matter of lawful

'Com-

'Complaint made free to the meaneſt Sea-
'men, provided (upon Pain of exemplary
'Puniſhment) he advance nothing but the
'Truth: Were it made capital to take
'a Bribe in the Service of their Country;
'the Regulation might be made eaſy;
'provided the leading Men and Com-
'manders would give them Examples of
'Sobriety, Juſtice, and Morality: But all
'is nothing but Oaths, Drunkenneſs, burn-
'ing Luſt, Riots, Avarice, Cruelty, and
'Diſorder. They have got the better of
'a bad Reputation, and do not ſo much
'as care to diſſemble a good one: Nay,
'the very meaneſt of the Crew are ſo train-
'ed up in hardened Folly, that there is
'not a Wretch amongſt them, though for
'three Years he has gone tattered and al-
'moſt naked, not knowing the Uſe or
'Benefit of Money, but, when he receives
'his Pay, ſhall never ſtir from the *White-*
'*Hart*, with a Gang of diſſolute Flatter-
'ers and lewd Women about him, till he
'has ſpent the laſt Penny.'

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

A ſtrange Adventure between Portſmouth *and* Saliſbury.

NEXT Morning the Company ſet out early, intending to lodge that Night at *Saliſbury*. Every Thing conſpired to make their Journey delightful; the Country was gay, the Company was joyous; only Madam *Conſtantia* could not entirely ſmother the Uneaſineſs of her Mind in the Affair above related, though it was carried off with a Pretence of too great a Fatigue, which affected her Head: When about three o'Clock they were all alarmed with ſudden Shrieks and Cries that came from a little Houſe, at the End of a ſmall Village. At their Approach, they found the Door open, and a conſiderable Crowd, for ſo ſmall a Country Town, about it. The Alarum at firſt threw the Ladies into ſome Sort of Confuſion; but as they came cloſer up, the Sight afforded them much Diverſion. For the firſt Object was an old thin raw-boned Parſon, in his Gown and Caſſock, deeply engaged in Combat with his Wife, who ſeemed not only to have the better of him,

him, but to be the Aggreſſor alſo. The Figure he made was very groteſque; his Band was tore off on one Side, his Hat and Peruke were loſt in the Scuffle, and his Face was ſo beſmeared with ſomething, that it was not poſſible to know he was a human Creature, otherwiſe than by his Voice, which was very clamorous; for his Wife had thrown a piping-hot Apple-pye at him, which ſcalded him in a very handſome Manner, and then a Pound of Butter to cool him again; which ſo exaſperated his canonical Spirit, raiſed by the Smart of the Burning, that he catched hold of her Top-knot, reſolved to demoliſh that Fabric, in which he had obſerved ſhe had placed always a great Deal of Pride; but it was faſtened ſo cloſe to her Head, that he pulled and tugged in vain, while ſhe ſhrieked as loud as ever ſhe could; and well ſhe might, for he had tore a Piece of her Ear from her Head, which made the Blood run down, and was eaſier to come off than the Head-geer, which was ſo interwove with Pins, Top-knots, falſe and true Curls, that it ſtood impenetrable; and the Crowd, who delighted to ſee her drubbed, never attempted to part them. But, at the Requeſt of the Ladies, the Servants were ordered to inter-

interpoſe; and the Wife, finding herſelf at Liberty, flounced out of the Houſe, called for her Coachman, and bid him put in the Horſes, for ſhe would go immediately, in that very bloody Condition, and her Head-piece diſordered, to ſue for Juſtice, if there were any Juſtice to be had in the Nation. The poor Fellow, though he loved his Maſter ten Times better, durſt not diſobey her Commands. However, ſhe was no ſooner withdrawn, than, upon Enquiry into the Cauſe of ſuch an imprudent Behaviour, and the good old Gentleman had got his Face waſhed, he, recollecting Mr. *Allworthy*'s Face, preſſed him very much to ſtop and refreſh himſelf and Friends, and promiſed to give them a fair Account thereof. 'You ſee, ſaid he, that I am matched to the She-devil incarnate; you ſee what ſhe is for Perſon, my good Friends, nothing was ever ſo homely; her Face is made in Part like a Black-a-moor, flat-noſed, blubber-lipped; there is no Sign of Life in her Complexion, it ſavours all of Mortality, and yet, the Devil was in me, I married for Love. Lord bleſs us! Love of what? I am ſure it could never be with her good Conditions; but I will tell you the naked Truth: My Parents and all my ſurviving Relations were Papiſts, who brought me

up

up in the ſtricteſt Manner under a Prieſt, who kept a Boarding-School at a Place called *Newton of the Withes*, about three Miles South of the River *Tees* in *Yorkſhire*, and from thence tranſported me to the *Engliſh* College at *Doway*; where being entered very young, not much turned of eleven Years of Age, I continued till Maturity of Judgment and God's Grace diſcovered the Errors of my Education, and guided me into the Way of Truth. I had been doubtful for at leaſt three whole Years, and after I had in vain ſought, all that Time, for Relief to my Scruples in Religion from my Teachers, I reſolved to try what Knowledge I could obtain from *England* in the Points controverted with the Church of *Rome*. I was ſincerely deſirous to defend the Religion in which I had been educated,—and determined to take up no Doctrines upon Truſt, nor maintain any for Divine, which reſted merely upon human Authority. I communicated my Objections in Writing to my Father, which indeed were the common Reaſons urged by the Church of *England*, for her Separating from the Church of *Rome*; acquainting him that, as I was intended for a Miſſionary amongſt Proteſtants, it was neceſſary I ſhould be inſtructed to confute thoſe Objections made to my Miſſion. That my

my Teachers were ſo far from giving me Satisfaction in this Particular, That they had reſolved all into the Authority of the Church, which could be no Argument with Proteſtants who deny that Authority. That I had been ſeverely treated, and called Heretic, becauſe I inſiſted upon better Arguments than the Authority they propoſed againſt the Reaſonings of the Proteſtants from the Scriptures; and therefore prayed he would lay them before the learned Prieſts, *&c.* of his Communion, that I might be furniſhed with more ſolid Replies to the Proteſtant Diſputants. This my Sincerity, and Unboſoming myſelf to my Parent, had a quite contrary Effect. My Father incloſed my Scruples and Objections under Cover to the Preſident of the College, with his ſpecial Command, to uſe me as my heretical Principles ſhould require. I was preſently informed of this treacherous Proceeding, which I cannot attribute to my Father's Diſpoſition, than whom none could be more humane; but to the Principles of his Education, which ſacrificeth natural Affection, as well as every other Duty, to the miſtaken Zeal of ſaving a Soul by the Deſtruction of the Body. But Grace did much more abound; for, when I found myſelf betrayed, and delivered up in this merci-

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leſs Manner, my Soul was eaſed of the Burthen of its former Scruples about the Points in Diſpute. The Silence and Terrors of thoſe, who, if they could, ought to have inſtructed me in the Defence of their religious Principles, convinced me, that I had been educated in a wrong Way; and, as if the Veil of Error was juſt then rent from me, and the Shield of Faith were that Moment buckled upon me, I ſaw, I embraced, and I reſolved in my Heart to defend the Truth of the Goſpel, from that very Moment, againſt all the Attacks of Prejudice, and the Bulwarks of Sophiſtry.—It would take up too much Time to tell you how I eſcaped the Inquiſition, and its cruel Torments. But it was neceſſary to inform you of the Premiſſes; becauſe they in ſome Meaſure account for my being hurried into a Match with this She-bear, which I afterwards picked up in the northern Mountains, where I had fled for Shelter from my Perſecutors.—I got clear off, and ſafe to my native Soil; and, truſting to the Liberty and Laws of an *Engliſhman*, being now about Twenty-two, I was not afraid to make the beſt of my Way to my Father's Houſe, who I knew could accuſe me of nothing in my moral Character, nor in my Diligence at my Study. I need not repreſent the A-

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ſtoniſhment he was in to ſee me there. The News of my Elopement had not as yet reached his Ears.—He was joyed,—He was ſorrowful.—Nature threw him into Exceſs of Raptures to ſee a Son, his Firſt-born, his own Image, ſo like in Size and Make to himſelf, abſent from a Child, ſtart upon him a Man at once;—which parental Fire was, however, ſoon extinguiſhed by the raging Tempeſt of his religious Zeal.—Oh! I cannot forget the Convulſions of his Soul. —He cried for Joy,—he foamed with Rage, —He was glad to embrace me,—and in a Moment threatened me with Curſes, Imprecations, Death, and Damnation, if I would not return immediately to my own or ſome other College, and complete my Studies for the *Engliſh* Miſſion. In fine, he grew ſo outrageous, that I concluded my Safety could not be aſſured under his Roof. —I embraced him tenderly,—I excuſed myſelf with the greateſt Submiſſion;—I proteſted my Sincerity,—modeſtly rebuked his betraying me to an Inquiſition,—and declared that I was ſtill open to Conviction,—and that I muſt embrace the Truth whereever I found it.—After this, I withdrew to a Sea-Port Town, about twelve Miles off, —and there ignorant of the World, an entire Stranger both to the People and their Cuſtoms,

Cuſtoms, and as one in Deſpair how to proceed in a Way of Life, who had never before been obliged to provide for myſelf, nor brought up to any Thing but Learning, and even that in a Way quite different from the Education of the Country I was now arrived in; I wandered about as one forlorn for a ſhort Time. Yet I ſupported the Credit of a ſober young Gentleman, which gained me the Countenance of the Neighbourhood where I lodged, amongſt whom the Mother of this outrageous Quean, having two Daughters, and nothing to give them, invited me to ſpend my leiſure Hours, as ſhe termed them, in her Family.—The Young and Unexperienced are ſoon overreached, eſpecially where the Deſign is baited with the Profeſſions of Eſteem and Friendſhip. Beſides, I was now not only caſt out and forſaken, but alſo perſecuted privately by my Relations.—A Relaxation of Thought,—a Sympathizing in Afflictions,—and the humourous Converſation amongſt young People prevailed upon me to be very conſtant with the Girls.—They had no Call to expoſe their Tempers to a Viſiter.—A Woman always wheedles a Man's Love by a ſoft Look, eaſy Behaviour, and obliging Converſation, which is almoſt natural to her Sex, when ſhe has a

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Deſign upon him.—Thus I was trapped. Nothing could appear more good-natured than *Xantippe*, for ſo I ſhall call my Wife, henceforward; always commiſerating my Condition, always wondering how any Parent could yield ſo much to Superſtition, as to baniſh ſuch a Child from his Preſence, for ſubmitting to the Dictates of a good Conſcience; beſides, perceiving I was a mere Student, always confined to the Drudgery of the Schools, and a Lover of Retirement, ſhe availed herſelf of theſe alſo, to ſooth my Inclinations. She contrived to be always preſent with me at her Mother's, and would frequently make an Excuſe to call at my Lodgings in a Morning to enquire my Health; if ſhe found me diſconſolate, ſhe would ſing a *Scotch* Song of *Jockey* and *Jenny*, or *Catharine Ogy*; and ſometimes a Ditty of her own compoſing, for ſhe pretended to be a Wit, and ſeldom or ever could be ſeen without a Book, which ſhe improved, as ſhe underſtood it was the ſtrongeſt Inſtrument to work upon my Affections. She diſplayed her Talent in Verſes of Atoms, Artic, and Antartic, of Gods, *&c.* I firſt was enamoured with her Ingenuity, and by that Means loſing my Guard, I ſoon was decoyed into a Marriage. *Xantippe*,

tippe, knowing from my own Mouth how much I admired her Underſtanding, but, finding no Advances towards a married State, tried if ſhe could not gain my Compaſſion alſo; which was artfully managed. Her Head was full of Invention. All of a ſudden I could perceive a great Partiality of *Xantippe*'s Mother towards her Siſter *Alicia*, which was the Name of the younger Daughter; a Matter agreed on between themſelves, and improved by the ſubtle *Xantippe* to my Ruin, who from thenceforward made this an Excuſe to viſit me frequently at my Lodgings, where ſhe complained heavily of her Ill-treatment at Home; that ſhe had always led a Dog's Life; had once been obliged to ſhun the Impertinencies of her Siſter, and the Loquaciouſneſs of her Mother, by an Elopement to a near Relation's in *London*; that ſhe would go any where, undergo any Fortune, and—could find in her Heart to take up with the firſt Man that ſhould aſk her the Queſtion, ſo he was but a Scholar, and a ſober Man, rather than live under ſo much Uneaſineſs at Home; which laſt Words were dropped with ſuch a Softneſs, balanced with a deep Sigh, and directed with the Index of a moſt amorous Caſt of her Eye

next to me, that I was Fool enough to wipe up her Tears, which followed in great Profuſion, with the welcome Proteſtation, that I would do all in my Power to releaſe her out of that Bondage; and that if ſhe could like my Perſon, and be content to ſhare my Fortune, which at that Time bore no advantageous Aſpect, I would be married as ſoon as ſhe pleaſed.—The Gypſy took me at my Word, for though ſhe had Art enough to blame her own Forwardneſs that prompted me to this Declaration, and Propoſal of Marriage, yet ſhe caſt it entirely upon her Mother's unnatural Behaviour, who had, as ſhe pretended, driven her to betray the Weakneſs of her Sex in this Particular. Yet, ſaid ſhe, Mr. *Thompſon*, I muſt confeſs there is no Man in the World I love like you. I am not aſhamed to tell you, that I was ſmitten with the Love of your Perſon, the Moment I ſaw you firſt; and this ſecret pervading Love, that enters the Heart, and circulates with the Blood in a Manner, that cannot be accounted for by the greateſt Philoſophers, has daily increaſed by your learned and ſober Education.—But Mr. *Thompſon*, before I give my Conſent, I will diſcharge my Conſcience; it ſhall never be ſaid that I deceived you with

the Expectation of a large Fortune; I would rather chuſe to pine away a ſorrowful Life for the Loſs of you, than be the Cauſe of increaſing your Afflictions. I tell you then, I have nothing to depend upon but my Needle: However, I am well deſcended, my Great Grandfather by my Mother's Side, was a Major in King *Charles* I's Army; and I ſhould have received a handſome Fortune, all at your Diſpoſal, had not my Mother's Father married a ſecond Wife, ſold his Eſtate for an Annuity, and left what little he had gathered up ſo enthralled, that his Children could recover little more of it from their Mother-in-Law, than paid their Charges in the Court of *Chancery*. Thus you ſee, Mr. *Thompſon*, I am come of a good Family; I have had good Education for a Woman in my Circumſtances; I can ſtoop to put my Hand to any Thing, when joined to the Man I love; and I doubt not but our joint Endeavours (if you can but raiſe a School, and I employ my Needle) will provide us a comfortable, if not an affluent Living. This frank Diſcourſe, ſuiting beſt with my undiſguiſed Principles of Honour and Gratitude, threw me into ſuch an Extaſy of Joy, that, forgetful of all Conſequences, or of the Means how to provide

vide for a Wife and Family, I immediately catched her in my Arms; told her I would make her happy, as far as in my Power, and refuſed to releaſe her, till I had, as it were, extorted her Conſent, and made her ſeal our mutual Engagement of Marriage with a Kiſs. As ſoon as we had acquainted her Mother with our Reſolutions, I could perceive a greater Calm at Home, though I did not then directly enter into the Meaning of it: We were married in a few Days after. I ſold ſome little Houſes left to me by my Grandfather, for our preſent Support. And finding that my new Mother drew me in, under the Notion of providing for my Wife, to keep Houſe for her Family; and my Father alſo threatening me with Deſtruction, when he heard I was married, which baffled his Scheme of returning me to College; I gained my Wife's Conſent to try our Fortune, in, or about *London:* where we lived, tho' not without ſome Tokens of a wicked Spirit, for ſome Time, in a very parſimonious low Condition, till by Application, and my prudent Behaviour, I raiſed a good School: But as the Profits of my Labours increaſed, ſo *Xantippe* ſhewed her Spirit more and more, and my Sorrows began in good Earneſt to weigh me down. Pride,

Envy, and Jealouſy preſently appeared deeply rooted in her Heart. I doated on her, and as Money came in, laid it out upon her and her Deſires with a laviſh Hand; I even accounted for and gave her every Penny I received to expend at her Diſcretion: Till at laſt I could obſerve, ſhe grudged me the ſmalleſt and moſt neceſſary Expences for my Pocket; ſuſpected always that I reſerved a private Purſe to myſelf for evil Purpoſes; and if ſhe ſaw any of her Neighbours better dreſſed, *&c.* than herſelf, there was no bearing her Impertinencies, till Proviſion could be made to equal, if not excel the richeſt of her new Acquaintance. And ſhe at laſt looked upon me to be ſo much her Property, that ſhe would accuſe me of breaking my Marriage Contract, if I did but ſtir over the Door, or ſpeak to a Stranger, though it were upon Buſineſs, without her at my Elbow; and baniſh me from the Houſes of my beſt Friends, who at laſt were afraid to invite me, leſt ſhe ſhould reproach them with criminal Familiarities with her Huſband; though ſhe could never fix any Harm upon me, after many Attempts to do it, and ſhe had borne me three Children.—This unhappy Dilemma, either of living for ever uneaſy at Home, which is moſt uncomfortable, or

or of diſobliging my Friends, brought me into a very bad State of Health. Till then I had never properly known what Grief was. It now ſeized my Mind powerfully.—I reaſoned with her,—I remonſtrated,—and I even picked up Courage to threaten her with Marks of my Diſpleaſure, ſhould ſhe continue to be ſo exalted, and ſo imprudent and miſchievous:—But I could work nothing upon her imperious Heart.—She would deny what ſhe could not defend, and wherein ſhe was convicted of Miſconduct, ſhe endeavoured to juſtify it by Impudence, and a Commendation of her own ſuppoſed Virtues.—But that good God, who had protected and bleſſed me in my Endeavours hitherto, interpoſed, with his providential Care, to deliver me out of all my Fears, concerning the Decay of my School, which, by my ill State of Health, and my Wife's abuſive Tongue to my Friends, grew very viſible; and ſent me an unknown Benefactor, who upon a fair Remonſtrance of my Character and Misfortunes, procured me a Title for Orders, and moſt generouſly gave me this Living. *Xantippe*, though ſhe was brazen enough to be ſcurrilous to the Objects of her cauſeleſs Hatred, was greatly enraged, and her Pride extremely mortified, to find her Houſe was

no longer frequented by the neighbouring Gentlewomen, and that every Body ſhunned her Company; ſo that, upon the firſt News of this Removal, ſhe became mighty good-natured, could not contain her Joy at the Proſpect of getting out of the Contempt ſhe had raiſed againſt herſelf, and condeſcended to promiſe ſhe would live with me in better Terms for the Future. But as ſhe was obſerved before to grow worſe, as my Condition grew better; ſo as this Living enabled and required me, for the Good of my Pariſhioners, to enter into a higher Way of Life, ſhe forgot all her Promiſes, provided they had been ſincere; and does not only expoſe herſelf by quarrelling with all the Women of the Pariſh, and Gentry in the Neighbourhood, but ſhe will not venture to Church above thrice a Year, becauſe the *Rubric* does not oblige her to it, though, in Fact, it is, becauſe ſhe cannot bear to ſee my Lady *Rehſif*, my Lady *Eivligo*, my Lady *Sinned*, and two or three more Gentlewomen of Faſhion, who have been ſo kind as to favour her with many Preſents for herſelf and Children, and are ſo obliging to tell her they *admire* her Huſband's Preaching: not to mention the Antipathy ſhe has taken at the poor Sexton's Daughter, for helping me on ſometimes with

with my Surplice. And, when ſhe comes, the whole Congregation is ſure of being diſturbed by her counterfeit Fits; and after a powerful Effuſion of cold Water and Hartſhorn, ſhe is carried Home in a languiſhing Poſture. At Home her Tongue is a perpetual War; her Diſcourſe one continued Reproach, ſounding the Praiſe of her own Abilities, her own Family, and her own Goodneſs, and derogating from mine and my Children's Honour, whom ſhe does not ſcruple to ſtigmatize with the Character of *black Guards*, though ſhe bare them herſelf; and when my only Daughter was not full Fifteen, would have perſuaded me, that the modeſt Child was certainly a Whore. She has accuſed me of five-hundred Whoredoms; a Lady of Seventy-five, and the Sexton's Wife, that had been bedrid twelve Years, could not eſcape her Imputations of being naught with me; I can never go into a Lying-in-Chamber, though it be in the Preſence of the Father and Goſſips, but I am ſuſpected. I happened one Day only to ſay, that my Lady *Rehſif* was the faireſt Woman I ever ſaw, and ſhe immediately not only turned all the Favours ſhe and her Family had received from her Ladyſhip into Ridicule, but took the firſt Opportunity to affront her, and has not ſcrupled to

bribe her Maid, as ſhe has ſince confeſſed, to ſwear ſhe had ſeen me have carnal Converſation with that innocent Creature; and notwithſtanding ſhe knows herſelf detected in this Affair, has the Impudence and the higheſt Imprudence (becauſe it tends to my Deſtruction, which muſt end in her own) to call her Whore, and to juſtify what her Maid denied upon Oath. But what is worſe, there is no Way to reform her. She is the moſt deceitful Creature living. She will pretend a Reconciliation, only to recruit her Malice. It is not a Week ago, ſince I forgave her all that was paſt, and invited Friends to be Witneſſes of our Reconciliation, and, as I hoped, to check her future Imprudences. And to convince her, as I thought, the more of my Sincerity and Love revived, I early that Morning took Horſe with my Man Servant to *Saliſbury*-Market, that I might provide for them in the moſt elegant Manner: But ſhe, with her wonted Rhetoric, entertained the Gentlewomen her Gueſts with a contrived Narration of my Perfidy:—'Ladies, ſaid ſhe (as they 'have all told me ſince) I thank you for 'this kind Appearance on what you call an 'happy Occaſion, and indeed it would 'have been happy; but we Women are the 'moſt unhappy of all Creatures,—Man is

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'ever deceiving us with Appearances. My 'Huſband, that wicked Man, carries a dou- 'ble Face. He would by his Feaſt To-day 'perſuade you, that he is innocent of his 'adulterous Amour with Lady *Rehſif*, but 'he cannot deceive me; I know him bet- 'ter, I have not lived with him almoſt 'twenty Years, but I muſt be allowed to 'know his crafty Tricks. I am always 'ſure, when he comes Home with a plea- 'ſing Smile in his Countenance, that he is 'come from one of his Whores.—And I 'am as ſure that, when he takes upon him- 'ſelf the Office of a Caterer, he provides 'at the ſame Time for his favourite Miſ- 'treſs. But I have diſcovered, this Morn- 'ing, what gives me more Diſguſt than all 'this: He went to *Saliſbury* with a Pre- 'tence to oblige me, and has carried that 'naſty Carrion of a Whore along with him. '—Who would be married to ſuch a Man! 'Who could bear ſuch Works under their 'very Noſe! What a miſerable Wretch 'am I reduced to, from that plentiful For- 'tune, to which I was born: And that 'Rogue has run it out, and now am forc- 'ed to live upon Bread, that he has beg- 'ged of that old leacherous Squire *Boni- 'face*? Oh how I am reduced! Oh how 'ſhall I live when he is dead! He has ſpent

'my ALL in Debauchery. It will break 'my very Heart to petition the Sons of 'the Clergy.'—The good Women were not a little ſhaken in their good Opinion of me, hearing this poſitive Invective with an Air of the greateſt Aſſurance and real Sorrow. But Madam *Lockruh*, who had experienced much in Life, and of Years not eaſy to be inflamed with the Fire of Jealouſy, who alſo was better acquainted with my Conduct and the reproachful Tongue of *Xantippe*, who was called down upon ſome Occaſion, deſired they would ſuſpend their Belief, till ſhe had an Opportunity to aſk me the Queſtion, being thoroughly convinced that I would declare the naked Truth. I was never more ſurprized than at this Report. I produced my Man to undeceive the Ladies, and at their Requeſt I behaved with all the outward Good-nature towards my malicious Conſort, as I was Maſter of. But they will never more come near her Dwelling. And, indeed, had it not been through Requeſt, and in Complaiſance to the Company, I have found it always my beſt Method, to get clear of her Abuſe, to keep myſelf calm.—When ſhe has had her Revenge, ſhe is at Eaſe. But if perchance ſhe ſurprizes my Mind unguarded againſt the bitter Aſſaults of her Tongue, and

and can wind me up into a Paſſion, as it is not in the Power of Man always to forbear; then ſhe is pleaſed, then ſhe is delighted, triumphs, and finds her Joy in my Torments.—The Temper of the Devil! which always is ſure to exert its Faculties on the Day before I am to communicate; then ſhe never fails to perplex me all Night long, on Purpoſe to diſcompoſe and put my Mind out of Frame. I have often, on ſuch Occaſions, attempted to lie in another Bed; but that will not do: I ſhould lie too much at my Eaſe, and that would be her Hell. I am no ſooner laid down, than up ſhe comes roaring, and ſtamps her Foot without ceaſing, as hard as ſhe is able, at the Chamber-Door, till it is broke open; ſhe is as ſtrong in her Freaks as a Grenadier; then ſhe falls a howling and ſobbing; tells me ſhe cannot ſleep without me, and either forces me to riſe to her Bed, or comes to Bed to me, and is ſure to keep me awake all Night long with her Scolding; and as that is all her End and Deſign, when ſhe puts on that Deſire of my Company, there is no Interval, no Truce to be had with her. I have ſometimes reſolutely left the Houſe, and laid in the Fields all Night, to avoid her perplexing Tongue; but then ſhe vents her

Spleen upon my poor Children, and terrifies them in ſuch a Manner, that I am afraid they will be driven from Home. If it was not for their Sakes, to bring them up, and to provide for them, I would have forſaken all, and baniſhed myſelf to ſome diſtant Nation to ſeek my Bread, rather than undergo the Vexation of this *Xantippe*.—She had lately almoſt choaked this my Daughter, a Woman grown, by flying upon her with her two Hands about her Throat: She ſtopped her Wind-pipe, till the poor Girl's Tongue hung out of her Mouth, and her Face was grown black, and had certainly killed her inſtantly, had not the Cook-maid run into the Parlour and prevented her; and for no other Reaſon, but becauſe the Child bid her take Care not to tread on her Gown, becauſe, the Hoop being off, it was drawing on the Ground; which the ſagacious Mother interpreted, That her Daughter would thereby inſinuate ſhe was *Drunk*. Nay, it is not the firſt Time ſhe has taken up a Poker at me, at the ſame Time crying out, Murder, Murder;—and when I have laid Hold of her Hands to prevent Miſchief, ſhe has next Day taken the Opportunity of my Abſence to viſit every old Woman in the Neigh-

Neighbourhood to inform them of my cruel Uſage of her, that ſhe lives in Danger of her Life from my Hands; and having remarkable Fleſh for Bruiſing, ſhe backs her idle Stories with black and blue Spots in her Arms, Legs, and Thighs, made by herſelf, which ſhe pretends I have given her with Blows and Pinching.—But I think I have moſt Reaſon to be afraid of my Life from ſuch a Fury: Nay, I have even caught her feeling about my Wind-pipe, ſo as to ſtartle me out of my Sleep.—And yet I know not how to remedy my ſad Misfortune.—I have offered to give her all I have in the World, if ſhe will but go from me; yet though ſhe is ſordidly covetous, ſhe will not accept my Propoſal; becauſe her maſter Paſſion is to torment ſome Body, which ſhe cannot exerciſe ſo effectually to her Pleaſure, on any Perſon, as upon me.—Then for her Morals, if you can ſpare Time to hear them; you muſt know, ſhe values herſelf chiefly on her Capacity to diſcover Secrets, that never exiſted; to find out Imputations, that were never deſerved; and to revenge Affronts, that were never given; to betray private Converſation; to ſow Diſcord amongſt Friends; to prevent, as far as lies in her Power, every good and charitable Action; to envy whatever paſſeth

ſeth by herſelf, and to requite friendly Advice with the moſt outrageous and unjuſt Returns.—A particular Acquaintance, one that has been our very good Friend, and the principal Inſtrument of my getting this Living, did only aſſume the reaſonable Freedom to adviſe her againſt Paſſion and Anger; ſhe took it ſo ill at her Hands, that, to be revenged, ſhe made herſelf a voluntary Evidence in a Law-ſuit againſt her, of all the Diſcourſe they had had together in Freedom, and by adding a great Deal of Falſe to the True, made her loſe her Cauſe. What then is ſuch a Woman not capable of doing?—She rogues her Huſband,—abuſes her Children, and betrays her Friends. —But to come to the Occaſion of our preſent Broil:—I had been Abroad To-day about my proper Buſineſs, and had miſſed my Dinner, chuſing rather to dine at Home with my Family, than to accept the Invitation of a Pariſhioner. When I found that the Family had dined (for though ſhe has the Knack of pleading Loſs of Appetite, and a ſmall Stomach, in my Preſence, and with Company; ſhe can eat as coarſe, ſtrong, and as much Victuals as any Ploughman, when alone) I aſked for ſomething to eat, but found my Wife had taken Care to clear the Cupboard, that there ſhould be nothing left

left for me, till one of the Maids whiſpered me, that there was a large Apple-pye in the Oven to be kept hot for one of her Cronies at Supper, without my Knowledge. And as my Stomach was very ſharp ſet, and my Heart full of Reſentment, to find I was ſo ill uſed on all Occaſions, I attacked the Oven, as by Inſtinct; drew out the Pye with my own Hands, and was already buttering it, when *Xantippe*, alarmed with its Smell into her Cloſet, where ſhe had retired to congratulate herſelf upon the Expectation of my having no Dinner, came running with the greateſt Fury, and with a dextrous Whirl of her Hand, ſends it full in my Face and Eyes; which ſhe ſeconded with the Plate of Butter, then with the Tankard full of Drink, and with every Thing ſhe could pick up on the Table; the Pain of which deprived me of my uſual Moderation, and forced me to unman myſelf ſo much, as to lift up my Hand againſt her Sex. I leaped briſkly at her Top-knot; ſhe ſqualled, ſhe alarmed the Neighbours, and yourſelves I ſuppoſe, to behold this comical Combat. It was Nuts to thoſe Rogues my Neighbours, who would not have parted us, though we had killed ourſelves upon the Spot; they have often heard her ſcream out Murder, when no Body has been

been in the Room with her, ſo that they were glad to ſee her in a fair Way of being ſeriouſly fagged. But for you Gentlemen and Ladies, I am much obliged for your Endeavours, though I can ſee but ſmall Hopes of redreſſing theſe Grievances, that lie heavy upon me. Were I of another Profeſſion than I am, I would, by a juſt Indignation, aſſert the Authority of a Huſband; but our Talent is expected to be meek under Perſecution, and long-ſuffering; which not only biaſſes the World againſt any Reſiſtance made by a Clergyman, when ill uſed; but entails upon the Cloth everlaſting Diſcontent in a married State: whoſe Wives, preſuming that their eccleſiaſtic Huſbands are reſtrained, by their Character, from taking the proper Methods, which are in the Power of the Laity, without Clamour, to curb a female Companion's Uſurpations, and virulent Temper, too often, not only contend for an abſolute Controul and deſpotic Power over their Huſbands and their Families, but are not content without endeavouring to gain to themſelves the Reputation of good Managers, frugal, virtuous Wives, and tender Mothers, at the Expence of propagating the undeſerved Idleneſs, Profuſeneſs, and Viciouſneſs of their Huſbands, and Diſobedience of

of their moſt dutiful Children. Wherefore, as particular Scandal often reflects upon the general, and as my Brethren may be aſperſed for my Sake; ſo I,——like many more, am content to ſit down under this Chaſtiſement, rather than have it ſaid, I do act contrary to my Preaching.'—The good old Man was going on, when a Meſſenger arrived to acquaint him, that his Wife ſtepping in a great Fury out of the Coach, at Juſtice *Horſenail*'s Door, her Foot ſlipped, and broke her Leg ſhort by the Ankle, and otherwiſe bruiſed her in a terrible Manner, and that ſhe inſiſted to give her Oath, that her Huſband was the Cauſe of it; and therefore, to prevent any further Confuſion in the Family, he was deſired to haſte away, and endeavour to appeaſe her, and ſubmit to ſuch Reconciliation as the Juſtice was in Hopes to make, while a Surgeon could arrive from *Saliſbury*, to ſet her Leg, *&c.*

Mr. *Allworthy* immediately backed the Juſtice's Advice, and earneſtly intreated the injured Huſband to put up, for this Time, with the Infirmities of his Wife, who, he ſaid, would certainly mend her *Manners*, after ſo ſevere a Chaſtiſement of her own Fury. *Mend her Manners!* the Parſon

Parſon replied with a kind of Diſdain: No, Sir, ſhe is no Changeling,

Her Manners *will not let her Larum ceaſe,*
Who thinks you are unhappy, *when* at Peace;
And let the guilty Wife her Guilt confeſs
By tame Behaviour, and a ſoft Addreſs.

I am determined never more to truckle to her Taw; I have gone too far to retreat. If I give up the Field of Battle, I muſt yield the Victory to the Enemy. I value her not;—ſhe may do her Worſt with the Juſtice, and I expect no Amendment, nor Submiſſion. You know her not ſo well as I do. This has often been the Trade. She never makes any Advances to a Reconciliation,—works upon my Good-nature, by the Interpoſition of ſome weak deceived Friend; and when ſhe has brought me to her Bent, then ſhe cries up her own Virtue, Innocence, ill Uſage from me, Humanity to her Family, her Wit, her Pedigree, her unblemiſhed Honour, and grows ſo captious, that neither I nor my Children dare ſpeak or look in her Preſence, for Fear of blowing up the old Embers into a new Flame.

Through

Through Virtue *ſhe refuſes to comply*
With all the Dictates of Humanity;
Through Wiſdom *ſhe refuſes to ſubmit*
To Wiſdom's Rules, and raves *to prove her* Wit:
Then, her unblemiſh'd Honour to maintain,
Rejects her Huſband's Kindneſs with Diſdain.
But, if by Chance an ill-adapted Word
Drops from the Lip of her unwary Lord,
Her darling China, *in a Whirlwind ſent,*
Juſt intimates the Lady's Diſcontent.
Wine may indeed excite the meekeſt Dame,
But keen Xantippe, *ſcorning borrow'd Flame,*
Can vent her Thunders, and her Lightnings play,
O'er cooling Gruel, *and compoſing* Tea:
Nor reſts by Night, but more ſincere than nice,
She ſhakes the Curtains with her kind Advice
Doubly like Eccho, Sound *is her Delight,*
And the laſt Word *is her eternal Right.*
Is't not enough Plagues, Wars, and Famines riſe
To laſh our Crimes?—But muſt our Wives be wiſe?

Many Arguments were made Uſe of by my Lord *B*——*n* and the reſt of the Company to appeaſe the old Gentleman; but he remained determined to try how far his Con-

Contempt of his Wife's Proceedings would carry her, and to guard with Prudence againſt her Machinations; as the beſt and ſureſt Method to bring her to a true Knowledge of herſelf and of her Duty to her Huſband; and conſequently to ſecure to himſelf and Family a more peaceable Life for the Future. So that the Ladies having drank Tea, and the Gentlemen refreſhed themſelves with a Bottle of the Doctor's *October*, to which he had invited them, as ſoon as his Wife was out of Sight, they left him to purſue his own Meaſures, and proceeded towards *Saliſbury*.

CHAP. VI.

Profitable Reflections taken from the Diſcontent of married People.

HAving got quite out of Hearing, and the Obſervation of the Parſon and his Neighbours, Mr. *Allworthy* began to apply this late Adventure for the Inſtruction of his young Relations:—'See here, Nephew *Jones*, ſays he, what a ſad Diſcouragement have we met with, againſt a married State! That an old married Couple; the Parents of ſeveral Children, who are the Offſpring of their mutual Embraces;

'braces; and, what is more aſtoniſhing, 'the Rector of a Pariſh, the Teacher of a 'numerous Flock, to live in this Diſcord, 'and open Breach of the Peace, is, to be 'ſure, very ſurprizing, very diſheartening. 'But we are not to judge by Appearances, 'nor to condemn any State of Life of Un-'happineſs and Miſery; becauſe ſome, that 'are in it, make it ſo.—I will therefore de-'ſire your Attention to a few Obſervations, 'which, well purſued, may prevent the 'like Misfortune in other Families. You 'ſeem to be ſurprized, that a Couple who 'have lived together Twenty or Five and 'Twenty Years ſhould ever diſagree. But 'take my Word for it, and they that live 'long enough may find it true; there is ſo 'much Nicety and Diſcretion requiſite to 'keep Love alive after Marriage, and to 'make Converſation ſtill new and agreea-'ble, after Twenty or Five and Twenty 'Years, that I know nothing which ſeems 'ready to promiſe it, but *an earneſt Endea-'vour on both Sides to pleaſe*; and on the 'Man's Part, ſuperior good Senſe. In a 'married State it is very proper each of the 'Couple ſhould frequently remember, that 'there are many Things, which grow out 'of their very Natures, that are pardona-'ble. Wiſdom ſeems abſolutely neceſſary;

'the

'the beſt Huſbands have been moſt famous
'for their Diſcretion, and you have juſt
'been Witneſs to the Unhappineſs, which
'attends the Want of it. This teacheth
'the Huſband ſo to ſoften his Authority
'by his Kindneſs, as to give his Spouſe
'Eaſe, without abridging her Liberty.
'Wiſdom muſt be ſupported by Virtue and
'Good-nature, without which a married
'State will always be troubled with the
'boiſterous and conſuming Waves of Jea-
'louſy and Diſcord: Again, the Woman,
'who would not fail to make herſelf al-
'ways amiable to her Huſband, muſt place
'her moſt engaging Charms, not in a fine
'Face, or Riches, or in Nobleneſs of Birth,
'but in an inviolable Fidelity, good Hu-
'mour, and Evenneſs of Temper. Could
'the wedded Pair but habituate themſelves,
'for the firſt Year, to bear with one ano-
'ther's Faults, they would find but little
'Difficulty afterwards. They that begin
'this State of Life, without Jars at their
'Setting out, arrive, within a few Months,
'at a Pitch of Benevolence and Affection,
'of which the moſt perfect Friendſhip is
'but a faint Likeneſs. They live together
'in the happy Poſſeſſion of each other's
'Hearts, and by that Means have no in-
'different Moments, but their whole Life

'is

'is one continued Scene of Comfort. A 'Family, like a Ship that is duly trimmed, 'wants neither Sail nor Ballaſt, when Man 'and Wife live in this Manner; but where 'theſe Precautions are not obſerved, the 'Man often degenerates into a Cynic, the 'Woman into a Coquet; the Man grows 'ſullen and moroſe, the Woman, fantaſti-'cal, impertinent, vexatious, and boiſte-'rous, as in the melancholy Caſe we have 'juſt ſeen. Therefore take Warning at 'other People's Miſcarriages. How loath-'ſome it looks for Man and Wife to enter-'tain a malicious Neighbourhood with their 'domeſtic Grievances, and mutual Invec-'tives? But rather preſerve always a Diſ-'poſition to be pleaſed, and reſolve never to 'call in the Mob to judge your Cauſe, or 'to witneſs the Imperfections of your Fa-'mily. The married Pair often take 'Things ill of each other, which no one 'elſe would take Notice of in either of them; 'therefore each of them ſhould keep a 'Watch upon the particular Biaſs, which 'Nature has fixed in their Minds, that it 'may not draw too much, and lead them 'out of the Paths of Reaſon; which never 'fails to happen, if the one in every Word 'and Action affects the Character of being 'rigid and ſevere, and the other of being

'proud

'proud and imperious.' Mrs. *Jones*, who had hearkened moſt attentively to theſe Inſtructions, thought her own Happineſs was too much obliged to Mr. *Allworthy* for ſo ſeaſonable Advice, not to return him her hearty Thanks; and with her Huſband promiſed to conſult their own Intereſt ſo effectually, as to endeavour all in their Power to copy it in their future Conduct.

CHAP. VII.

Strange Diſcoveries made at Saliſbury.

UPON our Arrival at *Saliſbury*, my Lord met with an Expreſs, that demanded his immediate Return to *London*; ſo that, having committed the Ladies *Conſtantia* and *Tereſa* to the Care of Mr. *Allworthy*, he departed for the Metropolis, accompanied with their Huſbands, and all his Servants but two. After this ſudden Diſappointment, the good old Gentleman, who did not want the Politeneſs of a Courtier, no more than the Gravity of a Philoſopher, uſed his beſt Endeavours to render his Converſation agreeable to thoſe left behind. His firſt Propoſal was to reſt a Day or two in this City, and to take the Diverſion of the Aſſembly, which, he was informed, would be

be kept on the following Evening. He alſo informed Mr. *Jones* and his Bride, that his Siſter *Blifil* died, and was buried in St. ———'s Church, over whom or as near to the Grave of her Remains as poſſible, he now intended to give Orders for the erecting a handſome Monument to her Memory, with the following Epitaph:

Sacred to the Memory
Of
ELIZABETH BLIFIL,
Mother to THOMAS JONES, of NORTON, Eſq;
By her firſt Huſband.
And of JOHN BLIFIL by her ſecond Marriage,
Who,
For his unnatural Conſpiracy againſt his Brother,
Was
Diſinherited of a large Eſtate
By
His Uncle TIMOTHY ALLWORTHY, Eſq;
Who placed this Monument.

And in Conſequence of this Reſolution, Mr. *Partridge* was diſpatched to the Pariſh Officers for an Account of their Demands for ſuch an Erection in their Church, and to a Maſon to undertake it.—The Church-warden was no ſooner informed that Mrs. *Blifil*'s Brother and Son were within his Reach,

than he immediately waited upon him with a Bill of Fees for her Burial, which had never been discharged; and refused to treat about her Monument till that first Demand was satisfied. It is true the Money was no great Matter. But Mr. *Allworthy*, who had allowed Mr. *Dowling* sixty odd Pounds to bury his Sister in a genteel Manner, could not forbear exclaiming against his Embezzlement, and began to suspect that the Undertaker had also been left unpaid; which proved too true: For, while they were disputing about the Fees, the House overhearing the Cause of their Debate, and knowing the Affair, had sent for the Undertaker, who pushed into the Room in a very abrupt Manner with his Bill, protesting he would not leave such shuffling Impostors till he should be fully satisfied. At first the Clamour was so great, that Mr. *Allworthy* could not gain Admission to speak; but their Invectives being pretty well spent, he with his usual Moderation gained their Attention, while he solemnly affirmed that he could produce Receipts, under the Hand of Mr. *Dowling*, Attorney at Law, for the respective Sums they now demanded; however, he added, that if they were not paid, he was ready to pay them the very last Farthing.

These

These last Words were productive of very great Effects. Mr. Church-warden no longer hesitated to agree about the Monument, and offered too, of his own Accord, to wait for the former Dues till this Bill was made out, which should be sent to his Worship, by the first Opportunity; for by this Time *Partridge* had given them to understand, that the old Gentleman was a Justice of the Peace; and when he was withdrawn, Mr. *Cook* the Undertaker, with all the Compliasance imaginable, begged Pardon for accosting a Gentleman so rudely, as he now found him to be; but that if the Truth was known, he could not have been blamed, had he arrested him at first Sight: For, Mr. *Dowling* had represented Mrs. *Blifil*'s Brother in a very bad Light.

'In what Light, pray, replied Mr. *All-*
'*worthy*, did Mr. *Dowling* set me?' 'Tru-
'ly he had well nigh persuaded us, that
'your Worship was——, was——, I am
'ashamed to speak it before your Worship's
'Face.'—'Prithee, Man! cried Mr. *All-*
'*worthy*, with a Tone that indicated more
'Perturbation of his Temper than usual,
'What was it?' 'Truly then, said *Cook*, I
'will not mince the Matter. He said, you

'was a d—ned Son of a Whore; for that
'you had got a Baſtard by your own Siſ-
'ter, and that you had killed her Huſband,
'one Capt. *Blifil*, I think was his Name,
'as he was walking in your Garden; and
'that, after breaking your Siſter *Blifil*'s
'Heart, you had got her Will out of his
'Hands, with an Intention to wrong her
'legitimate Son, Mr. *John Blifil*, and to
'ſet up her baſtard Child, *Thomas Jones*, as
'he was called in your Family, for her
'Heir at Law; on a Pretence that ſhe, on
'her Death-bed, acknowledged him to be
'her own Child, born in Wedlock, to one
'Mr. *Summer*, an *Oxford* Scholar: And he
'added, that you had offered him a large
'Bribe to publiſh this Story; and moreover
'that you promiſed to provide for him as
'long as he lived, would he but ſtand true
'to the Truſt you ſhould repoſe in him in
'this Affair. But he proteſted that no
'Advantages to himſelf ſhould ever ſway
'with him to rob the Innocent; that he
'had got a rough Draught of Mrs. *Blifil*'s
'Will; that he ſhould take ſuch Meaſures,
'as might ruin all your Schemes in Favour
'of *Jones*; and in the mean Time propo-
'ſed, that I and my Dame, with himſelf,
'ſhould witneſs that Draught of the Will,
'he aſſured us had been made by her Or-
'der,

'der, and ſigned alſo with her Mark, to 'prevent any Miſchance that might befal 'the fair Copy; under a Pretence that your 'Worſhip was a covetous old Uſurer, that 'would never be perſuaded to pay a Doit 'without Trouble; and that he had the 'Promiſe of young Mr. *Blifil* to diſcharge 'my Bill, with Intereſt, as ſoon as he could 'bring Things to bear. Nor had I come 'now to trouble your Worſhip with my 'Demands, but that we have been told 'you have outwitted the Attorney, and by 'turning the Tables upon him, have made 'both him and the young Gentleman *Bli-* 'fil fly their Country. So that, as I had a 'juſt Demand, I hope no Offence, if I 'have not carried myſelf altogether ſo hand- 'ſomely in making it, as I ought to have 'done, to a Gentleman of Worth and In- 'tegrity; conſidering the Prejudice which 'ſuch Inſinuations, averred with the ſtrong- 'eſt Proteſtations of Juſtice, raiſed againſt 'your Worſhip.'

'What a Scene of Iniquity is here diſ- 'cloſed? replied the good old Gentleman, 'with great Amazement. And after a 'ſhort Pauſe, Could he be ſo baſe to accuſe 'me of Inceſt, Murder, and Forgery! 'What will this World come to! Can

'any Man be ſo deceitful to conceal ſuch 'wicked Intentions, againſt a Family that 'truſted him with all their Secrets! So un-'grateful to meditate their Ruin, whoſe 'Bread he eats!—I can produce Evidence 'that he confeſſed, my Siſter upon her 'Death-bed commanded him to inform me, 'that Mr. *Jones* is my Nephew, and her 'own Son,—and that ſhe, dying in a few 'Minutes after, never ſpoke more. As 'for her Will, I never ſaw it, nor ever 'once heard it mentioned. And as for the 'Death of the Captain her Huſband, I am 'in no Pain about it: He certainly died of 'an Apoplexy.—There were no Signs of 'a violent Death about him.—Can you, Mr. '*Cook*, help me to a Sight of this Will, you 'and your Dame ſigned at Mr. *Dowling*'s 'Requeſt?' 'No, ſaid he, but we are rea-'dy to teſtify the Truth, if called upon.' 'Well then, continued Mr. *Allworthy*, I 'will call upon you at a proper Time. But 'you will oblige me much, if you are tho-'roughly acquainted, as you ſeem to be, 'with Mr. *Dowling*, to give me the Cha-'racter he bears in this Neighbourhood.'

Mr. *Cook* did not heſitate a Moment: 'No Man, ſays he, knows Mr. *Dowling* 'better than I. He is an arrant Lawyer,

'all

'all Paint, all Plaiſter; honeſt without, and 'Knave within. He was born at *Taunton*, 'of a mean Parentage. He only inherited 'the common Benefits of Mankind, the 'Earth to walk on, the Air to breathe in, 'and all the Rivers of the World to drink 'of. He was educated in a Charity-School 'founded by an old Uſurer, and bound 'from thence to a Hackney-writer of *Sta-* 'ples-Inn, *London*. And though he was 'ſo leanly provided for by Nature, he re- 'ſolved, after his Time was expired, to ſet 'up for himſelf; and though he wanted 'Materials, he was not ill furniſhed with 'Reſolution. Nature had bleſſed him with 'a lively Wit, which he improved by Stu- 'dy; but his Education had very much 'weakened his Conſcience, which he entire- 'ly wore out by Practice: So that at laſt he 'turned it out of Service, as having no more 'Occaſion for its Dictates. Money was his 'Paſſion, which he was reſolved to get by 'any Means. I have often heard him ſay, 'Honour and Conſcience jingle prettily 'in the Ear, but not in the Pocket. And 'a Man that intends to thrive, muſt not 'ſteer by foreign Opinion, nor ſtart at a 'Set of formal Notions, that cramp Merit, 'pall the Spirits, and confine Activity to a

'ſmall Compaſs. Thus by Conſtitution 'he was one Fourth of a Raſcal; by Edu-'cation he commenced Villain, and to com-'plete himſelf in the Art of Ruination he 'commenced Attorney. He gleaned up all 'the little Artifices of his Profeſſion, and 'augmented the Number of Quirks, by a 'great Supply of his own Invention. Which 'gained him great Repute for his Abilities, 'and much dreaded by every one, that had 'him for an Adverſary:—Happy was he 'that could retain him in their own Cauſe. '—But as he would act on any Side for 'Advantage, Gold and Right went Hand 'in Hand, and Wrong perpetually waited 'upon Poverty. Mr. *Dowling* always ex-'amined his Client's Purſe, before he would 'take his Cauſe in Hand; and always pro-'nounced the Suit juſt, if the Man was 'found wealthy; but where there was no 'Money, there never was any Title.—His 'firſt Practice was not far from *Wapping*, 'near *London*; where having wheedled ma-'ny into his Snares, and decoyed them in-'to their Ruin, he was at length diſco-'vered, deſpiſed, and ſhunned by every 'honeſt Man; ſo that he was obliged to 'ſhift his Tent, and wheel off into the 'Country, to forage upon the Peaſant, as

'he

'he had gulled the Merchant. And after 'ſeveral Encampments, he at laſt pitched 'his Tent in a Village not far from this 'City, where he found the good People in 'a neighbourly Correſpondence, who had 'no Leiſure to think of Feuds, nor Mind 'to ſtart Quarrels; who carried on their 'own Buſineſs, without entering into the 'Concerns of others, and enjoyed their own, 'without the troubleſome Thought of 'Fear and Envy. But he was no ſooner 'ſettled amongſt them, than the Scene 'changed; the Farmers began to talk of '*Law* and *Incroachments*, of *Forfeitures* and '*Seizures*. *Tom* and *Dick* laid down the '*How goes the Market*, to talk of *Statutes*, '*Precedents*, *Reports*, *Writs of Error*, *Re*'*verſe of Judgment*, &c. and inſtead of fre'quenting the Church on *Sundays* for In'ſtruction and Edification, they now meet 'Mr. *Dowling* at the *Swan*, to conſult how 'they might cheat the Miniſter out of his 'Fees and Tythes. And when he had once 'filled their Heads with the Stratagems of 'Law to diſturb the Union that had Time 'immemorial ſubſiſted between the honeſt 'Countrymen and their Parſon, he found 'it no hard Matter to ſet them at Variance 'amongſt themſelves. There was Action 'upon Action; the Son ſued the Father

'for Allowance; the Wife ſet upon her 'Huſband for a ſeparate Maintenance; one 'mortgaged his Tenement to recover Da-'mages; another pleaded away 100 *l. per* 'Annum, to chop at *Five*, and in the End, 'People bought Law, and *Dowling* ſwept 'away all their Money; for even they who 'gained their Suit, loſt their Capital, to 'quit his Bill of Charges. But he played 'his Game ſo exceſſive high, that the very '*Boors* detected his Knavery. And good 'Mr. *Euſebius*, who was lately retired 'from Buſineſs, ſo diligently expoſed his 'Artifices, and ſatisfactorily compoſed their 'Differences, left to his Arbitration, with-'out Charges or Loſs of Time, that his 'Trade began to flag, his Cuſtomers fell off, 'his Buſineſs dropped; thoſe Streams that 'fed his Pockets were dammed up, his 'good Fortune was at a Stand; Lucre eb-'bed, and Curſes flowed in upon him. *Dow-'ling* raged at this Diſappointment, and 'poured out a Tun of Gall upon *Euſebius*, 'which Sir, you know is the laſt Retreat of 'Anger and Malice. Reſolutions altered 'with his Paſſion, like Waves in a Tem-'peſt, one rolled upon the Back of ano-'ther. Sometimes he was for preferring 'an *Action* againſt him, for practiſing the 'Law without a Licence; at another Time,

'hearing

'hearing that the Gentleman had formerly ſtudied at *Oxford*, he threatened to repreſent him to the Government as a diſaffected Perſon. But *Euſebius* laughed at his Threats, and pitied his Malice; and *Dowling* grew as much into Contempt, as before he had been the Oracle of a deceived People; ſo that once more he was obliged to ſeek another Habitation; and we hear that he has great Expectations from Mr. *Bliſil*, who he gives out, has promiſed him Half your Worſhip's Eſtate, provided he can ſet a ſide the Legitimacy of Mr. *Jones*, of which he makes no Doubt.' 'No Doubt, cried Mr. *Allworthy* with great Emotion; What does the Villain think I will leave it in his Power to diſpoſe of my Eſtate at his Pleaſure?—It may be he intends to forge a Will for me. But I will guard againſt all his Wiles, if God ſpares my Life till the next Aſſizes; for as I have no Intail upon my Eſtate, I will put this good Child, my Nephew *Jones*, into full Poſſeſſion in the Manner as the Law directs; ſo as to put it out of the Power of a Will to give him any Trouble.' But looking with great Earneſtneſs at Mr. *Cook*, he thanked him kindly for this open and candid Narration; deſired he would take no Notice of

what had paſſed between them; paid him his Bill; and having treated him with the beſt the Inn could afford, ſent him away very well pleaſed, and determined to abide by what he had ſaid concerning *Dowling*.

CHAP. VIII.

The Hiſtory of Euphemia.

WHILE the Gentlemen were thus employed, a grand Burial paſſed under the Window where the Ladies had retired; which upon Enquiry, they were informed was the Funeral of a Widow Gentlewoman, who preferring a good Name to her own Peace and Quiet of Mind, had ſacrificed her Life to ſatisfy the unbelieving World, that ſhe would rather die, than do any Act, though ever ſo lawful in itſelf, that ſhould have the Appearance of being unbecoming her Sex.

Such a Character heightened their Curioſity very much to be more particularly acquainted with her Hiſtory; which the Landlady, having learned it from common Fame, obliged them with, as follows:

'This

'This Lady's Name was *Euphemia*; ſhe 'died for Love; a Love ſo violent and in-'digeſtive, that ſhe could not throw it off 'at a leſs Price than her Life. She was 'married very young to a very young 'Gentleman called *Dives*, one of her Pa-'rents Chuſing. Mr. *Dives*, it is true, was 'Maſter of a very great Eſtate, and, by 'Right of a Borough within his own Lord-'ſhip, was intitled to a Place in Parlia-'ment, as ſoon as he came at Age; where 'he has filled a Seat for many Years; yet, 'though he has proclaimed himſelf a PA-'TRIOT in every Inn, Tavern, and Coffee-'houſe, between *Weſtminſter* and *Saliſbury*, 'I never heard of any Thing he has per-'formed worthy of that precious Charac-'ter; and, I hope, I may be allowed to ſay 'it; I am no Stranger to what is done in 'the Houſe; for there is not a Member 'that travels this Road, but gives me the 'Preference to every other Inn in this Ci-'ty.—And as I love Politicks,—and they 'love their Bottle,—I always find ſome 'Opportunity to hearken to their unguard-'ed Diſcourſe, when they are pretty far 'gone.—But, I muſt not tell all I know.— 'This I may be permitted to ſay, Mr. '*Dives* never made a longer Speech than a

'*No*,

'*No*, to ſignify his Oppoſition; and a *Yes*, 'to ſerve the Party, he deſired to be thought 'he was of.—I loſt a good Cuſtomer of 'him, when he died; for he was eminent 'in his Taſte; his Pleaſure centered in good 'Eating and Drinking. And the Phyſici-'ans, who to no Purpoſe forbid him the 'immoderate Uſe of them, do poſitively 'affirm, that Wine, and the hotter Liquors 'haſtened his Death. The Lady *Euphe-'mia* was married to him by the Contri-'vance of the two Mothers; and it hap-'pened luckily for him that ſhe was nei-'ther over nice nor enterprizing. And '*Dives* her Huſband died memorable for 'nothing, but for introducing a Boſom 'Friend of his to his Lady's Intimacy and 'Favour, and for leſſening his Children's 'Fortunes, to enlarge her Dowry; by which 'ſhe became the richeſt Widow in all our 'Country: But this Advantage ſhe reaped 'by his Death produced different Effects. 'Her own Mother never ceaſed reading 'her perpetual Lectures of Widows, that 'were undone and ruined by marrying a 'ſecond Time; and as the Huſband's Fa-'mily thought themſelves prejudiced by 'his extraordinary Will, in Favour of his 'Wife, they were always catching at ſome-'thing to object againſt her.

'The

'The Boſom Friend he had introduced
'to his Lady's Favour was a Gentleman of
'noble Extraction, named *Fidelio*; tho'
'his Forefathers had ſo much reduced their
'Eſtate, as obliged him to contract his Ex-
'pences within a very narrow Compaſs.
'And his Perſon was ſo exquiſitely formed
'to attract the Eye and captivate the Heart
'of our Sex, that I, muſt confeſs, a Wo-
'man of more Virtue, than I pretend to,
'ought not to have been blamed in the Man-
'ner *Euphemia* has been treated by a cenſo-
'rious World.—*Dives* alone ſtands guilty,
'in my Opinion. He could not breathe a
'Day without him—He could not reliſh
'his Cups without him; and to gueſs by
'his ſtrong Recommendations, one would
'have thought that he intended even to
'ſhare with him the Delights of his Mar-
'riage-Bed; he ſo frequently forced the
'young Gentleman upon his Lady; and
'as often would tell his Wife, that if there
'were any thing ſhe could more oblige him
'in, than other, 'twould be in tenderly
'reſpecting *Fidelio*, who deſerved more
'Admiration than all Mankind put toge-
'ther.

'I have

'I have told you before that *Euphemia* 'had been married ſo young, that Love 'had nothing to do in that Affair: Love 'is by no Means neceſſary to a Match 'made up by Friends: but her natural 'Temper of Gratitude to one, that uſed her 'with Tenderneſs, inſpired her with great 'Inclinations to comply, in every thing, 'with a Husband ſo obliging; and conſe-'quently, in Obedience to his Commands, 'admitted *Fidelio* into her Eſteem alſo. 'By this Means he was admitted to the 'greateſt Freedom of Converſation; and 'this let him into a thouſand Intimacies, 'which gave him Opportunities of diſtin-'guiſhing himſelf by a more inſinuating 'Behaviour, than was neceſſary to a Huſ-'band at Eaſe, and in full Poſſeſſion of 'whatever a Wife can beſtow. When Love, 'that dangerous Enemy of Matrimonial 'Quiet, which ſooner or later compels every 'Heart to ſubmit to his Power, was mali-'ciouſly reſolved to diſturb that eaſy Man-'ner of Life, which had exiſted many 'Years between *Dives* and *Euphemia*: He 'adorned *Fidelio* with all the Charms of his 'Sex, that could appear lovely to the 'Eyes of *Euphemia*: dreſſed up his Coun-'tenance with killing Smiles, furniſhed his

'Eyes

'Eyes with Arrows from his own Quiver, 'and pilfer'd every one of the *Graces* to 'complete his Favourite, and make him 'moſt charming in her Sight, and to her 'only. And, as my Lady's Chamber-maid 'told me, her Ladyſhip, who was no Con-'jurer in unravelling Myſteries, tho' they 'were even thoſe of Nature, was ſo ſmit-'ten with the briſk Repartees, the well 'turned Periods, the agreeable Manner of 'telling his Story, eternal Compliances, 'and with the perfect Reſignation of her new 'Gueſt, that ſhe could neither eat nor 'ſleep: and in fine ſhe pined away with a 'Sort of languiſhing Melancholy, which 'was immediately interpreted to be the '*Vapours*; a Diſtemper, which I have heard, 'has long been in Faſhion amongſt the 'Ladies in and about *London*, but ſcarce 'ever heard of it in theſe Parts before. And 'now I am told, our Phyſicians introduce 'this only to ſignify a Diſtemper they 'can't ſtrictly give any Name to. So when 'the Doctor was conſulted about my Lady's 'Malady, he ſcrupled not to pronounce 'her very far gone in the *Vapours*, and ſe-'rioufly adviſed her Husband to take care 'of her, leſt her Diſtemper ſhould termi-'nate in Lunacy. The good-natured *Dives* 'upon this Caution ſo punctually followed

'the

'the Doctor's Advice, that his over Officiouſneſs ſerved only to make her more dejected: every thing he did was diſpleaſing; it went even againſt her Nature to ſpeak civilly to him: if he touched her Hand, her Diſtemper was doubled; but when he attempted to kiſs her Lips, it increaſed her Vapours to a Frenzy; and ſhe reſiſted his Careſſes with a Squeaking like one poſſeſſed with an Evil Spirit. Thus, tho' ſhe was inſenſible of the Cauſe, the Love of *Fidelio* cauſed her to hate her Husband; ſhe could not accuſe him of any unkindneſs, and ſhe certainly reſpected him very much, and had no Intentions to betray his Bed; but ſhe now could not receive him without Frowning; when he ſpoke to her, ſhe anſwered him perverſely, and from the Purpoſe; and hated to eat or ſleep where he was. But when *Fidelio* entered the Parlour or the Summer-Houſe, ſhe ſmiled, even againſt her Inclination; her Eyes danced with Joy, her Heart rebounded in her Breaſt, there were no more Signs of the Vapours; ſhe new ſtamped her very Air and Words; her Converſation took a gay Turn; all that *Fidelio* ſaid, or did, delighted her.—She could ſit at Table, eat, drink, play at Cards; and her Husband became tolerable to her,

'ſo

'ſo long as *Fidelio* made one of the Com-
'pany. He inſpired her with Smiles of Se-
'renity and perpetual Joy; but his Depar-
'ture turned her all into Gloomineſs, and
'clouded her Underſtanding with Miſts
'and cloudy Vapours. The indulgent Huſ-
'band eaſily perceived this Alteration in his
'Wife, and without any Reflection to her
'Prejudice, attributing all her Eſteem for
'*Fidelio* to the ſame friendly Paſſion, with
'which he himſelf had introduced him to
'her Company, and continued to prefer
'him above all other Men, begged him as
'earneſtly, as if he were ſuing for the great-
'eſt Good, to keep his Wife Company till
'her Health could be reſtored; ſeeing that
'nothing but his Preſence was able to di-
'vert her. This Intimacy, tho' ſo generouſly
'courted by the Husband, was innocently
'deſired by *Euphemia*. And the Seaſon
'drawing near for the Lady's going into
'the Country, according to Preſcription,
'for her Health, ſhe could not refrain ex-
'preſſing her Deſire of his Company to their
'Country-Seat, and even ſpoke to her
'Husband to intreat *Fidelio* to go along
'with them: who was ſo far from diſ-
'liking the Propoſal, that he was over-
'joyed at the Sympathy he found in his
'Wife's Inclinations; and bid her be eaſy,

'for

'for *Fidelio* should go with them. *Fidelio*, 'who plainly discovered *Euphemia*'s Distemper, readily complied. And they 'were no sooner got down, but she fancied 'herself much better; because, as *Fidelio* was 'more with her: consequently her melancholy Fits were shorter, except on those 'Days they went a Hunting: then she relapsed, and had nothing to do, but to have 'the *Vapours* to Perfection: so that at last 'she declared herself a mortal Enemy to 'that Diversion, and obliged them to keep 'at Home to revive her Spirits.

'But *Dives*, attributing the Melancholy 'of his Lady to Want of Company, when 'he and *Fidelio* were upon the Chace, invited a young Relation of her's, named '*Euphrasia*, to come and pass away the 'Summer at his Seat, in order to divert his 'Lady in their Absence. *Euphrasia*, who 'was very witty, entirely agreeable, and full 'of Amusement, readily accepted the Invitation; but when she had been come a few 'Days, and examined with her Discernment 'the different Inclinations and Interests of 'the Family, in which she was entertained, 'she was too much of a *Coquet*, to see 'herself the only Female unregarded. It 'is true she did not expect that her Charms

'could,

'could, any more than another, make any
'Impreſſion on *Dives*, who had never been
'in Love in his Life; unleſs we may call
'that Love, to be a good and kind Huſ-
'band to a Wife that he had married when
'he was a Child, and grew up with him;
'but rather call them tender Friendſhips,
'free from the Diſquiets, the Hopes and
'Fears for Poſſeſſion; their Deſires and
'their very Joys are calm; and, as I have
'heard ſome of my polite Gueſts reaſoning
'upon this Subject: Such a Couple, ſay they
'may be ſaid to diſcharge their Duty with
'a good Grace, wearing their Fetters with
'no Inclination to Freedom: But the fierce
'Delights and raviſhing Sweets of conſen-
'ting Love (pardon me, Ladies, for repea-
'ting the Diſcourſe of Men) after Toils,
'Aſſiduities, Deſpairs, and ardent Deſires,
'which are the Companions of a long and
'mutual Courtſhip, between thoſe that are
'able to judge for themſelves, are foreign
'to a marriage impoſed upon us, before we
'have either Age or Leiſure to deſire a
'Change of our Condition—Parents think
'their Children can never be unhappy, if
'they do but take care of their Intereſt;—
'which indeed I ſpeak more feelingly, as it
'was my own Caſe, tho' I am now reduced
'to keep an Inn: and this is the true Reaſon

'that

'that we ſo ſeldom ſee People of Condition
'fortunate in their Marriages.—The Men
'ſeek their Diverſions abroad; and, not to
'excuſe our own Sex, the Ladies often are
'not more innocent; at beſt their Huſbands
'Inclinations elſewhere never fail to render
'them miſerable. Pardon me, Ladies, for
'this Digreſſion.—I have great Reaſons for
'what I ſay;—no body can tell my Mis-
'fortune:—but I won't trouble you any
'further with my Caſe.

'*Euphraſia*, I ſay, expected no great Ad-
'miration from *Dives*, who had never been
'in Love; preferred his Bottle and his
'Hounds to all the Charms of a fine Face,
'a graceful Air, and a ſweet deluding Song:
'but ſhe formed a real Attempt upon the
'Heart of *Fidelio*. Whenever ſhe ſpoke to
'him, ſhe ſoftened the Tone of her Voice,
'called Smiles to her Mouth, and Dimples
'to her Cheeks; aſſumed a dying Sweetneſs
'in her Eyes; and threw out the Bait of
'Love with the Artifice of a ſkilful Hand:
'not that ſhe loved him: any other Man
'would have ſerved her turn as well. But
'a true *Coquet* thinks all Pleaſures inſipid,
'that are not mingled with the Pretence
'of Love; for their varying Tempers never
'know what true Love is. Her Pride was

'to

to be admired; ſhe was perſuaded of her Couſin *Euphemia*'s Paſſion for *Fidelio*; and ſhe mortally hated that Lady, whom ſhe could not rob of her Gallant. This, when all other Artifices failed, made her attack *Fidelio*, whom ſhe found by chance alone in the Garden, with Reproaches for his Neglect of her; and had well nigh diſgraced our Sex, by daring him to rob her of her Virtue. She was ſo plain to tell him, that it was highly unnatural, in a Man of his Age, to let a young Lady paſs ſo neglected: that ſhe could not believe that thoſe were Times for Gentlemen to leave their Hearts behind them; and that as new Places generally produced new Conqueſts to one of his Merit, ſhe did not doubt but that he might, if he pleaſed for the preſent, forget the Lady he had left behind him.—But *Fidelio*, who knew two well, that *Coquets* deſire nothing ſo much of the Conqueſt as the Reputation of it, and therefore are the firſt themſelves in proclaiming the Advantage they gain over other Women in the Men's Eſteem, carefully avoided the Snare; and tho' ſhe continued to ridicule him for his Shyneſs, and artfully ſtrove to draw from him a Confeſſion of a more than ordinary Regard for *Euphemia*; ſhe could prevail on him no farther,

‘ farther, than to dare him to a Game at
‘ *Romps*; of which *Euphraſia* availed herſelf
‘ effectually to diſcover her Couſin's Affec-
‘ tions for *Fidelio*. For taking the Advan-
‘ tage of Mr. *Dives*'s Coming into the Gar-
‘ den, ſhe made the beſt of her Way to *Eu-*
‘ *phemia*'s Cloſet; where all touſled, diſcom-
‘ poſed, ruffled, and quite out of Breath, ſhe
‘ flung the Door open in a pretended Fright;
‘ threw herſelf upon the Floor, and accuſed
‘ *Fidelio* of an Intention and Attempt to
‘ raviſh her, had it not been prevented by
‘ the ſudden Coming of her Couſin *Dives*.
‘ At which Words *Euphemia* grew pale; and
‘ immediately new-born *Jealouſy* fluſhed her
‘ Neck and Breaſts with Rage and Fire,
‘ and intercepted her very Words; when
‘ immediately the cunning *Euphraſia*, who
‘ had done all this to provoke her, cried
‘ out, Lord Couſin! are you out of your
‘ Senſes? What's the matter with you? I
‘ will lay my Life, you are ſick of a Diſ-
‘ temper you know not. O' my Conſcience
‘ you are *jealous*, and love *Fidelio*. The
‘ Fact was too evident to be denied; but
‘ the jealous *Euphemia* anſwered her only
‘ with a Flood of Tears; and then all was
‘ well enough.—We know, Ladies, that a
‘ Woman never dies of a Diſtemper of the
‘ Mind, when ſhe can be brought to cry it
‘ out.

'out. And, as ſoon as *Euphraſia* found her 'Couſin was recovered of her crying Fit, 'ſhe left her: Upon which *Fidelio*, who 'was watching his Opportunity to unde-'ceive *Euphemia*, for he had overheard all 'that had paſſed, approached her with great 'Reſpect, and in the moſt inſinuating and 'paſſionate Terms begged to be heard. He 'informed her of his whole Affair with *Eu-'phraſia*; which he delivered with ſuch an 'Air of Truth, that it immediately diſperſed '*Euphemia*'s Jealouſy; and *Euphraſia*, not 'finding the Effect ſhe expected, to ſet them 'at Variance, reſolved to remove her Situa-'tion; to proclaim her Couſin's, Amour with '*Fidelio*, and to try the beſt of her Skill to 'ruin their Reputation.—And as the World 'is known to be ſo uncharitable to Lovers, 'as always to impute bad Conſequences to 'their moſt innocent Converſation; ſhe was 'no ſooner got back to the City, than ſhe 'made her Diſcovery the Subject of all her 'Diſcourſe, and perſuaded her Couſin's 'Mother ſo much of the Reality of her Story, 'that ſhe wrote her Daughter a whole Sheet 'of Reproaches for what had paſſed, and of 'Admonitions for a better Behaviour there-'after. Nor did her Malice ſtop here; for 'at laſt finding out a blunt old Gentle-'man, who was intimate with *Dives*, ſhe

'perſuaded him alſo to write Advice to him, 'to take Care of *Fidelio* and his Wife: 'Which had this fatal Effect, to fill the 'Head of *Dives* with Jealouſy. This News 'arrived at a Time he was very much indiſ-'poſed with the Gout: He could not be-'lieve what he read; the Pain of his Body 'ſoon gave Place to that of his Mind; he 'could not but wonder, how he alone ſhould 'thus long be blind to what was ſo clearly 'ſeen by the World. His Brains were im-'mediately employed to find out an Op-'portunity to get rid of that dreadful *Fide-'lio* from under his hoſpitable Roof. But 'he kept the Anguiſh cloſe confined in his 'own Breaſt, not without a Million of 'Times accuſing himſelf, for ſo imprudent-'ly preſſing his Wife to eſteem *Fidelio*. 'Nor was his Lady without her Diſtrac-'tions, upon the Receipt of her Mother's 'Letter. Since ſhe had been acquainted with 'her own Diſtemper, this prudent Lady 'avoided her Lover, and ſought her Huſ-'band; and omitted nothing an honeſt 'Woman could do in like Extremities. She 'maſtered herſelf, as to thoſe Diſguſts 'ſhe formerly ſeemed to receive from his 'Careſſes, and declined being entertained 'by *Fidelio*, as uſual; ſhe preſcribed herſelf 'a perfect Rule of Behaviour, from which

'ſhe

'ſhe was reſolved, rather to die, than to de-
'part; and endeavoured to juſtify her Con-
'duct to her Mother, by informing her of
'*Euphraſia*'s Malice. But as *Fidelio* was
'ſtill permitted to viſit her, and he, being
'ignorant of his Friend's Diſguſts at him,
'was as officious as ever to demonſtrate
'his great Regard and Gratitude to a Fa-
'mily, from whence he had received ſo
'many Favours: So that the World, pre-
'poſſeſſed with the Miſrepreſentations of
'*Euphraſia*, and, knowing him to be per-
'petually there, continued their Cenſure;
'and pretended to be privy to criminal
'Familiarities, that were not ſo much as
'thought of, by the injured Friends:
''Till at laſt *Dives*, wore down by the
'frequent Returns of his Diſtemper, and
'the more acute Pains of his Mind, and
'not able any longer to conceal his Jealou-
'ſy, tho' he, after the ſtricteſt Obſervation
'and Scrutiny into his Wife's Conduct,
'could not fix any one Imputation upon
'her Character, called her to him one Day,
'after a dreadful Fit, and aſked her, If he
'had ever failed in a tender Huſband's
'Duty? To which ſhe replied, in a Flood
'of Tears, that he had not only exceeded
'all others, but even her own Expecta-
'tions and Deſert, however partial a Wo-

'man might be to herſelf. Well then, ſaid 'he ſomewhat abruptly, How can you ex- 'cuſe yourſelf for ſo badly performing 'yours? And gave her the Letter to read, 'which the old Friend had ſent him into 'the Country. Upon which ſhe threw her- 'ſelf upon her Knees at his Bed-ſide, and 'wept ſo bitterly, that he was almoſt per- 'ſuaded of her Guilt; but told her that he 'was ready to conceal and pardon her 'Crime, provided ſhe would be ingenuous. '*Euphemia*, who abhorred a Lye, as much as 'a Breach of her Chaſtity, and held it un- 'worthy of that generous Confidence her 'Huſband had repoſed in her, to abuſe it, 'told him all ſhe had ſuffered from the 'Beginning to that preſent Moment. And 'ſhe ſo naturally and juſtly expoſed the 'Malice of *Euphraſia*, and defended her 'own and *Fidelio*'s Innocence, who had ne- 'ver attempted any thing, but what might 'have been heard and ſeen by all the 'World, that *Dives* was convinced that 'they had been groſly abuſed. He not only 'pardoned her unvoluntary Paſſion for *Fi- 'delio*, of which ſhe had never given him 'any Teſtimony; but returned her Thanks 'for ſo well diſcharging her Duty, when 'it was ſo powerfully oppoſed by her In- 'clinations: only he blamed his own Si- 'lence.

'lence. He wiſhed that he had ſpoken 'ſooner of it to her, that he might ſooner 'have received that Satisfaction, which he 'was now afraid came ſomewhat too Late; 'for that he believed the ſmothering of his 'Grief at ſuch Reports, had precipitated 'his Death, which he was Senſible was 'now coming faſt upon him. And to con-'firm his good Opinion of her, and that 'ſhe had loſt none of his Eſteem, he made 'his Will ſo much in her Favour, that, 'ſhould he die, ſhe might be the richeſt 'Widow in the whole Kingdom; with no 'other Reſtriction, but that of not beſtow-'ing herſelf, upon his Deceaſe, to *Fidelio*; 'not that he ſuſpected any Harm in him, 'but leſt the cenſorious World ſhould 'thereby be confirmed of the Truth of 'thoſe Reports, which the baſe *Euphraſia* 'had ſpread abroad. *Euphemia* reſolving, if 'poſſible, to over-rate her Huſband's Ge-'neroſity, promiſed him more, never to 'marry again, tho' it were ever ſo much 'to her Honour and Advantage. And *Di-'ves*, being fully convinced that he had no-'thing to accuſe but his own Indiſcretion, 'by introducing a Man of *Fidelio*'s Merit 'to his Wife, died, ſoon after, a Sacrifice 'to an ill-grounded Jealouſy, and an eminent

'Warning to all Husbands from falling
'into the like Inadvertency.

'The News of his Death no sooner
'reached the Ears of *Euphrasia*, but she
'doubled her Diligence, to convince the
'World that her Cousin would certainly
'marry *Fidelio*; and she was but too suc-
'cessful in gaining Credit to all her Insi-
'nuations to their Disadvantage. Where-
'as poor Madam *Euphemia*, Heart-broke
'with inward Strugglings between Love
'and cruel Decency; full of Veneration
'and grateful Tenderness to her depart-
'ed Husband; awed and terrified by
'her Mother's perpetual Remonstrances;
'racked at the Remembrance of *Fidelio*'s
'Charms, and the Promise she had made
'to *Dives*; forsook the Town to retire to
'a small Seat, where she gave up herself
'to a perpetual Melancholy, and much
'impaired her Health by the Conflicts of
'her Mind. As to *Fidelio*, when he came
'to condole with her the Loss of their
'common Friend, he allowed much to
'Decency; nor did he for some Time sig-
'nify any thing of his Pretensions. And,
'when he opened the Desires of his Heart
'to her, she readily allowed that there
'was nobody she loved but him; she told
'him,

'him, with the ſame Sincerity, the whole
'State of her Heart; the Diſcourſe ſhe had
'had with *Dives*, on his Death-bed; the
'Promiſe ſhe had made him, and her Re-
'ſolution to adhere to it; but then ſhe beg-
'ged him to ſee her no more, ſince it could
'not be ſignificant to either, but hurtful
'to both. *Fidelio* had too great a Regard
'for this virtuous Lady to give her any
'further Concern upon this Subject. But
'her Mother, taking the Alarm from his
'Viſits, never ceaſed teazing her, 'till ſhe
'fell down right ſick: She was continually
'remembering what ſhe owed to the Memo-
'ry of her Huſband; how poor and ſcan-
'dalous it would appear to the World to
'marry a Beggar, as ſhe called *Fidelio*; and
'that ſhe would rather follow her to her
'Grave, than ſee her married to one, whoſe
'very Acquaintance had been the Death of
'ſo indulgent an Huſband, and the only
'Blot of her own Life. So that, unable to
'bear up under all theſe Diſquiets, this is the
'Lady *Euphemia* that now was carried with
'ſo much Funeral Pomp under the Win-
'dow to the Cathedral, there to be inter-
'red, having not been long in giving the
'World a very ſingular Proof of Love and
'Conſtancy. —— Hark! the Bell rings;

'Ladies, I muſt beg your Pardon. I am 'wanted at the Bar.

CHAP. IX.

Of *Cenſure*, *Scandal*, and *Defamation*.

WE need not confine ourſelves to the foregoing Example, where you are told of a virtuous Lady cenſured, ſcandaliſed, and defamed, without ever having it in her Power, tho' ſhe was innocent of what was laid to her Charge, to retrieve that good Name, which Malice and Envy had robbed her of, in the Opinion of the World: But in Fact it threw her into deep Melancholy, and drove her firſt from all Company, and then to the Grave. We need not, I ſay, confine ourſelves to this one Example; for let us ſurvey other Families, or only review our own Lives; and we ſhall find that the greateſt Part of Vexation and Uneaſineſs of Life proceeds from thoſe Calumnies and Reproaches, which a malicious and vain Tongue has ſpread abroad againſt their Neighbours: Which is not only a direct Oppoſition to Civility, but it is a certain Sign of an ill Heart: A Vice ariſing from a Neglect of what is laudable in ourſelves, and an Impatience of ſeeing it in another; otherwiſe Virtue would not

not provoke, nor Beauty diſpleaſe, to ſuch a Degree, that one given to Scandal never lets the Mention of either paſs, without offering ſomething to leſſen its Value.

Is not Lady *Euphemia* a memorable Proof of that Elevation of Soul, which preferred Death to a Life of Infamy? She pined away in Anguiſh, and loathed her Being, becauſe ſhe could not revenge the ſecret Wound given to her Reputation. And to ſpeak in general; tho' we are often ſure that the Cenſures, which are paſſed upon us, are uttered by thoſe, who know nothing of us, and have neither Means nor Abilities to form a right Judgment of us; we cannot forbear being grieved at their Aſperſions.—Here is a Supply of Malice, of Pride, of Induſtry, and even of Folly in the Weakeſt, when they ſet their Hearts upon it, that makes a ſtrange Progreſs in Miſchief.—Hence it has been obſerved that few have done more Harm than thoſe, who have been thought to be able to do leaſt. So that there cannot be a greater Error, than to believe a Perſon, whom we ſee qualified with too mean Parts to do Good, to be therefore incapable of doing Hurt; for Fools project, act, and conclude, with ſuch notable Inconſiſtence, that no regular

Courſe of Thought can evade or counterplot their prodigious Contrivances.

There is no honeſt Perſon but ſets as high a Value upon a good Name, as upon Life itſelf; and I cannot but think that they, who privily aſſault the one, would deſtroy the other, could they do it with the ſame Secrecy, ſo as to eſcape unpuniſhed. Don't you obſerve, in the Caſe of poor *Euphemia*; they, that rob a Woman of her Reputation, deſpoil a poor defenceleſs Creature of all that makes her valuable; turn her Beauty into Loathſomeneſs, and leave her friendleſs, abandoned, and undone, as to the Opinion of a cenſorious World. Beſides, many Tempers are ſo ſoft, that the leaſt Calumny gives them Pains, which they are not able to bear with any ſort of Compoſure; but give themſelves up to ſtrange Fears, gloomy Reflections, and deep Melancholy, which often ends in Madneſs, or untimely Death. In a Word, nothing is ſo tender as a Lady's Reputation, that a Stain, once got in their Fame, is hardly ever to be waſhed away. Therefore I would have the Defamer know that he is making Fools merry, and wiſe Men ſick; and that, in the Eye of conſidering Perſons, he has leſs Compunction than the common

common Hangman, and leſs Shame than a common Proſtitute. Yet,

It is a moſt ſad and melancholy Reflection, that it is hardly poſſible to come into Company, where we do not find Men and Women pulling one another to Pieces; nay, the very Encomiums of ſome People are no other than an Introduction to Scandal. Praiſe, when cloſed with an Exception, has been found the moſt ſucceſsful Means of blaſting the Credit of the moſt deſerving, whom the artful Coquet, or envious Spectator, loads with a Catalogue of ſome notorious Weakneſſes and Infirmities, without even pretending to know the Certainty of any one Accuſation: for theſe Vermin of Society, and Caterpillars, that crawl and ſubſiſt upon the Reputation of the Innocent and Praiſe-worthy, ſeldom or ever pretend to any perſonal Knowledge of the Vices or Miſcarriages, they labour to fix upon thoſe that are the Objects of their Envy or Malice; but endeavour to make all Good and Evil to conſiſt in Report; and with Whiſpers, Calumnies, and Impertinencies, to have the Conducting of thoſe Reports, ſo as to cover their own Faults, or to ſhew they are not worſe than their Neighbours. For I verily believe, that none are more in-

duſtrious in publiſhing the Blemiſhes of an extraordinary Reputation, than ſuch as lie open to the ſame Cenſures in their own Characters.

But why ſhould it be wondered that this Vice is become ſo common, when there are ſo many that encourage Tale-bearers and Whiſperers, of whom it may be as juſtly obſerved, that a Perſon, who takes Delight in hearing the Faults of others, ſhews ſufficiently that he has a true Reliſh of Scandal, and conſequently that he is well ſtored with the Seeds of this Vice? The Mind, which is gratified with hearing the Reproaches that are Caſt upon others, will find the ſame Pleaſure in relating them; and will be the more prone to do it, as he or ſhe will naturally imagine every one of their Acquaintance is delighted, in the ſame Degree.

Therefore we ſhould endeavour to wear out of our Minds this criminal Curioſity, which is perpetually heightened and inflamed by liſtening to ſuch Stories, as tend to the Diſreputation of thoſe, whom perchance we know nothing of; or, it may be, deſerve not to have that Infamy caſt upon them. We ſhould never incline to believe

lieve the uncharitable, more than the good-natured Report; nor give any Sort of Credit to the Report of Actions we never ſaw between Parties; and we ſhould examine our Hearts, whether we do not find a ſecret Inclination to propagate ſuch Reports, as tend to the Diſreputation of our Neighbour. For, whatever Pleaſure People may take in the whiſpering about the defamatory Character of another, they will find infinitely greater Satisfaction in conquering the Temptations they are under, by letting the Secret die within their own Breaſts, even tho' the Fact be true and juſtifiable. And lay this down for a Rule: If there be any Thing advanced, without a Perſon, who can ſay *whence* he had it; or which is atteſted by one, who *forgot* who told it him, or who had it from one of ſo *little* Conſideration, that he did not think it then *worth* his Notice; all *ſuch Teſtimonies* as theſe ſhould be thought *too ſlight*, to gain any Credit *againſt* the Innocence and Honour of *any* Perſon whomſoever.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

An Adventure *at the* Aſſembly, *worthy of your Attention.*

NEXT Day the Ladies put the Juſtice in Mind of his Promiſe to carry them to the Aſſembly that Evening; and the good Woman, their Hoſteſs, readily introduced him to one of the Subſcribers, who lodged at the ſame Inn; and very complaiſantly proferred his Service to uſher him and his Company at the appointed Hour.

At Six o'Clock he returned, and, attended by one of the Stewards, conducted the Gentlemen and Ladies into the Aſſembly-Room, who immediately attracted the Eyes of the whole Company, who, however, were much more delighted with their genteel and unreſerved Behaviour. Mr. *Jones*, warmed with the ſparkling Charms of his Bride, who now firſt appeared with him in Public, performed his Part ſo well, that he not only eclipſed the Brilliance of the Gentlemen, but ſo wounded the Hearts of the Ladies, that he drew their Envy upon his dear *Sophia*.—Happy was the Lady that could

could be favoured with his Hand:—Every Face, yea every Feature and Joint, no longer obedient to the ſoft Notes of the Muſic, were agitated by his Voice, Geſture, and moſt obliging Carriage; a Glove, a Fan, or a Muff, ſpoke the Language of their Hearts.—They were perpetually falling at his Feet to give him an Opportunity to pick them up, and the Ladies to kiſs them, for the Sake of the Hand which had reſtored them. In Fine, as all their Pleaſure centered in the Object of their Sight, as no Harmony could pleaſe, which did not comprehend ſome Word or Action of Mr. *Jones*, they even drowned the very Fiddle with a continual Buzz, and, ogling through their Fans, glutted their Eyes with admiring the Juſtneſs of his Make, the Agility of his Limbs, and the Eaſineſs of his Action; and, tho' he behaved with the greateſt Decency and becoming Modeſty, there did not want thoſe, who reſolved to attack his Affections, and even to promiſe themſelves ſome Degree of Succeſs, if Fortune would prove only ſo favourable to bring him into their Converſation.

Amongſt theſe deſperate Admirers of Mr. *Jones* was the celebrated Toaſt Mrs. *Iſabella Armſtrong*, a young Widow, and Relict

Relict of an old Officer, who had not only ſeen a great deal, but paſſed through more Intrigues, than perchance any of the Company. This Lady ſoon penetrated the ſecret Wiſhes of the *Enamoratas*; and, to make them ſubſervient to her own Deſign, propoſed a Scheme to detach Mr. *Jones* from his own Company, and to engage him for the remainder of the Evening amongſt themſelves, which was to deſire the Stewards and ſome other Gentlemen, their Particulars, to inſiſt upon detaining Mr. *Allworthy* and the Ladies under his Care, to paſs the Evening at Cards, *&c.* with them; and to deſire Mr. *Jones* to ſupply their Attendance upon the Ladies their Acquaintance. The Gentlemen, who were as much in Love with the Bride, as we have ſeen the Ladies with the Bridegroom, eagerly and effectually executed the Propoſal; and Mr. *Jones*, how unwilling ſoever he might be to ſeparate himſelf from his own Company, could not do ſo much Violence to good-Nature and good Breeding, as to refuſe thus to gratify the Civilities received, which ſeemed to be without any Artifice or Deceit.

But the intriguing *Iſabella* having gained her Point thus far, ſpread her Nets and armed

armed every Feature, Action, and Word with additional Charms to enſnare the young Man's Heart, while the other Ladies were ſatisfied with his unaffected and free Converſation. Mr. *Jones* never ſuſpecting any ſuch Deſign in the forward *Iſabella*, expoſed himſelf too much to her artful Approaches. The Cards ſucceeding to their Refreſhment. *Iſabella* at laſt found an Opportunity to diſcourſe with him alone; and, having got into a pretty deal of Mr. *Jones*'s Hiſtory, pretended an Intimacy with his deceaſed Mother in that City; and moreover added that Madam *Blifil* had made her perfectly acquainted with the Reaſons for concealing her firſt Marriage with Mr. *Summer*, and the Part ſhe had acted, in regard to himſelf. She alſo aſſured him that upon her Death-bed the ſaid Mrs. *Blifil* had made a Will, in which the Contents were ſpecified in full, and her whole Eſtate diſpoſed of in Favour of Mr. *Thomas Jones*, alias *Summer*; and moreover that, to prevent any Miſcarriage in the Execution of that her laſt Will and Teſtament, ſhe had left a Duplicate thereof ſealed up, in the Hands of her Huſband deceaſed, which ſhe had ſeen amongſt his Papers but a few Days before.

This

This pleaſing and intereſting Narrative wrought powerfully upon Mr. *Jones*'s Attention, who now began to look upon *Iſabella* as a Meſſenger from Heaven to reveal the dark Myſteries of his Birth, to diſcover the Intrigues of *Dowling* to deprive him of his Birth-right, and to prevent the Deſtruction, which that unjuſt Steward had threatened to bring upon his Family.—— He kiſſed her Hand,—he begged Pardon for ſuch Liberties,—he repeats the Kiſs with more Warmth,—ſqueezes it,—faulters in his Words,—bluſhes,—and turning round upon his Heel— ſtamps,—ſighs,—and recollecting himſelf—begs her Pardon a ſecond Time. *Iſabella*, conſummate in the female Art of Love, tho' highly delighted with the unwary Gentleman's Careſſes, and the Diſcovery of a yielding Heart, put on the Gravity of a diſconſolate Widow,—ſeemed much ſurprized there ſhould appear any thing about her ſo attractive to deſerve the Notice of a young Gentleman ſo very graceful in his Perſon, and engaging in his Air and Addreſs;—pardoned him what he was pleaſed to call Freedoms, in ſuch Terms, and with ſo ſoft and amiable a Tone, as rather invited a greater Familiarity, than ſhewed a Diſlike: And in Fine ſhe

ſhe gave him to underſtand, that ſhe ſhould, at all Times, be obedient to his Commands. 'My Fortune, ſaid ſhe, is eaſy, 'and, taking Mr. *Jones* faſt by the Hand, 'there can nothing make my Heart ſo, 'ſince I have ſeen you, but yourſelf.'—

Iſabella was going on, when one of the Stewards gave Notice, that Mr. *Allworthy* and the Ladies in his Company were impatient to depart: And Mr. *Jones*, tho' he could not help diſcovering a pretty deal of Agitation, compoſed himſelf ſo far as to take his Leave of the Ladies in general, with his uſual Politeneſs: and with a becoming Solidity in his Countenance, deſired Madam *Iſabella* to do him the Pleaſure to breakfaſt with his Spouſe and Uncle, next Morning, before they ſet forward on their Journey Home. She who was perfectly acquainted with the Sex, and no Stranger to the Charms ſhe had for them, immediately read the Emotions of Mr. *Jones*'s Heart in his Eyes, and reſolved to make her Advantage of it, in Favour of thoſe Deſires, which few, that ſaw him, but were poſſeſſed with.

It was very late, and, being returned to their Inn, Mr. *Allworthy*, perceiving that his Nephew looked heavy, and attributing that

that uncommon Weight in his Eyes to be the Effect of a too prodigal Exertion of the vital Spirits at the Evening Entertainment, hasted them all to Bed. *Sophia*, his dear *Sophia*, flew to his Arms.—and he, with great Resolution to resist the Temptations of *Isabella*, struggled with Nature, which was already but too far enamoured of this new Adventure. Kind Sleep at last drew the Curtain, and seemingly they both composed to Rest.

I have read that the Infancy of Love, is generally the most pleasing Part of it; when new Desires play round the innocent Heart, and gentle Thrillings warm the throbbing Veins, the tender Passion, by swift, but unperceived Degrees, stealing through all the Seats of Life, affords only gay Wishes, pleasing Dreams, and rapturous Images of Joys to come. But in another Manner did it enter into the Soul of this unquiet Gentleman:—He no sooner found that balmy Sleep had closed the Eyes of his Bride, than he recollected every Word and Action, and even drew a Representation of the lovely *Isabella* before his Eyes; and giving Way, too much Way, to his impatient Passion, a thousand widely different Thoughts, all wild and stormy

ſtormy as a troubled Sea, over whelmed Reflection, and made Reaſon giddy.—He was preſently ſenſible that he loved *Iſabella*, and loved to that prodigious Height, that the leaſt Appearance of an Obſtacle, and ſuch a one lay by him, forbidding by her Preſence any other Love, and a moſt amiable Object, was worſe than Death. He at one Time is aſhamed of giving Way to ſuch Thoughts,—and then, like one in Deſpair, reſolves upon any Means to deliver himſelf from the Tortures of a Love-ſick Mind.—But at laſt calmly weighing the Crime, and bad Conſequences of this Intrigue, if carried into Action,—he concludes with a Manly and Chriſtian Reſolution:—'It cannot—it muſt not be.—'Both Heaven and Earth forbid it! *Sophia* muſt be the only Object of my Affections. *Iſabella* muſt not be admitted 'into my Heart.'

Thus in Agonies, not to be expreſſed, nor indeed to be conceived but in the Heart that was tortured by them, did this half diſtracted Man paſs the Night, after the Converſation with *Iſabella*; however, having determined never to ſtain his Honour with an illicit Amour; he found his Spirits more compoſed, the more he reſolved to reject the

the inveigling Overtures of the artful *Iſabella*; which he was now convinced, in Reaſon, would be ſo far from giving him Pleaſure, that they muſt infallibly deprive him of all the Satisfaction he now had in his dear *Sophia*, and the harmonious Enjoyments of a married State, grounded upon the mutual Affections of a conſtant Love. And, when he had ſo far conquered the *Impetus* of Nature after ſtrange Fleſh, he was ſoon confirmed of its Reaſonableneſs and Neceſſity from Examples in both Sexes, who, within the Latitude of his own Obſervation, furniſhed him with melancholy Scenes of Diſcontent and Ruin of their Families, occaſioned chiefly by ſome private Amour, of either the Man or Wife: Nor had he entirely forgot the Perplexities which had imbittered the former Part of his Life, brought upon him by yielding too much to the Paſſion of Lady *Bellaſton*, and to the Beauty of Mrs. *Waters*; the former having well near coſt him his Life; the latter, the more fatal Loſs of his *Sophia*, whom he loved more dearly than Life itſelf.

Theſe Reflections having quite cooled his Paſſion for *Iſabella*, Mr. *Jones* began to think upon her Diſcourſe, that had previouſly

viouſly engaged his Attention to her Allurements: And indeed to ſuſpect the Truth of all thoſe pleaſing Evidences, which ſhe pretended to deliver concerning his deceaſed Mother, and his own Legitimacy. He was ready, even, to reſolve to order his Servant, if ſhe kept the Appointment at Breakfaſt-time, to deny him. But after many Conteſts with Expectations of Profit from her Information, and with good Breeding; which would not permit him to treat any body with ſo contemptible a Behaviour, to deny an Appointment; He came to a Reſolution to receive her in the Parlour; and, in the Preſence of his Uncle and Spouſe, to interrogate her upon the Subject of her Acquaintance with his Mother, and the Will ſhe had aſſerted to be left in her Huſband's Hands. And, as he now doubted of her Veracity, as well as of her Modeſty; and looking upon her Intimacy with Madam *Blifild* to be no more than a mere Artifice to worm herſelf into a criminal Converſation with him, Mr. *Jones* took the firſt Opportunity, in the Morning, to acquaint his ſagacious Uncle with her whole Behaviour, before ſhe came.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

The Converſation of two Hours: with Obſervations on Modeſty *and* Whoring.

THE penetrating Judgment of Mr. *Allworthy* preſently detected the Fraud intended to be put upon them by the pretty Widow; and, without being acquainted with the Uneaſineſs in which Mr. *Jones* had paſſed the Night, on her Account, and the hard Conflict between his Love and Luſt, he would not ſuffer his Nephew to ſtir from his Bed-ſide, 'till he had armed him againſt ſuch-like Deluſions for the future, in the following Manner:

'Nephew *Jones!* the World is very deceitful, very wicked. You have not been quite ſpotleſs; and, tho' I am convinced of your entire Reformation, hear me with a Reſolution to profit by what I ſhall now ſay againſt a lewd Courſe of Life, which I apprehend is the Snare laid for you, by the Widow. There is but a ſhort Step from the Practice of, to the hatred of Virtue: And from the higheſt Felicity, to the worſt of Miſery, in a Marriage State: It is of great Importance for both Sexes to aſk themſelves, whether

'whether they would change Lightneſs of 'Heart, Indolence of Mind, chearful 'Meals, untroubled Slumbers, and gen-'tle Diſpoſitions for a conſtant Pruriency, 'which ſhuts out all Things that are great 'or indifferent, and clouds the Imagination 'with Inſenſibility and Prejudice to all 'manner of Delight, but ſuch as is in 'common to all Creatures, that multiply 'their Kind. The Man, that follows For-'nication, gives up much greater Delight, 'by purſuing it, than he can poſſibly en-'joy from ſuch a Vice, whether the A-'mour be with a ſingle Woman or *Feme* '*Covert*; with a common Proſtitute, or 'with thoſe that are leſs profligate. His 'conjugal Affections, that Mirror, which 'reflects all the Tranſactions in a Mar-'riage State with Beauty and Contentment, 'and his very Reputation and Health, 'all ſuffer by a lewd Courſe of Life: To 'bring Sorrow, Confuſion, and Infamy 'into a Family; to wound the Heart of 'a tender Parent, and ſtain the Life of a 'poor deluded Woman with Diſhonour, 'that can never be wiped off; are Circum-'ſtances in my Opinion ſufficient to check 'the moſt violent Paſſion, in a Heart, 'which has the leaſt Tincture of Good-'nature and Humanity; and yet the

'Loſs of a good Name, Anguiſh of Heart, 'Shame and Infamy are what muſt in-'evitably fall upon a Woman that loſes 'her Honour, unleſs ſhe gets over them, 'by what is much worſe, open Im-'pudence and profeſſed Lewdneſs. Such 'are the Returns made to her for putting 'all her Livelihood, Dependence, Virtue, 'Reputation, and Innocence into a Man's 'Power! Is it not then a Subject of great 'Aſtoniſhment, that the Deflowerers of In-'nocence, tho' dead to all the Sentiments 'of Virtue and Honour, are not reſtrained 'by Compaſſion? Can any one purchaſe 'the Gratification of a Moment at ſo dear 'a Price, and entail a laſting Miſery on o-'thers, for ſuch a tranſient Satisfaction to 'himſelf; a Satisfaction that is ſure, at 'ſome Time or other, to be followed with 'the ſevere Pangs of a loaded Conſcience? 'Is it not an inexplicable Paradox for a 'Man to affirm and proteſt that he admires 'and adores the very Perſon he attempts, 'all in his Power to ruin?—When a Man 'thoroughly conſiders that he gives up his 'very Being, as a Man of Integrity, the 'Moment that he commences a Gallant, 'one ſhould think he ſhould want no fur-'ther Argument to deter him from ſuch a 'Purſuit. And what enhances the Guilt: It

is

'is an Impoſſibility in this Caſe to be faith-
'ful to one Perſon, without being entirely
'falſe to the reſt of the World. Beſides,
'we are convinced by perpetual Examples,
'that the Fornicator ſeldom eſcapes Diſeaſe,
'Sickneſs, and Misfortune. Whence come
'ſo many aching Bones, and ſo much poi-
'ſoned Juices, but from this vicious Courſe
'of Life? Heroes of old fled from Tor-
'ments by Death; but the modern Ad-
'venturer in Luſt lives in Death and Tor-
'ments, with a Heart wholly bent upon a
'Supply for remaining in what palls all the
'Comforts of Life: So that at laſt they
'are left without Hand to lift, Leg to
'move, and a Tongue that can ſcarce ut-
'ter his Meaning. Yet whoever give
'themſelves up wholly to Luſt, will ſoon
'find it the leaſt Fault they are guilty of:
'For then, tho' perchance imperceptibly,
'Hatred to thoſe they have injured; mean
'Shifts to cover their Offences; Envy and
'Malice to the Innocent, and a general Sa-
'crifice of all that is good-natured and
'praiſe-worthy, when it interrupts them;
'will poſſeſs all their Faculties, and make
'them utter Strangers to the noble Plea-
'ſures, which flow from Honour and Vir-
'tue, and Good-nature.'— The good old Gentleman was proceeding, when a Ser-

vant informed them, that a Lady was below, enquiring for Mr. *Jones*; who, deſiring his Uncle to favour him with his Company, as ſoon as poſſible, in the Parlour, deſcended, and, according to Expectation, found it to be Mrs. *Iſabella Armſtrong*; and, by the Time they reached the Parlour, Mr. *Allworthy* thought his immediate Preſence ſo neceſſary that he got down alſo.

The Lady who perceived a very conſiderable Alteration in the young Gentleman's Countenance and Behaviour, ſince they parted laſt Night; and was unexpectedly ſurprized by the ſudden, and ſeemingly precipitate, Entry of the old Gentleman, with his Shoes unbuckled, and his Garters ſtill in his Hands; readily concluded, that ſhe was ſuſpected, and muſt act upon the Reſerve.—Thoſe Smiles which adorned her Face, were retracted, and replaced with an awful Severity, the Token of Reſentment.— And for a while they ſilently gazed on each other; 'till Mr. *Jones* acquainted his Uncle, that the Lady waited to inform them of a Will made and left by his Mother *Bliſil*, in the Hands of this Lady's Huſband, ſince deceaſed.

'Ah!

'Ah! ſays Mr. *Allworthy*, has the 'Lady my Siſter's Will? If ſhe can prove 'it, I'll give her a proper Reward. But, 'Madam, continued he, how came your 'Huſband to be intruſted with Mrs. *Bli-* '*fil*'s Will? To which ſhe thus gravely 'replied, Sir, at the Time Madam *Bli-* '*fil* came to reſide at *Saliſbury*, my Huſ- 'band was quartered in the City. He had 'ſerved the King many Years, in the 'ſame Regiment with Capt. *Blifil*, ſo that, 'hearing that his Widow was in the Neigh- 'bourhood, we paid her a Viſit; and 'from thence contracted an Intimacy, and 'that particular Confidence I related to 'Mr. *Jones*, in regard to her Will, and 'firſt Marriage.' All which ſhe delivered with ſuch an Air of Truth, as almoſt perſuaded the old Gentleman to credit her Report. However, as nothing in this Affair could give entire Satisfaction, but a *ſenſible* Proof of her Words, by producing the Will ſaid to be left in her Huſband's Cuſtody, Mr. *Allworthy* aſked if ſhe had brought it with her; and deſired to ſee it. 'No, ſays ſhe, I have it not with me, nei- 'ther can I, at preſent, oblige you with a 'Sight of it; for, intending to move my 'Lodgings to *Bath*, in a few Days, I have

'ſent, all, but what was neceſſary for pre-
'ſent Uſe, by the Carrier, three Days ago;
'and the Will is carefully preſerved a-
'mongſt my Huſband's Papers.'

This Excuſe was by no Means ſatisfactory, and as Mr. *Cook*, the Undertaker, had ſo lately let him into *Dowling*'s Scheme of a forged Will, he began to fear ſome Correſpondence between him and this Widow; and interrogated her very cloſely concerning that Attorney. But as ſhe had no other, than ſuch dark Ideas of the Affair, as perſpired from Mr. *Allworthy*'s Converſation with *Cook*, who had told it all about the Neighbourhood, under the Seal of a profound Secret, ſhe was not prepared to anſwer any one of his Queſtions pertinently: Yet inſiſted that ſhe could produce the Will, and would in a ſhort Time deliver it to his Order, at *Bath*; and ſo took her Leave, which was readily granted.

Mrs. *Armſtrong* had no ſooner turned her back, than the *Hoſteſs* appeared on the Threſhold of the Door; and, dropping a low Courteſy, ſhewed, by the Primneſs of her Mouth, that her Tongue was full charged with ſome important Diſpatches from the Temple of *Fame*:

Fame: And, Mr. *Jones* having accoſted her with a Good-morrow, ſhe returned it with, 'I am ſurprized, Sir, you roſe ſo early, 'to entertain *Bella Armſtrong*, who gives her 'Company to all the Beaus in the Town. 'I confeſs, had I been ſtirring, ſhe ſhould 'not have entered theſe Doors.—There 'are other Houſes more proper for ſuch 'Drabs to keep Appointments in. I have 'always kept up the amiable Character of 'a ſober good Houſe.—And I would not, 'for all the Gold that comes from the '*Indies*, have any ill Thing reported to be 'done in it. I confeſs I was never more 'ſurprized, than to ſee her come out of 'the Parlour: And, had I found you alone 'with her, it would have given me much 'Concern; but I can't put any ſuch Con-'ſtructions on a Lady's Morning Viſit, 'paid to two Gentlemen together. I ſup-'poſe ſhe had real Buſineſs with you.—She 'talks much of her great Relations at 'Court.—No doubt you know both them, 'and her, better than I.—It is no Buſineſs 'of mine what ſhe did here, ſo long as 'I am ſatisfied ſhe was in good Com-'pany.'

Mr. *Jones* was going to reply, but his Uncle interpoſed: 'Truly, ſaid he, we

'had real Buſineſs, and Buſineſs of great 'Conſequence, with the Lady; but are 'acquainted with neither her Relations, 'nor herſelf: And ſhould be obliged to 'you for ſuch Information as you can give 'us. For, if I take you right, ſhe is a 'Woman that lies under many bad Im-'putations. She is a very pretty Wo-'man.—I ſaw nothing in her Behaviour 'to be blame-worthy. But it is an Ob-'ſervation too true, that Women are too 'cenſorious of their own Sex. There 'ſhould always be a Grain of Allowance 'to a ſuperior Degree of Beauty.—Num-'berleſs are the Dangers to which a young 'Creature, more than ordinarily fair, is 'incident: And even where there is the 'greateſt Stock of Virtue, Modeſty, and 'good Senſe, it is the ſad Occaſion of 'Misfortunes, which are not to be ward-'ed off by all thoſe Guards. I dare ſay 'this is in ſome meaſure the Caſe of Mrs. '*Armſtrong*.' 'Indeed, replied the *Hoſteſs* 'I cannot ſay, but you judge right; and 'I muſt own, to judge favourably is a 'Chriſtian's Part. But you know we can-'not ſhut Folks Mouths! The World will 'talk: But I myſelf never ſaw any Thing 'bad in her. And the Story goes, that ſhe 'is born of noble Blood, and was croſſed

in

'in Love, and married a Man ſhe did not 'like, a Soldier upon a March; one ſhe 'did not know; to avoid the Man whom 'her Father would have forced upon her, 'againſt her Will. Her Father turned 'her out of Doors, would never ſee her 'more; but, being a Favourite at Court, 'procured her Huſband a Commiſſion; 'and they lived very comfortably in this 'City, 'till Death took him from her, a-'bout nine Months ago; ſince which Time 'the Beaus ſwarm about her. And, how 'ſhe lives, God knows!—I could wiſh ſhe 'was more prudent,—and that ſhe did 'not make her Company ſo cheap.—It is 'no Buſineſs of mine.—I will take care 'that neither ſhe, nor any ſuch, ſhall lie 'under my Roof.—One thing is taken no-'tice of,—That ſhe's taken Lodgings at 'the Undertaker's that buried her Huſ-'band,—and Mr. *Cook* bears none of the 'beſt of Characters.'—But—

Mr. *Allworthy*, being thus informed of the Place of her Abode, was at no Loſs to gueſs at her Intelligence, about Mrs. *Blifil* and her Will, and diſmiſſed the Landlady to hurry Breakfaſt, and call the Ladies. Then applying himſelf to his Nephew *Jones*, he bid him remark what Imputations this

young Widow had brought upon herſelf, even in the Mouth of a Publican, by giving too much Liberty to her Admirers, and by taking too much in her Reputation.

'Did not you obſerve, continued he, what 'a Gloomineſs overcaſt her beautiful 'Face, that deſtroyed the Ornaments 'which Nature, Birth, and Education 'might have ſet off to great Advantage. 'Where Modeſty, or Innocence, is wanting, Beauty is always unlovely to a chaſte 'Eye, and Quality is contemptible: Good 'Breeding degenerates into Wantonneſs, 'and Wit into Impudence.—There is no 'Charm that can ſupply the Place of Innocence; and Modeſty is not only an Ornament, but a Guard to Virtue; and a 'kind of quick and delicate Feeling in the 'Soul, which makes her ſhrink and withdraw herſelf from every thing that can 'endanger her Peace and Safety. An 'excellent Senſibility, that warns her to 'ſhun the firſt Appearance of every thing 'that is pernicious: The certain Indication 'of a great and noble Mind; and it is the 'Virtue which guides a Man in every 'honeſt Undertaking, makes him amiable 'to his Friends, reſpected of his Enemies; 'and not only attracts Benevolence, but 'demands Approbation, in all Places and

on

'on all Occaſions. In Fine, if Modeſty be 'baniſhed out of the World, ſhe carries 'along with her half the Virtues of this 'Life. Therefore be careful to preſerve 'this Charm: For a modeſt Man ſhould 'preſerve his Character, as a frugal Man 'does his Fortune. If either of them live 'to the Height of their Stock, the one will 'find Loſſes, the other Errors, which he has 'not Stock by him to make up in Time of 'Neceſſity. They who by their Words 'and Actions take as much upon them-'ſelves, as they can but barely demand, in 'the ſtrict Scrutiny of their Deſerts, will 'find their Account leſſen every Day, till, 'in the End, they are quite undone, in the 'Eſteem of the Virtuous and Prudent. 'Modeſty in a Woman has a certain a-'greeable Fear in all that ſhe enters upon: 'And in Men it is compoſed of a right 'Judgment of what is proper for them to 'do; and conſequently a diſcreet Man is 'always modeſt, tho' the Jealouſy of a 'Wife, or the Malice of the World, bring 'him under ever ſo many Imputations. 'And, by the Example juſt gone from us, 'you may judge it is ſo neceſſary a Qua-'lification for Pleaſing, that the looſe Part 'of Woman-kind, whoſe Study is to 'enſnare Men's Hearts, never fail to ſup-

'port its Appearance, in their firſt At-
'tacks upon the Men's Affections.'

CHAP. XII.

The Chat at Breakfaſt, *containing* Characters, *and Obſervations on* Ingratitude.

JUST as the Ladies were ſet down to Breakfaſt, Mr. *Partridge* informed them that the Gentleman, who had introduced them into the Aſſembly, paid his Compliments, and would be glad of their Company at Breakfaſt. Mr. *Jones* in the Name of the reſt returned their Compliments, and, being juſt ſat down, deſired his Company in the Parlour.

The young Gentleman came immediately; and, after the uſual Ceremonies were over, enquired how they liked the Entertainment and Company, to which he had introduced them the foregoing Evening. He was proceeding,—but Mrs. *Jones*, interrupting him, deſired to know who that fat Woman was, that ſat all the Time ſo penſive under the Clock?—'It is, ſaid he, the 'Wife of a worthy Clergyman in this 'Neighbourhood, whoſe Head-piece, pro-'ving too weak for the Marriage-State,

'could

'could not help thinking that her Huſ-
'band was enticed to do Evil, with every
'Lady that uſed him with Civility; and
'was too familiar with ſuch, as accepted
'of a friendly Viſit from him, tho' it was
'both his Intereſt and his Duty to give
'them his Company on proper Occaſions.
''Till at laſt the poor Lady fell into ſuch
'an ill Habit of Mind, that ſhe was always
'diſcontented, loſt all Patience, was deaf
'to all Proteſtations, and led the good
'Man ſo diſagreeable a Life, ſo outrageous
'and jealous, that unable to bear the Con-
'tinuance of what daily ſullied his Charac-
'ter, and without any Proſpect of her Re-
'formation, who would neither adhere to
'Reaſon, Advice, Intereſt, nor Duty, he
'was in the End obliged to put her away
'by due Courſe of Law, allowing her a
'ſufficient Maintenance, according to his
'Ability; and ſhe has the Mortification of
'lamenting alone her too warm Reſent-
'ments, ſuppoſing all ſhe ſuſpected had
'been true; which all prudent Women
'will diſſemble, if they do but conſider
'that Huſbands have been often reclaimed
'by gentle Methods, never by rough, un-
'leſs they depend upon the Wife's For-
'tune, for the beſt Part of their own: In
'which Caſe the Man is often forced to put

'up

'up with many Oddities in his Wife's 'Temper. I hope, Ladies, as this can be 'intended, by no Means, a Reflection upon 'any preſent, that you will excuſe what I 'aſſert upon frequent Obſervation.'

Pray, ſaid Mr. *Jones*, who was that Gentleman, who ſat in an Elbow Chair cloſe by the Muſic? He ſeemed more fit for his Chamber and Water-Gruel, than the Place and Entertainment where he was. 'He, 'ſays the young Gentleman, did look in-'diſpoſed at preſent, but certainly we have 'not a more gay, talkative, and indeed im-'pertinent Member. He ſometimes, when 'in the Humour, angles with a Strain of 'Affectation for Hearts; catches at Ap-'plauſe; ſoftens his Eyes and Voice, and 'gives Snuff to the Ladies upon his Knees, 'that by ſo graceful and ſubmiſſive a Turn, 'he may expoſe his Perſon to greater Ad-'vantage. He may not be improperly called 'a Male Coquet, a *Fribble*, whoſe Buſineſs 'has been rather to make Love than to 'take it; 'till of late he has been caught, 'and almoſt ruined both in his Eſtate and 'Conſtitution by an Amour he contracted 'with an Officer's Wife; he was too nice 'to divide her even with her Huſband, and 'therefore took her to ſubſiſt upon his For-

'tune,

'tune, which was ſoon laviſhed with the 'Prodigality of a new and true Lover. He 'had alſo a handſome Place of Profit in 'the Government; but, as he could ſpare 'no Time from his fair Miſtreſs, he ne-'glected the Duty to be performed in that 'Office; which drew upon him the Cen-'ſure of the Board: So, being ſure of loſing 'it, he took the modiſh Method to *reſign* 'what he could no longer hold; he pre-'tended to be diſguſted, and laid down his 'Poſt, becauſe a Friend of his, who pro-'cured it him, was diſcharged from all his 'Employments at Court, for being too 'officious. The Officer is ſince dead, and 'ſome ſay that he is now married to the 'Widow, who you muſt have taken No-'tice of in the Widow's Weed; tho', 'if common Fame is to be credited, ſhe 'has been in Search of other Adventures: '—But, I muſt be of *Rochefoucault*'s Opi-'nion, *As long as we love, we can forgive.*'

Mrs. *Conſtantia* begged alſo to be informed who that Gentleman was, who was obſerved to be more than commonly officious about a wonderful gay Lady, that was conſtantly humming the Airs and Tunes, as they were played. He ſeemed to ſteal her Glances, and to be upon the Reſerve.

'That

'That Gentleman, said he, you seem to have 'admired, is of an ancient Family, and a 'considerable Estate; but so very fond of 'Honour, that he exposes himself every 'Campaign, as a Volunteer to be shot at; 'the rest of his Time he devotes wholly to 'the Lady you observed him to admire so 'much. She has committed so many In-'discretions, that her Husband has brought 'her down to this Neighbourhood, to avoid 'the Reflections with which he was daily 'fatigued at Court; tho' he did not give 'Ear to them till she procured him an Heir, 'to deprive the next Successor, whom he 'mortally hates; and has chosen the only 'Place she could desire to be seated in for 'the Enjoyment of her Lover, who lives 'not far off.

'But, Ladies, continued he, there was 'a Couple present in our Assembly, whose 'History, I believe, is more deserving of 'Attention, than any we have yet noted. I 'mean Sir *Richard Strangeways* and his 'Lady. Sir *Richard* was possessed of a 'very large Estate, and his Management 'had gained him great Reputation for 'Wisdom and Integrity. And, amongst 'his Admirers, there was a Gentleman 'nothing inferior in Birth, who, dying, left

to

'to his Care an only Daughter, with a For-
'tune of 10,000 *l.* Sir *Richard* ſpared no
'Expence in the Education of his Ward,
'then under 10 Years of Age. Her
'name was *Clariſſa*, and ſhe was brought
'up, at his own Houſe, amongſt his Chil-
'dren; by which ſhe profited very much,
'and was deſigned as a Wife to his Son,
'before the Increaſe of his Ambition and
'Riches taught him other Deſires. She
'was no Beauty, but a very agreeable Per-
'ſon, which often enchants the Men
'deeper than Beauty. We are often upon
'our Guard againſt the Attack of that,
'whilſt the unwary Heart, careleſs and
'defenceleſs, as dreading no Surprize,
'permits the *Agreeable* to manage as they
'pleaſe. Sir *Richard* muſt be acknow-
'ledged to have ſhewn great Eſteem for
'Virtue, wherever found; but he was
'a Courtier, and, ſome ſay, a Stateſman;
'ſo that he was obliged to maintain his
'Footing by Ambition, Deſire of Gain,
'Diſſimulation, and Cunning, as the beſt
'Means to advance his Fortune: And he
'thought it enough for himſelf to applaud
'Virtue and, in his Words, to decry Vice.
'Yet, tho' his Heart and Tongue ſeldom
'or ever agreed, he ordered young *Cla-*
'*riſſa* to be educated in the high Road
of

'of Virtue; he baniſhed from her Con-
'verſation all airy Romances, Plays, *dan-*
'*gerous* Novels, looſe and inſinuating
'Poetry, artificial Introductions of Love,
'and whatever elſe was poiſonous to, or
'would not edify, the Senſes. He inter-
'dicted to her all Diverſions, but ſuch as
'were moſt innocent and ſimple. A ſo-
'litary Walk, a ſolemn Tune on the Spin-
'net, the Reading of Books of Education
'and Piety, were all the Recreations this
'young Virgin was permitted to take,
'upon a Principle, tho' I don't defend it,
'that, if a Lady be too early uſed to vi-
'olent Pleaſures, it debauches her Taſtes
'for ever to any other Diverſions. He
'taught her to beware of Hopes and
'Fears, never to deſire any thing with
'too much Eagerneſs, and to guard herſelf
'againſt thoſe dangerous Convulſions of
'the Mind, that upon the leaſt Diſappoint-
'ment precipitate into a thouſand Incon-
'veniences. He endeavoured to root out
'from Nature thoſe common Affections and
'Averſions, ſo natural to young People,
'by ſhewing her that nothing deſerves truly
'to be paſſionately loved, but Virtue;
'and on the other Hand, that nothing
'ought to be hated, but Vice. He in par-
'ticular wiſely and early curbed that Pre-
ſumption,

'ſumption, which accompanies the Ap-
'plauſe, which the World gives to a young
'Wit; for her bright Genius often broke out
'into dangerous Sparkles: and he ſhewed
'her that true Wit conſiſted not in much
'ſpeaking, but in ſpeaking much in a few
'Words; that what ever carried beyond
'the Knowledge of her Duty, carried her
'too far; and that all other Embelliſhments
'of the Mind were more dangerous than uſe-
'ful, and to be avoided as her Ruin; be-
'cauſe the Poſſeſſion of them was at-
'tended by Self-love, Vanity, and Deceit,
'Things incompatible, and never mingled
'in the Character of a Woman of true
'Honour. He alſo recommended Modeſty
'and Silence; that ſhe ſhould ſhun all Oc-
'caſions of ſpeaking upon Subjects not
'neceſſary to a Ladie's Knowledge, tho'
'ſhe could ſpeak never ſo well; for, ſaid he,
'you will then imitate *Zeno*, who by Silence
'heard other Men's Imperfections, and
'concealed his own: The more Wit you
'have, the leſs Occaſion you have to ſhew
'it; and, if the Want of it give Diſguſt,
'too much does not generally pleaſe bet-
'ter. And then he obſerved, that the Weak-
'neſs of Human Nature is ſuch, that the
'chief Pleaſure in Converſation lies in
'Speaking, not in the hearing Part; and if a
preſumptuous

'presumptuous Person, (tho' with never so 'great a Capacity) pretends to usurp upon 'that Privilege, they look upon her as a 'Tyrant, that would ravish from them 'the Freedom of their Votes. But his 'strongest Battery was against *Love*, that 'Invader of the Heart: He shewed her how 'shameful it was for a young Lady ever 'to think of any Tenderness for a Lover, 'till he was become her Husband; that 'true Piety and Duty would instruct her, 'in all that was necessary for a good Wife 'to feel of that dangerous Passion; and 'that she should not so much as ever seek 'to know what was meant by that shame-'ful Weakness, and the Destruction of Ma-'trimonial Peace, called Jealousy; because 'it is a painful Passion, and generally at-'tended with Slander and Hatred, two base 'and contemptible Qualities. He then ex-'patiated upon that violent *inborn* Desire of 'pleasing, so natural to Ladies. He de-'cried it as the Pest of Virtue, which it 'risques by a few acquired Arts and lan-'guishing Charms, to gain a little con-'temptible Dominion over a Heart, which 'may not be worth conquering. He 'recommended Friendship as far more no-'ble in its Nature, and much to be pre-'ferred to Love; because a *Friend* loves *al-*

ways,

'*ways*, a *Lover* but *for a Time*. And, in
'Fine, he taught her that Love, under the
'moſt flattering Appearances, concealed
'inevitable Ruin; the very firſt Impreſſions
'were dreadful, and to be carefully ſup-
'preſſed: For, according to *Plato*, *the firſt*
'*Step to Wiſdom is not to love*; *the ſecond*
'*is ſo to love, as not to diſcover it*. By
'all which Inſtructions it is very evident,
'that Sir *Richard* was endeavouring to re-
'ſcue this young Lady from the bad Ex-
'amples of the Age, in which too many
'Wives, in a high Station of Life, neglect
'their Duties, diſorder their Families, break
'their own Reſt, and even forget their Huſ-
'bands and Children, and their Honour,
'for the Sake of ſome darling Paſſion, ſuch
'as Gaming, *&c.* But this Education
'moulded the charming *Clariſſa* into ſo ex-
'quiſite a Pattern, that Sir *Richard*, at
'laſt, fell in Love with her. But then he
'remembered who ſhe was, the Daughter
'of his Friend: Of a Friend, who, at his
'Death, left the Charge of her Education
'to him; nor could he marry her, being
'under Treaty with a Lady of greater For-
'tune and Birth: And yet to poſſeſs her,
'without it, was a villainous deteſtable
'Thought: But not to poſſeſs her at all
'was Loſs of Life, and Death inevitable;

In

'In Fine, making good the Saying, *that the* 'Love of Beauty *is the Loss of Reason*, he 'looked upon the Enjoyment of the inno- 'cent *Clarissa* the only Means of his own 'Preservation; and thence concluding, that 'neither Religion, Honour, Gratitude, nor 'Friendship are Ties sufficient to deprive 'Man of an essential Good, he resolved to 'corrupt his virtuous Ward. He was resol- 'ved to change her whole Form of Living, 'to carry her to Court, and shew her the 'World, Balls, Assemblies, Masquerades, 'Opera's, Plays, Cards, and every thing 'that conduced to the Enervating of the 'Mind, and Fitting it for the soft Play and 'pression of Love; according to the Les- 'son he had read in the *Universal Passion*, 'where the Poet sings:

Britannia's Daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of Admiration, lose their Price;
Worn in the public Eye, give cheap Delight
To Throngs, and tarnish to the sated Sight.
As unreserv'd, and beautious as the Sun,
Through every *Sign* of Vanity they run;
Assemblies, *Parks*, coarse Feasts in *City-Halls*,
Lectures and *Tryals*, Plays, Committees, *Balls*,
Wells, *Bedlams*, *Executions*, *Smithfield*-Scenes,
And *Fortune-tellers*-Caves, and *Lions*-dens,
Taverns,

Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, Drawing-Rooms,
Inſtalments, Pillories, Coronations, Tombs, Tumblers, and *Funerals, Puppet-ſhews, Reviews Sales, Races.*——

'But his firſt Step was to diſcharge her 'Tutreſs, and aſſure her, that for the Fu-'ture, ſhe ſhould have no Perſon about her to 'ſtand in Awe of. He then had her into his 'Library, and put into her Hand *Myra*'s 'Love of her Father; and bid her read 'that, or any other Books, to improve her 'Mind, and divert her. Which Behaviour 'of her Guardian, as it was more paſ-'ſionate and reſpectful than uſual, embol-'dened *Clariſſa* to aſſume a more haugh-'ty Air. And, before they parted, Sir '*Richard*, taking the Advantage of her 'Amazement, on reading the Hiſtory of '*Myra*, diſcloſed his Love. But all was 'ſo far modeſt, that he attempted not be-'yond her Lips and Breaſt, and proteſted 'ſhe ſhould never be another's: And that 'he could not live without her. He beg-'ged her to have Pity on him, to return 'his Love, or elſe he ſhould be the moſt 'loſt, undone of all Men. *Clariſſa*, amaz-'ed and charmed, felt all thoſe dangerous 'Perturbations of Nature, that ariſe from

'an

'an amorous Conſtitution; with Pride and
'and Pleaſure, ſhe ſaw herſelf neceſſary for
'the Happineſs of one, that ſhe eſteemed a-
'bove all the World. She anſwered, with
'the greateſt Submiſſion and Pleaſure,
'that ſhe was reciprocally charmed, tho'
'ſhe knew not how, and could wiſh ne-
'ver to be parted from him. It is poſſible,
'could this young Lady have had Conduct
'and Reſolution enough to puſh for it, ſhe
'might have *now* engaged Sir *Richard* to
'marry her; but ſhe had no criminal In-
'clinations, and could not be perſuaded,
'that he intended any other than what
'was honourable towards her. And being
'brought up under his Care, as a Child is
'under its Parent, ſhe had not Courage e-
'nough to demand him for a *Huſband*,
'whom ſhe had always been accuſtomed to
'ſtile *Papa*. But in a very ſhort Time,
'giving Way to his Luſt, he ſurprized her,
'as ſhe lay unguarded on a Pallet Bed,
'to refreſh herſelf after Dinner, in the
'Height of Summer. She was going to
'riſe at his Approach, but he prevented
'her by flying to her Arms, and was deaf
'to all her Prayers and Tears. Thus was *Cla-
'riſſa* undone! thus ruined by him that ought
'to have been her Protector! It was very
'long before he could appeaſe her: But his
artful

'artful, amorous, ſubmiſſive Addreſs, and
'his violent Aſſurances, at laſt obtained her
'Pardon, and engaged her to ſubmit to his
'future Inclinations: And ſhe conſented
'even to go to Town with him; and being
'left there for a Time, till Sir *Richard* return-
'ed from *Flanders*, where his Commiſſion
'called him for the preſent, *Clariſſa* contract-
'ed an intimate Friendſhip with a young
'lovely Widow, full of Air, Life, and Fire,
'whoſe Circumſtances, tho' not very extra-
'ordinary, enabled her to appear very well:
'And ſhe knew very well the Management
'of Mankind, and how to procure herſelf u-
'niverſal Love and Admiration. This Lady
'*Clariſſa* admitted to be the unwary Confi-
'dent for her Paſſion for Sir *Richard*. She im-
'parted to her all the Letters ſhe received
'from him, and took her Approbation for
'the Anſwer. The Widow, whoſe Name
'was *Infidelia*, adviſed her not to truſt to
'fair Speeches and Proteſtations of Un-
'eaſineſſes, Languors, Expectations, Im-
'patiences, which Sir *Richard* expreſſed at
'every Turn in his Letters, but to puſh her
'Intereſt, upon his Return, that he might
'marry her off Hand: Adviſed her to be-
'ſtow no more Favours, 'till he paid her
'Price; made her read the Hiſtory of *Rox-
'ana*, who by her wiſe Addreſs brought
'an imperious *Sultan*, contrary to the eſta-

'bliſhed Rules of the *Seraglio*, to divide
'with her the Royal Throne. Sir *Rich-*
'*ard* returned and propoſed to take her pri-
'vate Lodgings, to be near him, as his Af-
'fairs obliged him to continue in Town.
'To which ſhe conſented with Joy, but a-
'fraid that he ſhould think her Love was
'the Reſult of Intereſt, and believing ſo
'well of his Honour, as not to diſtruſt his
'Care of her's, ſhe never puſhed the Affair
'of Marriage. In this pleaſing Solitude
'*Clariſſa*, having her Name changed, and
'ſurrounded with ſtrange Servants, enjoyed
'the Company of Sir *Richard* frequently
'every Day; and he even conſented to let
'her entertain her Confident *Infidelia*, to
'help to paſs away the tedious Time of his
'Abſence; but told her withal, to take care
'ſhe had not Reaſon at laſt to repent of let-
'ting ſuch a one into their Secret: For, if
'he was not miſtaken in the Widow, ſhe
'was not of the Number of thoſe few La-
'dies that poſſeſs the retentive Faculty.
'He would have broken off this Corre-
'ſpondence with other Arguments, but
'*Clariſſa* could not evade her Deſtiny: No-
'thing could content her in her Lover's Ab-
'ſence, but the Widow *Infidelia*, who, be-
'ing ſent for, repeated her Advice to puſh
'the Marriage; but, as *Clariſſa* treated it
'with Indifference, expreſſed herſelf fully
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'ſatisfied of Sir *Richard*'s Love, Honour,
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'deſign it, ſhe reſolved to ſay no more a-
'bout it, and looked upon her as a poor
'deceived Girl. On the contrary, *Infidelia*,
'who had Wit enough, and a pleaſant Man-
'ner of relating Things, brought her all
'the Chit-chat of what was doing at
'Court, and in the City, till at length ſhe
'could perceive Sir *Richard*'s Eyes more up-
'on herſelf, than on *Clariſſa*; that he would
'turn away with a gentle Sigh, when ſhe
'was quick enough to catch his Eyes up-
'on her: Which was a convincing Proof to
'her, how things would ſhortly turn. And
'certainly ſhe gueſſed right, for he turned
'*Clariſſa* away into the Country upon a
'trifling Pretence, ſuddenly and againſt
'her Will, and no ſooner ſaw her fairly out
'of his Sight, but, giving his Hand to *In-
'fidelia*, led her back into the Houſe, and
'addreſſed her in theſe Words:—'I certain-
'ly ſtand condemned, Madam, by you for
'this Indifferency towards *Clariſſa*; but per-
'mit me to add, that you are equally guilty.
'I can perceive that you are well ac-
'quainted with Life, and fully inſtructed
'how to play your own Charms upon the
'Hearts of your Admirers. You don't want
'for Wit: And, I believe, underſtand your

'bliſhed Rules of the *Seraglio*, to divide 'with her the Royal Throne. Sir *Rich-* 'ard returned and propoſed to take her pri- 'vate Lodgings, to be near him, as his Af- 'fairs obliged him to continue in Town. 'To which ſhe conſented with Joy, but a- 'fraid that he ſhould think her Love was 'the Reſult of Intereſt, and believing ſo 'well of his Honour, as not to diſtruſt his 'Care of her's, ſhe never puſhed the Affair 'of Marriage. In this pleaſing Solitude '*Clariſſa*, having her Name changed, and 'ſurrounded with ſtrange Servants, enjoyed 'the Company of Sir *Richard* frequently 'every Day; and he even conſented to let 'her entertain her Confident *Infidelia*, to 'help to paſs away the tedious Time of his 'Abſence; but told her withal, to take care 'ſhe had not Reaſon at laſt to repent of let- 'ting ſuch a one into their Secret: For, if 'he was not miſtaken in the Widow, ſhe 'was not of the Number of thoſe few La- 'dies that poſſeſs the retentive Faculty. 'He would have broken off this Corre- 'ſpondence with other Arguments, but '*Clariſſa* could not evade her Deſtiny: No- 'thing could content her in her Lover's Ab- 'ſence, but the Widow *Infidelia*, who, be- 'ing ſent for, repeated her Advice to puſh 'the Marriage; but, as *Clariſſa* treated it 'with Indifference, expreſſed herſelf fully

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'how to play your own Charms upon the
'Hearts of your Admirers. You don't want
'for Wit: And, I believe, underſtand your

'own Intereſt; therefore, if you have no 'Averſion to my Perſon, 'tis in your Power 'to do what you pleaſe with me. You are 'the Cauſe of my ſending *Clariſſa* into the 'Country; becauſe I would not diſcloſe 'my Mind before ſo troubleſome a Wit-'neſs; who yet deſerves my Eſteem and 'Pity, tho' I can't ſay I love her. Not that 'I am naturally inconſtant, but your ſu-'perior Charms have imperceptibly made 'their Way. It ſhall be your Fault, if we 'are not married this very Night. As I avoid 'the tedious Forms, by which our Sex think 'it neceſſary to engage yours, I beg that 'you will uſe none with me, that relate 'to Miſs *Clariſſa:* That is a tender Point; 'I would not ſo much as remember, that 'there is ſuch a Perſon in the World. 'However I will omit nothing for her E-'ſtabliſhment in the World, as our Secret 'is known to none but yourſelf.'— This 'ſudden Tender of the Knight put the 'Widow to her Reflections. It was of too 'great a Conſequence to be ſlighted, and 'required more Decency, than to be ſtruck 'up at once. She therefore deſired, 'till 'the Morrow Night, to determine; when 'ſhe hoped to have the Honour of his Com-'pany alone at Supper. Sir *Richard* con-'ſented, and next Night, after a well ordered 'Supper, *Infidelia* took him into a little

'Drawing-

'Drawing-Room, and told him in a few 'Words, ſhe was ready to receive the Ho-'nour of what he had offered; that his 'Inconſtancy had held her for ſome Mo-'ments in Suſpence; but as to that ſhe aſ-'ſured herſelf, that religiouſly performing 'her own Duty would oblige his Honour 'to a Tenderneſs in his. That, as his Title 'and Fortune were ſo much ſuperior to 'her Circumſtances, ſhe would not pretend 'to capitulate with him, but left all her 'Intereſt in his Hands, as the beſt, who 'was ſo much her Friend, as to raiſe her to 'a Rank and Fortune ſhe could not with-'out the higheſt Vanity expect. Sir *Rich-'ard* received her Conſent with great Rap-'tures of Joy, and they were immediately 'married and bedded, a Licence and Par-'ſon being prepared that very Day by him 'for that Purpoſe. And theſe are the two 'that made ſo brilliant an Appearance at 'the Opening of the Aſſembly; but, if 'you recollect, diſappeared ſuddenly be-'fore we retired to Cards.

'Poor *Clariſſa* was ſoon informed of this 'Breach of Truſt and Friendſhip in *Infidelia*, 'and of Ingratitude and Unfaithfulneſs in 'the Knight. And the Remainder of her 'Days, I am told, was a continued Scene

'of Horror, Sorrow, and Repentance. 'She died a true Land-mark, to warn all 'believing Virgins from Shipwrecking 'their Honour upon that dangerous Coaſt 'of Rocks, the Vows and pretended Paſ-'ſion of deceitful Man.'

Here Mr. *Allworthy* remarked further, That the Ladies might draw another excellent Leſſon from this Hiſtory. 'It 'teacheth, ſaid he, that no Woman ought 'to introduce another to the Man by whom 'ſhe is loved; if that had not happened, 'it is poſſible Sir *Richard* had not been 'falſe to *Clariſſa*. Thoſe dangerous Inti-'macies diſcover Charms, that are not re-'vealed, but by Converſation. I do not 'ſo much condemn the Knight for caſting 'her off, as for debauching her; one is 'natural and but the Conſequence of the 'other. I ſhould apprehend, that it ſhould 'not be the leaſt Inducement for Ladies to 'preſerve their Honour, that let them be 'never ſo ill uſed by the Perſon that robs 'them of it, by any Art or Pretence what-'ſoever; tho' the World may condemn 'and call him Villain, yet they never pity 'the poor Caſt-away. But, why ſo? Be-'cauſe, as Modeſty is the Principle, the 'Foundation upon which they ought to 'build

'build for Eſteem and Admiration, they 'totter, fall, and are daſhed in Pieces, upon 'the ſtony Land of Contempt, when that 'is once violated, from whence no kind 'Hand can ever be put forth, either to re-'ſcue, or to compaſſionate them. Men 'may regain their Reputations after they 'have been guilty of Cowardice, Robbery, 'Adultery, Bribery, and Murder, or any 'Complication of Vices :—But a Woman, 'who has once departed from the Road of 'Virtue, is made incapable of a Return; Sor-'row within and Scorn without overtake 'her; and, as I ſaid before, the World ſuf-'fers her to periſh loathed and unlamented.' Therefore I will beg Leave to repeat the following Verſes of a very excellent Poet.

The CONCLUSION.

The Mind, when turn'd a-drift, no Rules to guide,
Drives at the Mercy of the Wind and Tide;
Fancy and *Paſſion* toſs it to and fro,
A-while torment, and then quite *ſink* in Woe.
Life ſwarms with Ills, the *Boldeſt* are afraid,
Where then is Safety for a *tender Maid?*
Unfit for Conflict, round beſet with Woes,
And Man, whom leaſt ſhe fears, her worſt of Foes!

When kind, moſt cruel; when oblig'd the moſt,
The leaſt obliging, and by Favours loſt.
Cruel by Nature, they for Kindneſs hate,
And ſcorn the *Maid* for Ills themſelves create.
If on her Fame *our* Sex a Blot has thrown,
'Twill ever ſtick, thro' Malice of her *own.*
Moſt hard! in Pleaſing her chief *Glory* lies;
And yet from Pleaſing her chief *Dangers* riſe.
Then pleaſe the *Beſt*; and know, for Men of Senſe,
Your ſtrongeſt Charms are *native Innocence.*
Arts on the Mind, like *Paint* upon the Face,
Fright him, that's worth your Love, from your Embrace.
In *ſimple* Manners all the Secret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be bleſs'd and wiſe.
Vain *Shew* and *Noiſe* intoxicate the Brain,
Begin with *Giddineſs*, and end in *Pain.*
Affect not *empty* Fame, and *idle* Praiſe,
Which all thoſe———betrays.
The Sex's Glory is to ſhine *unknown*,
Of all Applauſe be fondeſt of *your own.*
Beware the Fever of the *Mind!* that Thirſt
With which this Age is eminently curſt.
To drink of *Pleaſure* but inflames Deſire,
And *Abſtinence* alone can quench the Fire.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF

TOM JONES

THE

FOUNDLING,

IN HIS

MARRIED STATE.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Containing Reflections on Drunkenneſs.

WE are now expecting Mr. *Jones* and his Bride's Arrival at Squire *Weſtern*'s Seat; and to hear of the Manner they are received and entertained

by him, and congratulated by the Gentry in the Neighbourhood: Which, from the Character already given of that Country Squire, and the too common Vice of Drinking, with which the Country Gentlemen indulge themſelves, and in which they ſeem to place the *Index* of their Friendſhip and Regard to the Perſon they can make drunk, upon a Viſit, I apprehend will make it very ſeaſonable here to open the Scene of this Book with the following Reflections.

Nothing is ſo deſireable as Health; and nothing can preſerve it ſo well as Temperance in Eating and Drinking. But I cannot pretend to lay down any determinate Rules for Temperance; becauſe what is Luxury in one, may be no Exceſs in another. One Perſon ſhall drink his Bottle, with leſs Damage to his Conſtitution, than another, his Pint. Every one's own Experience will teach us what Proportions of Food and Liquor do beſt agree with us. But in the Choice of them, as of our Companions alſo, let us prefer that, which contributes moſt to Chearfulneſs and Refreſhment.

At Meals, where the Bottle is plied without being called for; where Humour takes

takes Place of Appetite; and the good Companions are too dull or too merry to know any Enjoyment in their Senſes; ſuch Pleaſure is low and abſurd. The Eaters ſacrifice all their Senſes and Underſtanding to their Appetite; and the Drinkers hurry themſelves out of both, without pleaſeing any Appetite at all.

It is true, that Drinking is ſupported by Cuſtom; but they that judge ſeriouſly, muſt look upon it to be a very bad Cuſtom, from which Debauch it is very common for Events to ariſe, which are fatal, and always ſuch as are diſagreeable to Company. While any Perſon continues under this Oppreſſion of Drink, he is diveſted of the Character of a Friend, a Gentleman, a Maſter, a Subject, and baniſheth himſelf from all that is dear, and gives up all that is ſacred to him. But when we look further into the Conſequences of Drunkenneſs, we muſt acknowledge, that, let a Man be ever ſo well endowed with Reaſon and good Senſe, he is not only expelled out of all the Relations of Life, but is alſo liable to offend againſt them all: His Tongue is apt to utter Things out of meer Gaiety of Heart, which may diſpleaſe his beſt Friends, and give his Enemies a real Advantage o-

ver him: A ſober Man, by the Strength of Reaſon, may ſubdue Vice and Folly: But ſtrong Drink makes every hidden Seed ſprout up in the Soul and ſhew itſelf: It gives Fury to the Paſſions, and Force to thoſe Objects that are apt to produce them: It heightens Indifference into Love; Love into Jealouſy; and Jealouſy into Madneſs: It turns the good-natured Man into an Ideot, and the choleric into an Aſſaſſin: It adds Bitterneſs to Reſentment: It makes Vanity unſupportable, and diſplays every little Spot of the Soul in its utmoſt Deformity, with the greateſt Confuſion.—It has alſo a bad Influence on the Mind of the Perſon, that is devoted to it, even in their ſober Moments:—It inſenſibly weakens the Underſtanding, impairs the Memory, and makes thoſe Faults habitual, which are produced by frequent Exceſſes. Therefore, no Words can expreſs the Terror and Deteſtation we ſhould have of ſuch a Condition, which makes us Slaves to ourſelves, and, of all vicious Perſons, the moſt vicious.

Drunkards think themſelves welcome but by Halves, that are not quite drowned in a Barrel, and ill uſed till their Bodies are turned into Hogſheads, and their Heads into

into Windmills. And they pretend to cover the Miſchief and Iniquity of this Vice, under the ſpecious and deſireable Name of Goodfellowſhip and Breeding. Caution may be overſeen, and Sobriety trapanned by Company into Intemperance. But to gage Breeding by the Barrel, to turn Drinking into an Employment, and the Infamy of Drunkenneſs into a Perfection of human Nature, is very extraordinary. For this is perſuading us to reſcue our Honour from the Imputation of a pretended Vice by committing a real one. This is provoking us, by the Motives of Glory, to actions that degrade a good Man, and force an ill one even to bluſh. This is miſapplying the Notions of Honour and Infamy, and pronouncing the Blemiſhes of Mankind to make up its Beauties. Muſt a Gentleman lie under the Aſperſion of being a bad Neighbour, or ill-bred, who refuſes to drown himſelf or his Gueſt in Claret, Red-Port, or Nappy-Ale? Is not the Remedy ten Times worſe than the Diſeaſe? It is much better to be upbraided for Sobriety, than to be condemned juſtly for Drunkenneſs, which throws us out of our Species, and turns us into Beaſts. For an Example of which, we need look no farther than Squire *Weſtern*'s, where, in the

Space

Space of an Hour, a Dozen Gentlemen commenced Beaſts, and all of different Sorts; there were *Apes*, *Bears*, *Lions*, and *Jackcalls*: Some *roared*, others *yelped*, and others *howled*. In one Corner there was a Quarrel hatching; in another there was making of Love: Here they ſung; there they blaſphemed: They kiſſed in one Place, and boxed in another: In fine, there was a Medley of Farce and Tragedy, of Folly and Madneſs; a Subject for Laughter and Tears. But, when they began to return Home, they played all at Croſs-queſtions; the Poſtilion crept behind the Coach, the Coachman into it, and the Maſter upon the Box. Thus Wine is a Leveller: It either raiſes the Man to the Maſter, or throws down the Maſter to the Man. So true it is here demonſtrated, That, when Reaſon ſleeps, Extravagance breaks looſe: Quality and Peaſantry pig together: And there is no Difference between the Lord and his Footman.

No one ſhould perſuade us, therefore, that the Laws of Breeding or Goodfellowſhip command us to drink away our Health and our Wits for a Frolick. Health is no Nuſance, nor is Reaſon a Burden. If one in the Company has a Deſire for a Cup of Poiſon,

Poiſon, Does Cuſtom, or Breeding, or the Ceremony of Goodfellowſhip, order the reſt to pledge him in the ſame deadly Liquor? Yet Exceſs in Drinking turns the beſt Ale and Wine, *&c.* in the Nation, into Poiſon: for though they do not diſpatch by ſudden Aſſault, as Ratſbane or Arſenic, but by Mine and Siege, their Operation is ſure, and their Malignity is mortal.

The moſt conſpicuous, however, that deſtroy themſelves this Way, are ſuch, as, in their Youth, fall into this Sort of Debauchery through bad Example, or miſtaken Principles, to revive their Spirits lowered by ſome other Exceſs. Theſe take to Tippling, as often as they fall into Company in the Day, and, concluding with down right Drunkenneſs in the Evening, never know the Satisfaction of Youth, but ſkip the Years of Manhood, and are decrepid ſoon after they are of Age according to Law.

Nor can it ever enter the Mind of a rational Man, that any Principle of Friendſhip ſhall oblige him to help a Man to deſtroy his Eſtate, to ſink his Family into Beggary, his Perſon into Contempt, and his Body into Diſeaſes; to doſe his Reaſon, and

and to ſtab both his, and our own Souls. Certainly, no Man dares own this for Kindneſs, who is not already actually drunk. Beſides, we may as well entertain Heat with Cold, as Friendſhip with Drinking.—When Wine flies into the Head, Bottles and Glaſſes frequently fly about the Ears.—When once Reaſon is drowned, Paſſion always ſwims on the Surface.—Moſt Quarrels, that end in Bloodſhed, begin in Wine.

Beſides, Drunkenneſs is a Sin of a very black Dye: It is one of thoſe that ſhuts Heaven's Gate, and opens that of Hell to the Offender. So that could it be proved to be as genteel, as it is clowniſh, that very Conſideration ſhould fright thoſe from its Practice, who do not terminate their Hope or Fear with *Sight* and *Senſe*.—Kindneſs and Goodfellowſhip muſt not take Place of our eternal Welfare; nor Ceremony of our Duty. And if Drunkenneſs be ſo grievous a Sin; Is it none to be acceſſory to it? To invite or perſuade any one to it? Or, muſt a Gentleman be marked with Infamy, becauſe he will not turn himſelf into a Brute, nor ſtoop to the Office of a Tempter? He ſet us a good Example, who ſaid, 'In my Houſe Gueſts 'ſhall never be ſtinted, nor forced.' I leave

'them

'them to their own Diſcretion, and invite 'them to be merry, but not to be mad.' And, in fine, were every Stranger permitted either to fill his Glaſs according to his own Inclination; or to make his Retreat, when he finds he has been ſufficiently obedient to that of others; our Entertainments would be governed with more good Senſe; and, conſequently, with more good Breeding than at preſent is to be found even amongſt thoſe, that pretend moſt to it.

CHAP. II.

A Journal of Occurrences between Saliſbury *and Squire* Weſtern's *Seat in* Somerſetſhire.

ABOUT Ten o'Clock, the Weather favouring, they took their Leave of *Saliſbury*, and after Baiting at *Wilton* Houſe, to view that noble Structure, and to ſatiſfy Curioſity with the Antiquities, Decorations, and Furniture therein, they purſued the Road to *Wells*.

Wilton-Houſe cannot be too much admired. The River *Willy*, in the Front of this Palace, forms itſelf into an inimitable Canal parallel with the Road. And a noble *Alexandrian* Column of Porphyry, curiouſly

riouſly wrought, 32 Feet high, with a marble *Venus* at the Top, repreſents itſelf firſt to the greedy Spectator, at his very Entrance into the Court-yard.

In one of the firſt Rooms, is an admirable Piece of *Chriſt* waſhing the Feet of his Diſciples. At the Foot of the great Stair-caſe, ſtands a *Bacchus*, as large as the Life, carrying a young *Bacchus* on his Arm, eating a Bunch of Grapes, with a chearful Countenance, exquiſitely carved in fine *Peloponneſian* Marble. The Works of the greateſt Maſters cover the Walls of this great geometrical Stair-caſe, which was the firſt of its Kind in *England*; but theſe Paintings are only to be accounted as an Introduction to what is beyond them. The grand Apartment is one of the nobleſt Pieces of Architecture: The Salon is 60 Feet long, 30 high, and 30 broad: And ſuch Variety ſtrikes the Eye on every Side, that it puzzles the tranſient Viſitor which Way to turn for the moſt delightful Entertainment. On this Side, he meets with a Chain of Rooms filled with Paintings, ſo curious and various, as to invite his longer Continuance; and the *Greek* and *Roman* Antiquities, which fill the other Apartments, call off the Attention to admire their Beauty. In one

End

End of the grand Room, is the celebrated Family-picture by *Vandyke*, 20 Feet long, and 12 high, containing 13 Figures as big as Life, which appear to be ſo many real Perſons, rather than the Production of Art: And all the other Pictures there are by the ſame incomparable Hand. And from this fine Range of Beauties the giddy Spectators paſſes into three or four Rooms upon the ſame Floor filled with Wonders. Nothing can exceed the Workmanſhip of the marble Chimney-pieces, all carved in *Italy*: Statues of different Sorts, Baſſo-relievo's, and Pictures of the moſt famous Maſters, fill moſt of the Apartments. The Collection of Head-pieces, Coats of Mail, and other Armour for both Horſe and Men, are alſo a Curioſity; amongſt which are ſhewn thoſe of *Henry* VIII, *Edward* VI, and of the Earl of *Pembroke*, nick-named *Black Jack*, very curious and emboſſed. The *Loggio* in the *Bowling-green*, whoſe Pillars are beautifully ruſticated, and inriched with Niches and Statues: The *Grotto*, whoſe Front is curiouſly carved without, and lined with Marble, ſupported with black *Ionic* Pillars, with Capitals of white Marble, and four fine Baſſo-relievo's from *Florence*: The very Stables and other Offices, are all Beauties in their Kind, which would tire Deſcription;

ſcription; not to mention the Garden-front 194 Feet long, and juſtly eſteemed one of the beſt Pieces of the renowned *Inigo Jones*.

From this moſt pleaſant and delightful Palace, Mr. *Allworthy* ordered the Coachman to reſume his Courſe, and make the beſt of his Way to——, where they intended to dine. Here they met with a Gentleman in his Way to *Bath*; having ſtrolled a little out of the *London* Road to viſit *Glaſtenbury*, and regale himſelf with the Air and Curioſities both in Art and Nature within the Verge of *Saliſbury-Plane*. His Addreſs preſently recommended him to the Eſquire, and gained him Admiſſion into his Company at Dinner. The Stranger was ſoon diſcovered to be a *Clergyman* of a ſmall temporal Eſtate, and a Batchelor, who had for many Years expected the Favours of the Great, and ſpent both his Money and Health, as well as his Time, in Purſuit of ſome Eccleſiaſtical Preferment, to which he, at laſt, was convinced, that his Learning and Sincerity were unſurmountable Obſtacles, and had therefore reſolved to retire, and ſpend the reſt of his Days in Solitude, and the Enquiry into the natural Advantages, Curioſities, and Manufactures of his native Country; having, in

in his younger Years, travelled over the greateſt Part of *Europe*, and peeped into the Beauties of the *Eaſt*.

Mr. *Allworthy* underſtanding, alſo, that he was lately come from Court, enquired, *What News?* Mr. *Leonard*, for that was the Clergyman's Name, replied, 'That 'there was nothing new from Abroad: 'And that the Report of an approach-'ing Peace was confirmed, by the Arri-'val of an Agent from *S——n*, and an-'other from *F——ce*. To which, he 'added, I believe his Majeſty, for the 'Good of his Subjects, is not averſe: 'Who, could he judge all Things with 'his own Eyes and Ears, would certainly 'direct them with Impartiality and Juſtice. 'But, alas! what Defence is there againſt 'the Corruption of Favourites, and the 'By-intereſts of Miniſters? It is too com-'mon to hear the Vulgar rave againſt the 'King for the Grievances brought upon the 'Nation: Yet we know it is wrong to 'charge Majeſty, in the Groſs, with ſuch 'Imputations. 'Tis impoſſible a Prince 'can come to the Knowledge of Things 'but by Repreſentation; and they are al-'ways repreſented according to the Senſe 'of the Repreſenter, who may be prompt-

'ed

'ed to by Avarice, Hatred, a Desire of 'Revenge, Pride, Ambition, or Favour: 'Nor is it possible to avoid it. For, if the 'Prince be like him upon the Throne, a 'good Man, he is far from suspecting the 'Veracity of those who never shew him a-'ny but their fair Side. He cannot dive into 'the Heart of Man: He must trust to Ap-'pearances; and yet there are but few ho-'nest Men about the Persons of Princes. 'None serve at Court, but with a Prospect 'of making, advancing, or preserving their 'Fortune at the Expence of their Sincerity. For which End, I have observed 'that the Atheist, persuaded of the Amiableness of Religion and Virtue, affects Piety; the Debauchee becomes regular; 'the Covetous and Revengeful grow generous and calm; the most Choleric trims 'his Mouth and Cheeks with Smiles. Therefore, till there can be found upright Ministers, and disinterested Favourites, it 'is no Wonder a Prince should be deceived 'by Misrepresentations: Nor can he be 'blamed for being deceived by them; any 'more than another Man; nor, indeed, 'so much, as there is greater Art made 'Use of to betray his Interest.' And——

Mr.

Mr. *Allworthy*, interrupting him, ſaid, Sir, I perceive you have been well acquainted at Court. Pray oblige us with an impartial Deſcription of thoſe that bear the greateſt Sway in it. 'Truly, Sir, replied 'Mr. *Leonard*, according to the beſt Ob-'ſervations I have been able to make, I 'will deſcribe them to you in an Allegory. 'Upon extraordinary Occaſions, ſuch as 'at Councils, Audiences, Times of great 'Feſtivals, Collar-days, you would think 'that *Religion* was the Baſis, and *Virtue* 'the Guide of every Action. This beauti-'ful Appearance, adorned with every 'Thing that is ſplendid and raviſhing, en-'gages the Attention of the Public, and 'deceives the Ignorant with the Aſſiſtance 'of *Artifice* and *Flattery* under the Direc-'tion of *Hypocriſy*, who keeps all under 'her Charge in exact *Decorum*, after Vir-'tue and Religion are locked up in her 'own Apartment, which is never o-'pened, but to ſtrengthen the Intereſt 'of Deceit. The reigning *Favourite* is 'the *God of Riches* ſet upon a ſhining 'Altar within an *Alcove*, to which the 'whole Tribe of Courtiers and their 'Followers pay their eternal Homage; 'kneeling upon the Steps, which are 'ſupported with the genuine Figures of

Corrup-

'*Corruption* and *Bribery*, adorned with Jewels, Purſes of Gold, Bank-bills, and *India* Stock. And behind, at a little Diſtance, you may behold a long Train of Merchants, Contractors, and Artificers, with Bills in one Hand, and Rewards in the other, to pay for the Signing and Diſpatch of thoſe Bills. On each Side of the Altar lie Heaps of Petitions for Employments and Commiſſions, with their Bribes, diſpoſed in very regular and decent Order: For not any one is found ſo weak as to pretend to Preferment without a valuable Conſideration: A Vice become ſo modiſh, that a late R—t Rev. P——e of *L*—— could not be made ſenſible by a D—cr—e in *C*——*y*, that a poor Curate in his Dioceſe was intitled to Mr. *P—t—re*'s Annuity for unbeneficed Curates, till his Secretary *P*—— had ſqueezed 20 *l.* out of him, beſides two Years Sollicitation, Expences, and Loſs of Time.'

'I might now lead you to the *Council-Board* and the *Senate-Houſe*: But I doubt not of your Knowledge of every Thing that has happened there, and of their Foundation, Inſtitution, real and preſent Intereſts; and the Reaſons why a Seat

'Seat or Place of no apparent Profit ſhould 'have ſo much Money expended at an E-'lection in the Purſuit of it.—Ladies, I 'beg your Pardon:—But is it not very 'groteſque to ſee a young *Beau*, riſing hot 'from the Embraces of a *Venus*, kiſſing all 'the old Women in a Country Borough, by 'way of Introduction for the Acceptance 'of a more ſubſtantial Token, to be paid 'to ſome Relation for their Vote!

'I could alſo inform you of the *Arſenal*, 'and *Stores*, and the whole Management of 'thoſe that preſide over the *Marine* Affairs; 'and point out the Abuſes and unheeded 'Detection thereof; and from thence 'conduct you to the Army, into the very 'Tents, and report to you how much the 'General has done, and how much might 'be done: Shew you the Intereſts and In-'clination of the Officer, the Wretchedneſs 'of the Soldier, and the Debauchery of the 'Whole; their inceſſant Endeavours to 'prolong the War; their Arts to prevent 'or retard a Peace, becauſe it muſt level 'the Power of ſome, and annihilate the ex-'orbitant Expence of the Whole: But 'theſe Things are too public to want my 'Remonſtrance, would Time and your Pa-'tience permit me to enter into a parti-

'cular Detail of them; which at Preſent 'puts us in Mind to continue our reſpec-'tive Journies.—Converſation ſweetly be-'guiles the Time.'

The Ladies, who had withdrawn a while, returned with Information that the Coach waited. Mr. *Allworthy* gave this agreeable Stranger an Invitation to his Houſe, ſhould it ſuit him to viſit that Part of *Somerſet-ſhire*; and taking his Leave proceeded, till Night overtook 'em. *Cinthia* mounted her Car, and took the Reins of Night to adminiſter to the World in the Abſence of her Brother, before they arrived at *Wells*; and in the Morning the Hoſteſs informed the Ladies that the whole City were ſtirring, and expecting the Time of leading a Criminal from the Priſon to Execution; and deſired their Company to ſee the ſame from her Balcony. Mrs. *Jones*, whoſe tender Compaſſion entered ſo deep as to ſhew an extreme Fondneſs for a little Bird, (See Vol. I. Book iv. c. 3.) thanked her for her Compliment; and could not refrain from blaming the Fierceneſs of their Nature, who took Pleaſure in ſuch terrible Objects. What barbarous Soul, ſays ſhe, can find Diverſion in ſuch a Proſpect? However, we ſhall go preſently to Breakfaſt, and then it may oblige us all to unriddle to us the Cauſe of this Execution. Being

Being ſet to Breakfaſt, the Landlady entertained her Gueſts with the Hiſtory of the Perſon to be carried out to Execution: 'She 'is a young Woman of a good Family, not 'many Miles off, who fell in Love with a 'Soldier quartered near her Father's Houſe, 'and permitted him to abuſe her. Ay, 'marry! theſe Zoldiers are the perfect 'Bane of all Country-Gentlewomen: their 'fine Words and their fine Cloaths bear 'down all before 'um: they never go to 'Church nor Meeting to pray to God; not 'they zure; that's the leaſt of their Buſi-'neſs: they mind *Ogling* (as they call it) 'the Madams, inſtead of minding the Mi-'niſter. Their firſt Enquiry, after the 'Quarters are ſettled, is to get a Liſt of all 'the Volks in the Pariſh, and then to Work 'they go; they ſhave, they powder, and 'on goes the Blue or the Scarlet every Day. 'They ſquander away a Month's Pay in 'one Night at Balls and Cards, when they 'had much better be in their Beds, and 'forecaſting how to pay their Debts: But 'no Matter for that, we, that are plagued 'with 'um, know that they never trouble 'their Heads about it. Ads me! if I was 'a Gentlewoman's Father, or Mother, and 'had Daughters, they ſhould as ſoon eat

'the Fire as come near one of thoſe *Red-*
'*Coats.* They can all zing, forſooth;
'wanton Ditties is all they mind; and a
'great many of 'em can *toot, toot, toot,* it
'upon a Pipe; they have another Name
'for it, but the Thing is the ſame, and
'you know my Meaning; and this raviſhes
'the young Gentlewoman's Ears. Then
'they can con over Plays, and make dying
'Love Speeches, that poiſon young Hearts,
'and cut ſuch Capers as diſtract the de-
'ſpairing Maidens. This, with a great
'Stock of Impudence and Inhumanity, is
'their whole Eſtate. For had you the
'Opportunity to look into their Portman-
'teaus, as I often have, there's nothing bet-
'ter, except their Regimentals, in 'um,
'than a dirty Morning Gown; two or
'three pair of Sleeves; four old Shirts at the
'moſt; and as many Neck-cloths or Stocks.
'Fine they muſt be, forſooth, but worn,
'with often Waſhing, as thin as a Cobweb;
'for, fall out what will, they muſt have a
'clean Shirt every Day. Then they kiſs
'and compliment our Country-Milliners
'to truſt 'um with Sword-Knots, clean
'Gloves, *&c.* and thus equipped they ſingle
'out ſome Fortune to their Fancy, and
'never will be denied.

'Now

'Now the poor miſerable Creature that's 'going to be hanged was a young Gentle-'woman of 5000*l.* Fortune. Her Mother, 'in God's Mercy, was dead before this Miſ-'fortune came to the Family. She could 'read Romances (*Romances* I think you 'call 'um) and Plays, and was allowed to 'be as notable a Wit as any one's Child 'in a great Way of hur, let the other be 'who ſhe would. But hur Vather was an 'old Curmudgeonly Cur, and would never 'let her zee the World, nor give hur any 'of hur Portion 'till he died, or ſhe mar-'ried to his Liking; but yet he ne'er looked 'out for a Huſband for hur. Whereas 'my Mind gives me, that if he had but 'let hur go into fine Company (as other 'brave Ladies do) ſhe would not have 'thought a ranting Officer ſuch a *God-a-'mighty*. The young Squire, hur Brother, 'is as complete a Man (tho' I ſay it) as 'any the Sun e'er ſhone upon. But he was 'gone beyond Zeas to learn their *Linguo*, 'when this Rogue of a red and blue Coat 'courted her, or elſe he had never got 'his Will of her: he would 'ave watched his 'Vaters for him to zome Purpoſe: he's 'afraid of ne'er an Officer of 'um all. But 'more's the Pity, poor Gentlewoman, it

'was not hur good Luck. The Rogue 'would not marry hur; becauſe he knew 'hur Vather would not give hur a Groat 'with him: but he ſpoke hur ſo fair, 'that ſhe had him let in at Nights at the 'back Gate in the Garden, and carried up 'to the Chamber. I knew all the Intrigue '(poor Soul!) you could not have lit up- 'on one that could tell you better. He ſo 'bepraiſed hur, and inveigled hur, that 'the ſhort and the long on't is, in down- 'right Terms, he robbed hur of hur Maiden- 'head, and left hur nothing for it but a 'big Belly. However, ſhe being zuch a 'vaſt Gentleman's Daughter, this paſſed on, 'and no body thought any zuch Thing of 'hur; at laſt our Officer wanted to be gone, 'and go he did. The Company marched 'away; but left, it is not known, how many 'unborn Baſtards behind them.— A fine 'Charge for us poor Houſe-keepers, that 'pay Taxes; when they come upon the 'Pariſh, to be maintained! I heard my 'Huſband ſay, it will half beggar honeſt 'Volks—But Joy go with 'um: I'll pay 'for their Baſtards with all my Heart, ſo 'they do never come again.— For, from 'the higheſt to the loweſt, a young Girl 'could not go about her Buſineſs, they 'would ſo kiſs and teaſe her.— I, for zure,

'this

'this poor unfortunate Lady cried hur
'Belly-full, when her louſy Cockade Fellow
'marched off with Beat of Drum. Tho'
'I know no more than as I gueſs: only
'this I know that the Squire arrived from
'his Travels, juſt as ſhe was at hur Time.
'He was hugely fond of his Siſter; ſhe
'fell into Labour, when he was in the
'Room with hur, but had provided no
'verſal Thing for the Child. She told
'her Brother, that ſhe was tormented with
'the Tooth-ach, and wanted to go to
'Bed. His Chamber was next to hur's:
'away he went, and to it ſhe goes: a
'woeful Scene! Pain after Pain: Tear af-
'ter Tear: Cry after Cry. Her Brother
'wondered what was the Matter: knocked
'twice at the Door; but ſhe pretending
'to be in hur Shift, and mad with the
'Tooth-ach, refuſed to let him in. He
'might have ſet all Night: He is good
'Nature; and would certainly have for-
'given hur, covered hur Shame, and taken
'Care of the Infant. But hur Fortune was
'to be hanged.— Well, to Bed ſhe goes,
'and, after a few more Labour Pains, ſhe is
'delivered alone by hurſelf of a brave Boy.
'But, leſt he ſhould cry, ſhe tore out his
'Bowels in the Birth. 'Twas the Lord's
'Mercy ſhe did not murder hurſelf by it.

'But zuch 'ave beſt Luck. An honeſt 'Woman can ſcarce be brought to Bed 'without a Midwife.—Well, up ſhe wraps 'Child and Bowels, and all together, in one 'of her Gowns, and to Bed ſhe goes. In 'the Morning ſhe rings for *Abigail*, her 'Chamber-maid, and complained of a vi-'olent Fit of the Vapours; orders hur to 'bring hur a little Plague-Water, and, after 'a great many Good-morrows and round 'about Stories, makes *Abigail* a Preſent of 'an old Gown and Petticoat, and then 'after bidding hur ſwear for to be true, 'and not tell what ſhe was going to truſt 'hur with, told hur all about it, only con-'cealing hur Part of the Murder; and 'begged hur to carry the Corps, and lay 'it in an old uſeleſs Leaden-Gutter at the 'Top of the Houſe, till ſhe ſhould be able 'to dig a Grave for it; for *Abigail* ſaid, 'ſhe durſt not do it alone.

'The Maid with much Fear and Trem-'bling did as ſhe was directed: but in two 'or three Days was pricked in Conſcience, 'or, it may be, like a right Chamber-maid, '*Abigail*, not able to contain the Secret any 'longer, opened the whole Affair to *Doll* 'the Dairy-maid, hur Bedfellow. And af-'ter this they both fancied that, when they

'were

'were a Bed at Nights, a cold little Hand 'ſtroked 'um over their Faces; and ſo 'corrupted one another with theſe Figua-'ries, that at laſt they believed, nay, and 'ſwore to it, that the Child *walked*; who, 'if it had been alive, we all know, could 'not yet have ſtood. Well, but this *In-'fant-Ghoſt* frighted 'um out of their Wits: 'yet the Girls loved their Miſtreſs ſo much, 'that, as they had no Suſpicion of Murder, 'they reſolved not to diſgrace hur. But '*Doll* having a Sweet-Heart, one *Tonſor*, 'as honeſt a Barber as ever lived, ſhe opened 'hur Mind to him, who preſently ſmelt a 'Rat, and takes the firſt Opportunity to 'lodge an Information againſt the young 'Lady, according to the Account he had 'received from *Doll*. The Magiſtrate, be-'fore whom *Tonſor* gave the Information, 'hated the young Lady's Father mortally; 'granted a Warrant, ſearched the Houſe, 'and found the Child; ſhe was ſecured, 'tried for hur Life, condemned for wilful 'Murder, and is now going to Execution. 'I wiſh ſhe may be reprieved, I mean par-'doned; and the Rogue that deceived hur 'be hanged.—She was a handſome Gentle-'woman, and I wiſh all young Women 'may take Warning by hur Misfortune!'

The Landlady having done, ſhe received

the Thanks of the Company and retired. And the Dread of falling in with the Executioners made 'em order the Coach with the utmoſt Expedition: ſo that they left *Wells* by Nine o'Clock.

CHAP. III.

What paſſed after the Leaving of the City of Wells, *with Reflections on the foregoing Chapter.*

WHEN Mr. *Allworthy* found 'emſelves quite clear of the Multitude, and the Noiſe of the Town, he began with ſome Reflections on the ſad Subject above recited: 'I am tenderly touched, ſaid he, 'at the Misfortune of this young unhappy 'Gentlewoman. Her Fault certainly can 'admit of no Excuſe: it ought to be de'teſted and avoided. But does it not ſe'verely retort itſelf upon her Parents, who 'gave her ſo careleſs an Education. Young 'Maids of Faſhion cannot be watched with 'too much Delicacy: their *Complexions* and '*Conſtitutions* ought to be conſidered: the 'more *Amorous* ſhould be denied all Height'enings of the Paſſions; I would exclude 'from their Cloſets all Opera's, luſcious 'Romances, and Books of Love; and I 'would

'would interdict all endearing Intimacies 'and private Converſations with the neareſt 'Relations; leſt the *Sex* prevails, and too 'much Leiſure gives 'em Opportunity to 'exert their Temper. Not that I would 'adviſe an involuntary Celibacy: for where 'there appears a natural amorous Impa-'tience, I would propoſe an early Marriage 'as the beſt and moſt effectual Cure. Again, 'I have often remarked that an unwary 'Virgin is betrayed and ſold by the Neceſ-'ſities of thoſe about her: or her Tem-'per is ſoured, and turned averſe by the 'crabbed, diſobliging, ill-timed Severity of 'an undiſtinguiſhed Governeſs, who is ſo 'ignorant to believe that the ALL of *Edu-'cation* conſiſts in outward Behaviour, and 'a *modiſh* Carriage of the Perſon; whilſt 'the much more *noble Part*, the uncultі-'vated Mind, remains forgotten, or ne-'glected.'

About Two o'Clock the ſame Day they arrived and dined at my Lord *B——n*'s, where Mr. *Allworthy* and Nephew *Jones* and his Lady took their Leave of Madams *Conſtantia* and *Tereſa*: and in about two Hours after were met on the Road by Squire *Weſtern* and a numerous Retinue of Country Gentlemen and Farmers in that

Neighbourhood, exceedingly rejoiced at the News of Mr. *Jones*'s good Fortune. The whole Country through which they passed seemed to keep Holiday; and the new married Couple were conducted Home through the constant Acclamations and Prayers of the inferior People for their long Life and Prosperity, whose natural Dispositions to do Good had so early distinguished themselves on all Occasions.

The Gentlemen, having paid their Compliments to Mr. *Jones* and his Lady, ranged themselves in Order, and rid before the Coach: upon which Mr. *Allworthy*, observing his Neighbour *Shipton* amongst the foremost of them, bid his Nephew take particular Care to have no Conversation, or at least no Familiarities with him: 'For, says 'he, who ever would draw a true Resem-'blance of this Gentleman, ought to have 'more Skill in Painting than I have, his 'Person excepted: there it is easy to re-'present him; but his Mind is a Compli-'cation of *seeming* Good and *real* Evil, and 'impenetrable. He lends the Clew to 'none: there is no searching the Recesses of 'his Breast. He is extremely covetous; 'and so jealous, that he imagines all the 'World has Designs upon him; and, even

'when

'when he receives good Offices, he knows
'not how to think they are done him.
'Animated by Self-Intereſt only, he be-
'lieves it the leading Principle of Man-
'kind. He ſuſpects, he doubts, he objects,
'and he does all Things neceſſary to be-
'ſpeak his Diffidence; and, reſolving never
'to be deceived, he never truſts. I am
'much ſurprized to ſee him upon this Oc-
'caſion, for I am certain that the Joys of
'Friendſhip are none to him. I have in-
'deed heard him talk of it, as a nice Piece
'of Speculation; but he looks upon it as
'a mere Fiction of the Poets, a Dream, an
'idle Rapture, a Heaven in Imagination,
'and nothing more: yet he affects a Man-
'ner ſo ſincere and open in Appearance,
'that the moſt wary are deceived by him:
'they believe, he may be a Friend, till, by
'melancholy Proof convinced, they are
'forced to acknowledge that he is un-
'fathomable, ungrateful, and jealous above
'all Comprehenſion. This unhappy ſuſpi-
'cious Temper, joined to the greateſt Self-
'Intereſt, that ever Man was Maſter
'of, has made him *wicked*, and put
'him upon adopting into his Thoughts
'and Diſcourſe thoſe Opinions, which
'deſtroy all Religion and Virtue, and

'conclude

'conclude this *World* to be the ALL of *Life* 'we ever are to enjoy. By which Argu- 'ments he tries to fortify himſelf in Miſ- 'chief, and would perſuade himſelf to 'purſue the Dictates of Nature, without 'Fear of God or Man. Thus, tho' he 'ſometimes boaſts of his Learning, and 'ſtudious Reading of the ancient Philoſo- 'phers, I am well aſſured his Object is 'not to acquire Knowledge, and to imi- 'tate Virtue, but a Deſire to ſet his Con- 'ſcience at Reſt, as to what Latitude he 'may venture to give his Paſſions. And, 'confirmed in Ill, he heſitates at nothing 'that may advance his Intereſt or his 'Pleaſures; yet are his Pleaſures always 'ſubſervient to his Intereſt, and the De- 'light he takes in Money. His Conver- 'ſation is ſoft and obliging, till his Deſigns 'have taken Effect; then no body can be 'more poſitive, arbitrary, and ſplenetic to 'thoſe over whom he has an Aſcendant. 'In ſhort, he has two Manners ſo wonderful- 'ly different, that, in being thoroughly ac- 'quainted with him, you are acquainted 'with two Perſons of as oppoſite Tempers, 'as poſſible. And therefore I require a Pro- 'miſe from you never to admit him to 'your Friendſhip, and to pay him no fur-

'ther

'ther Regard than as Civility obliges you 'to every Stranger in their Degree of 'Life.'

CHAP. IV.

A few remarkable Characters, *and uſeful* Hints *to the* Beau-monde.

THE whole Country rung with the Arrival of the new married Couple: and the Acquaintance of both Families ſtrove to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their complimental Viſits. In this promiſcuous Concourſe of Gentlemen and Ladies, the curious Spectator had enough to employ his Obſervation, both in regard to *Dreſs* and *Behaviour*.

The very Occaſion inſpired all the Youngſters with a Deſire to captivate ſome Heart, and the Seniors affected the Air of what they had been, on the like Occaſions. Many of whom, ſenſible of the great Decay of Nature, endeavoured to ſupply the Want of Fire within by gawdy Cloaths, that beſt ſuited a recruiting Officer or a *Buskin* Prince and Princeſs, without reflecting that a modeſt and prudent Perſon will never attempt

attempt to catch the Sight with any Care of Dreſs; the outward Garb is but the Emblem of the Mind, genteel, plain, unaffected; we know that Gold and Embroidery can add nothing to the Opinion, which our Merit deſerves, and that we give a Luſtre to the plaineſt Dreſs; whilſt it is impoſſible the richeſt ſhould communicate any to our Perſon or Behaviour. Old Age adorned with ſweetneſs of Temper, and a Gravity in Dreſs, and refraining from ludicrous and luſcious Jeſts and Speeches, will always demand Reſpect from the younger Branches, and recommend us to the diſcreet Part of Mankind: for, tho' ſuch a one is not the gayeſt, he is ſtill the principal Figure in an Aſſembly: he firſt engages our Eye, as if there were ſome Point of Light, which ſhone ſtronger upon him, than on any other Perſon in his Preſence. But little Follies in Dreſs (which were very conſpicuous on this Occaſion) lead to greater Evils: and the bearing to be laughed at, for ſuch Singularities, teacheth us inſenſibly an impertinent Fortitude, and enables us to bear public Cenſure for Things, which are beneath our Station and Years to be guilty of; which diſcredit our Virtues and Capacities, and unqualify us from doing any Good in Life: beſides, the giving into uncommon

common or unbecoming Habits or Dreſs indicates a Want of that humble Deference, which is due to Mankind, and a ſecret Flaw in the Underſtanding of the Perſon, who is guilty of ſuch a Miſconduct; of all which the following Characters will furniſh you with Examples to be avoided.

Amongſt the firſt, that came to congratulate the happy Pair, was Miſs *Celebris*, a Toaſt 62 Years of Age, who divides her whole Time between her Milliner, Mantua-maker, and Dreſſing Woman. She diſguiſed herſelf with a large Hoop, a flowered Stomacher, an embroidered Gown, Patches, a curled Tate, Jewels, a back Head-dreſs, and an undecent Pair of Stays; making Age ridiculous with the flaunting Airs of her Youth, and vainly ſuppoſing that fine Cloaths and faſhionable Dreſſes can hide the Imperfections and Decays of Nature. This Lady, who for many Years had ſerved for a Pattern of the Faſhions to the reſt of her Sex in the Weſt, was accompanied by a very pretty young Miſs of fifteen, who, by her Dictates had incloſed herſelf in ſuch an enormous Concave, or Hoop-petticoat, that ſhe waddled up and down like a big-bellied Woman, and appeared ſo bloated as to give an evil World Room enough to queſtion

queſtion her Innocence; and the more ſo, when, looking a little higher, ſhe ſupplied them with further Proof to confirm their Suſpicion, by expoſing the Beauties of her naked Boſom, under the ſlight Covering of a Tucker. A Cuſtom, which cannot in any wiſe raiſe her Eſteem amongſt the Virtuous and Sincere, but will certainly expoſe her to the Temptations of the Vicious, and to the Malignity of wicked Tongues, tho' ſhe be ever ſo innocent. Not that I would deny young Ladies the Advantages of a becoming Dreſs, or a prudent Uſe of faſhionable Changes in their Cloaths: She muſt be allowed to deſerve all the Ornaments that Nature and Art can furniſh her with: but yet permit me to add that the fair Sex, in themſelves, are ſuch a perfect Work of Nature, that it is impoſſible for them to add any thing that can be more ornamental to what they already enjoy. An indifferent Face and Perſon, kept in perpetual Neatneſs, will always attract a Number of Admirers.

However, theſe Ladies abovementioned, as they can plead Cuſtom for their Dreſs, are much leſs culpable, in my Opinion, where the Intention is innocent, than that *frenchified* Lady who came galloping into the

the Court-yard, in a black Cap and Feather, a Riding Coat, and a Peruke, or, at leaſt, with her Hair tied up, in Imitation of the ſmart Part of Mankind. A Dreſs much unbecoming the fair Sex, and which can in no wiſe add to their Beauty; nor ſmite more effectually their Male Beholders. For, let thoſe Ladies conſider, whether Men are not more likely to be ſtruck by a Figure *entirely Female*, than by ſuch a one as Men may ſee every Day in their own Glaſſes: or, if they pleaſe, let them reflect upon their own Hearts, and think how they would be affected, ſhould they meet a Man on Horſe-back, in his Breeches and Jack-boots, at the ſame Time dreſſed up in a round-eared Cap, and a ſhort Cloak. They that love *French* Faſhions ſhould always reflect, before they take them up, how far an *Engliſh* Woman may venture herſelf in a foreign Dreſs with Advantage: for, as Livelineſs and Aſſurance are in a peculiar Manner the Qualifications of the *French*, the ſame Habits and Cuſtoms will not give the ſame Offence to that People which they produce amongſt us. The diſtinguiſhing Character of *Engliſh* Women is *Modeſty*; but the *French* diſtinguiſh themſelves by *Vivacity*. And when this our *National Virtue* appears in that Female Beauty, for which

which *Engliſh* Ladies are celebrated, above all others in the Univerſe, it makes up the moſt amiable Object in the Eye of Man.

Amongſt the Gentlemen, who could be ſo diſagreeable as Mr. *Green-head!* He is great Grandſon to one, who rode Admiral at Sea with 2000 *l. per Ann.* This is the Foundation of his Family, yet it was remarked this Youngſter's Diſcourſe was perpetually on the Subject of his Family; he was continually flinging the Regiſter of his Genealogy on the Table. Which is highly fulſome and ungenteel, and ſhewed that he was big with Conceit, and more obliged to his Anceſtors for his Blood than for his Wit. The wiſe Man will never rake in the Aſhes of the Dead, to diſturb their Memory by Vanity. He will adopt their Virtues, by Imitation and Practice, but have a Care of their Vices.

The young Officer that carried Fire in his Eyes, and at every Word ſeemed to threaten Vengeance to the Perſon that durſt be ſo bold as to interrupt him, is to be extremely condemned for his childiſh and mean Rhetoric on his own Performances. He was continually haranguing upon the Exploits and Services he has done. I did this,

this, ſaid he, at the Battle of *Dettingen*, and this at the Battle of *Fontenoy*; and, had I not ſeized on ſuch a Poſt at *Culloden*, the Army had been in Danger; as if his ſmall Brigade alone had defeated the Deſigns of the Enemy.— The Company, who preſently ſaw he was too ambitious of Praiſe to deſerve any, denied him the Reputation, which he begged ſo largely; and he will ever be numbered amongſt the Fops; to teach us to deſerve Panegyric, but not to play the Orator ourſelves. Though our Skill, our Courage, our Conduct, and our Valour are well approved, we may loſe at Table the Glory won in the Field, and talk away, in Winter Quarters, the Honour we have purchaſed in a whole Campaign. Deep Rivers move with ſilent Majeſty; ſhallow Brooks alone make a Noiſe and Tumult among Pebbles.

What could be more odious than to hear old Mr. *Roberts* borne down with Age and the Infirmities of his Youth, and ſcarce able to creep from his Coach to the Parlour, lard his Diſcourſe with Oaths and Imprecations? When he firſt met Mr. *Jones*, his Salute was, *Damn ye*, Tom, *I am glad to ſee thee.* Is not this a quaint Salutation? Firſt to pack a Man away to Hell,

Hell, and then proteſt he is glad to ſee him there ſo conveniently lodged: Certainly this old Man, who has one Foot already in the Grave, muſt imagine that there is great Hopes of Promotion in Hell, or he would never recommend his Friends to be damned. Nor is it any Excuſe to ſay this and ſuch like Compliments are Marks of *Engliſh* Familiarity, or Words without a Meaning. For, though it muſt be confeſſed, that, to deliver an old Acquaintance over to *Satan*, without aſking his Conſent to the Conveyance, is Freedom with a Vengeance; yet, at which End of the Compliment ſhall we find the Kindneſs? And, though they may ſtand for Cyphers in *England*, it is to be feared, they will purchaſe eternal Torments in Hell, the State of the damned.

None, however, deſerves more Pity than the young Gentleman, as they call him; though I confeſs he looked more like a Porter, who came along with Mr. —— He is the Son of a late Lord Mayor of *London*, who, by his honeſt Induſtry, gathered a great Eſtate; but was ſo imprudent as to bring his Children up in *France*; by which they loſt the Virtues of their Forefathers, and came Home, at his Death, brim-

brim-full of the Vices imbibed by a foreign Education. He has neither Wit, Judgment, nor Behaviour. He aſſumes the Character of Quality, with too great an Air of Haughtineſs; and degrades his Station by keeping too mean Company. And as if his Qualifications were to be ſought for on his Back, and not in his Head, he ranſacks every Mercer's Shop for the Matter, and conſults the whole Company of Taylors, for the Form of his Cloaths. But he is a living Example, that, though fine Feathers make fine Birds, yet ſurely gaudy Trappings cannot make fine Gentlemen. The Meanneſs of the Soul will tarniſh the Ornaments of the Body; eſpecially when theſe Ornaments are of more Value, than our Station and Purſe can ſupport: Therefore the Maxim is deſerving our Attention, which bids us be neat without Gaudineſs, and genteel without Affectation. And the Taylor muſt take Meaſure both of our Purſe and our Quality, as well as of our Perſon: For a Suit, that fits the Character, is more faſhionable than that which ſits well on the Body. Though we uſe both Shops and Taylors, we ought to depend upon neither; nor build our Reputation on Silks, nor our Worth on Stuffs, which are the Excrements of poor Animals. But we ſhould dreſs ourſelves with good Humour,

mour, a fine Behaviour, and a noble Diſpoſition; and we ſhall keep the Mob at a Diſtance: Whereas they that imagine they can dazzle Men into Reſpect, merely with Scarlet and Gold-Lace, will fall ſhort of their Expectations.

CHAP. V.

The prudent Conduct of Mr. Jones, *in the Management of his Eſtate.*

THE Compliments of Felicitation being repaid to his Neighbours, Mr. *Jones*, by the diſcreet Advice of his Uncle, applied himſelf diligently to the Management and Improvement of that Part of his Eſtate, which Squire *Weſtern* and Mr. *Allworthy* had agreed to make over to him already.

He now began ſeriouſly to apply the good Admonitions and Receipts of his wife and tender Uncle; and to practiſe his Example, who avoided both the Vice of Covetouſneſs and Prodigality. He had always a Pleaſure in doing Good; and, now God had put it more in his Power, he ſet about making a Proviſion for enlarging his

his Beneficence, by preſerving a juſt Œconomy and ſplendid Frugality at Home.

He had been gay, but never vicious; he had fallen into ſeveral youthful Sallies, but his Inclinations were virtuous: He had kept much Company, but had eſcaped their Temptations. And being now ſo happily ſettled with the Wife of his Affections, and to the univerſal Satisfaction of the Parents on both Sides, he reſolves once for all to copy after the amiable Life of Mr. *Allworthy*, who had always refrained from the Vices of Country Gentlemen; and, with Aſtoniſhment that Drinking ſhould be their darling Pleaſure, endeavoured to improve his Senſes in a more particular Manner, in the Midſt of a Variety of beauteous Objects, which Nature produceth for Man's Entertainment in the Country, and not to help them to murder their Reaſon, nor adulterate the true Taſte of Society, which is all we have above Beaſts. He is now thoroughly perſuaded, that, to be a Landlord, he ought to be a Gentleman: And that a Peaſant, with a great Eſtate, is no better than an Incumbent; the Incumbent only receiving that into his Stomach, which a Landlord enjoys with his Heart. Drunkenneſs, Glut-

tony, and Riot are the Entertainments of an Incumbent: Benevolence, Civility, ſocial and humane Virtues are the Accompliſhments of a Landlord. He reſolves to be a Father to his Tenants, and a Patron to his Neighbours, and to ſhew his Superiority to thoſe in a lower Condition of Life, more by his Benevolence than by his Equipage and Eſtate. And as he had many Opportunities of ſeeing the happy Effects of Mr. *Allworthy*'s good Offices, as an Advocate, a Referee, a Companion, a Mediator, and a Friend to the Diſtreſſed; by which Means his Counſel and Knowledge became a Guard to the Simplicity and Innocence of thoſe of lower Talents, and the Entertainment and Happineſs of thoſe of equal Capacity; Mr. *Jones* ſet out with the ſame good Inclinations, and divided his Time between Solitude and Company. And as he really condemned thoſe, who live upon Expectations, not on their Poſſeſſions; who make a Figure proportionable to what they may be, not to what they really are; who out-run their preſent Income, as not doubting to reimburſe themſelves out of the Profits of ſome future Place, Project, or Reverſion, that they have in View; he ſet himſelf ſeriouſly to regulate his Expences within the Compaſs of his preſent Income, without

without any Regard to what might fall in to his Poſſeſſion hereafter. And he was the more firmly riveted in this laudable Conduct, by obſerving how many Tradeſmen break, who have met with no Misfortune in their Buſineſs; and how many Men of Eſtates are reduced to Beggary, who have never ſuffered from Repairs, Tenants, Taxes, Law-ſuits, nor other Loſſes by Sea or Land. Becauſe they, depending upon contingent Futurities, have exerciſed a romantic Generoſity, aſſumed chimerical Grandeur, and cloathed themſelves with a ſenſeleſs Oſtentation: which ſeldom fails to end in Ruin and Beggary; according to the old Proverb, They who live by Hope will die by Hunger. Thus

The good Œconomiſt makes it an indiſpenſable Rule in Life, to contract his Deſires to his preſent Condition; and, whatever may be his Expectations, to live within the Compaſs of what he actually poſſeſſes: reckoning it to be abſolutely neceſſary, that all Liberality ſhould have Frugality for its Baſis and Support. So that a beneficent Perſon is acted always by the Convictions of Reaſon, not by the Impulſes of Paſſion or corrupt Inclinations. He never ſacrificeth to Fools, Knaves, Flatterers, nor

to the deſervedly Unhappy; but takes Care to ſecure an Ability to do Things Praiſe-worthy, on all Opportunities of affording any Aſſiſtance, where it ought to be.

CHAP. VI.

Mr. Allworthy's *Advice to his Nephew* Jones, *with Directions for the Management of his Family, Conduct in Life; and Propoſals of Marriage between ſeveral Dependants.*

MR. *Allworthy* grew every Day more enamoured of his Nephew *Jones*; who, by his obliging Behaviour and prudent Conduct, promiſed a thorough Obedience to all his Commands and Directions. But, as he knew him to be too young and unexperienced, to be left entirely to his own Management; and having obſerved that *Dryden*'s Satyr, *Full Pockets and empty Heads; great Eſtates in Land, and not in Wit*, is but too often verified where an Eſtate and Riches pour in upon a young Heir, who has been only taught to ſpend, and not to manage and improve them; he took a proper Opportunity to deliver himſelf to his Nephew in the following Manner:

'Mr.

'Mr. *Jones*, your preſent Conduct is 'very ſatisfactory: and, as a Token of my 'Confidence in you, I now make you a 'Preſent of one hundred Pounds a Year 'more than I ſettled upon you by the 'Marriage Articles. But as I think it is not 'below a Gentleman to take Advice; I 'think it alſo my Duty to give you cer-'tain Rules for preſerving and improving 'thoſe good Seeds, which by God's Bleſſing 'have taken Root in you.

1. 'Live as becomes a Chriſtian; poſt-'pone all temporal Engagements to thoſe of 'Eternity. Comply with all the Maxims of 'the Goſpel. They lie under a Miſtake, 'who fancy that Virtue is an Enemy to 'good Breeding: that a Man muſt turn off 'Civility to commence a Saint: and diſband 'from the Society of Men to keep a Corre-'ſpondence with God. No, no: Chriſtia-'nity makes Men honeſt indeed, but not 'Clowns: it forbids Grimace, but not Sin-'cerity: it puts a Mean between Foppiſh-'neſs and Ruſticity; and forbids to ſhew 'no Breeding, by affecting to ſhew too 'much. Virtue ſmooths the Brow, as well 'as the Conſcience, and knows to tem-'per innocent Mirth with a ſeaſonable Re-

'ſervedneſs. So that we may keep up to 'the Height of our Duty to God, without 'dropping our Obligation to Neighbour-'hood and Society.

'2. Serve your King and Country, if 'called thereunto, not with a View of In-'tereſt or Glory, but with a Senſe of Duty. '—An intereſted Man throws off Honeſty, 'when he takes up the Deſire of Wealth; 'and is as far from being a truſty Miniſter 'or Officer to his Prince, as a faithful Ser-'vant to his Maſter. *They who are Slaves 'to Money command Conſcience, and ſcorn to 'truckle to the unchangeable Commands of 'Good and Evil.*

'3. Place not your Affections ſo much 'on any worldly Enjoyment, as to make it 'the Object of your Happineſs. Worldly 'Happineſs is precarious. All that this 'World gives may be taken away. And 'the moſt wealthy, the moſt powerful, 'the moſt dignified Perſon upon Earth, has 'this only Advantage above the Peaſant, 'that in a Moment he may tumble lower, 'and conſequently be more miſerable. 'They who have moſt to loſe, have moſt 'to fear. Money never makes a Man rich: 'the more he has, the more he covets. He

'is

'is not poor that has enough; but he that 'has Millions, if he deſires more.

'4. Think it no more below the Sta-'tion of a Gentleman to take Care of an 'Eſtate, than to poſſeſs one. It is not 'good to ſuſpect a Steward without a Cauſe: 'but it is againſt the Laws of Prudence 'to truſt him too far. It is a dangerous 'Experiment to put even Honeſty itſelf to 'Trial. And it has been too often known 'that a Servant will cheat without Scruple, 'when he can without Diſcovery. There-'fore call your Steward often to Account, 'view the Rent-Rolls, and balance your 'Receipts with your Expences. This will 'keep you within Compaſs, and you will 'live handſomely upon your own, and not 'upon the Sweat of poor Shop-keepers 'and Labourers. To take upon Credit is 'a Blur to a Gentleman's Reputation. 'Sparing and Parſimony lead not to *New-'gate* or the *Fleet:* But Prodigality, Game-'ing, Wine, and Miſſes.

5. I adviſe you to keep up an Equipage, 'rather genteel than great: ſuch a one as 'will anſwer your Station, and ſhall be 'proportioned to your Eſtate. And the 'Way to be content with your preſent

'Fortune, is neither to desire to be greater, 'nor fear to be less.

'6. Behave to your menial Servants 'more like a Father than a Master: and 'treat them as free-born Subjects, not Slaves. 'We differ from them only in Fortune, 'not in Nature. And therefore it is our 'Duty to allow them Instructions as well 'as Food. If Servants are not acquainted 'with their Duty to God and Man, and 'be permitted to live without Hope of Re-'ward or Fear of Punishment, they degene-'rate into Idleness and Licentiousness; and, 'when they are dismissed, the Maids too 'frequently live Prostitutes, and the Men 'die Thieves and Robbers.

'7. Never admit a Debauchee into your 'Service. Clumsiness may be polished by 'civil Conversation; and Skill may be im-'proved by Practice: but vicious Habits 'only seldom wear away, and throw 'their Contagion amongst Thousands; and, 'when once it gains upon a Family, it sel-'dom stops. So that let me caution you 'to examine more narrowly a Servant's 'Behaviour than his Abilities.

'8. Finally,

'8. Finally, when you ſhall be forced 'to reprehend any of your Domeſticks, 'avoid Heat, and never ſally into Strains of 'Indecency. Anger is ungovernable and 'clamorous; as unfit to give, as to take 'Advice. It drowns Reaſon by Noiſe and 'Tumult, and ſeldom pronounces a juſt 'Sentence, but when it intends an unjuſt 'one. It throws a Man off his Guard, and 'even below his Dignity, and betrays thoſe 'Weakneſſes we ſhould bluſh to own upon 'the Torture. A choleric Correction is 'ſeldom well taken: it rather irritates 'than heals and ſtrikes out Reſentment, 'not Sorrow; ſo that the beſt Way to per-'ſuade Servants to obey with Reſpect, is to 'command with Moderation: to judge 'firſt of Faults, before we puniſh them. 'Put a Difference between a Chance, and a 'deliberate Action; wink at ſome Offences: 'laugh at others: chaſtiſe all with Calm-'neſs and Charity: proportion the Pain to 'the Fault.'

And now, Nephew *Jones*, continued the good old Gentleman, I have one Thing more to mention to you: an Affair of great Concern in my Opinion; and which, both for my own and your Credit, I ſhould be

glad to have ſettled as ſoon as poſſible, and in a Way that at the ſame Time we endeavour to wipe off the Stain, it may be done in ſuch a Manner, as effectually to provide for thoſe, who have, in any wiſe, ſuffered through your Means, or on your Account.

You are not unſenſible of the common Report concerning your own Birth: and you have had your little Flights. By theſe Means we ſee *Jenny Jones*, poor *Partridge* the School-maſter, and that ſilly Girl *Molly Seagrim*, (who, if deſerted to the Temptations of the World, will date her Ruin, at the Time you corrupted her Innocence,) become the Objects of your Care, and muſt be provided for. Not that I would have you think I am pleading for their Vices, or excuſe their Wickedneſſes; but Gratitude and Juſtice demand your Relief. Had it not been for your dear Mother's Perſuaſions, which engaged *Jenny* to cover her own Diſgrace by taking your Birth upon herſelf, what Scandal would have ſpread againſt my Family all over the Country! what Sorrow would have diſturbed the Peace of my Soul! and it is more than probable that young pretty Body would never have been forced; (for ſo I muſt believe it, and not that ſhe ever by Choice gave herſelf up) to a lewd, wicked

wicked Life about the Country for a Maintenance. I ſhall never forget the becoming Modeſty, and deep Concern with which ſhe received my ſevere Reprimand, when ſhe ſtood before me guilty of Whoredom, by her own Confeſſion. I little thought then that ſhe was guiltleſs; and that Shame and Confuſion of Face belonged to my own Siſter. And yet I cannot help recollecting, how, as it were by a ſecret Impulſe, and almoſt prophetic Spirit, I promiſed what I now am urging you to perform, and to take Care of you, then her reputed Child. I told her that I did not talk to her by way of Inſult, but to caution and ſtrengthen her for the Future. I applauded her open and ſincere Confeſſion, and ſeeming Repentance; and promiſed to convey her from the Scene of Shame, and to provide for her, and her reputed Child, on Condition ſhe would be a good Girl, the reſt of her Days, and inform me, who was the wicked Man that ſeduced her. Is it poſſible I ſhould forget her modeſt Reply? She, regardleſs of her own Safety, with a Flood of Tears thanked me heartily for my intended Kindneſs to you, her helpleſs Child. He is innocent, ſaid ſhe, and, I hope, will live to be grateful for all the Favours you ſhall ſhew him.

But, on her Knees, ſhe intreated me not to perſiſt in aſking her to declare the Father of her Infant. And, continued ſhe, I promiſe you faithfully you ſhall one Day know. Now, how all theſe Things are providentially come to paſs, you can bear me Witneſs. She kept her Engagements with your Mother, to her own Diſgrace, and Ruin, if neglected. It was her Behaviour that preſerved you from being expoſed to the common Hardſhips of Foundlings, and, according to her Promiſe, ſhe has not only informed me of your Birth and Parentage, but at a Time and in a Manner that reſcued you out of the Jaws of a violent Death, and placed you in your preſent happy Situation, by convincing me that you are my own Siſter's eldeſt Son. After this Recital of Merit, I am certain, your good Nature will be ready to concur in my Propoſal, which is to procure her a good Huſband, and enable them to live. —I believe ſhe has honeſt Principles! — Neceſſity alone, in my Opinion, has driven her into that Way of Life we found her in.— She will certainly take up and repent, and make a good, prudent, and virtuous Wife.— She has a Right to put me in mind of my Promiſe.—She has complied with her's— I cannot give her leſs than 60 *l.* a Year for Life, and we will get your Spouſe to join with

with us in propoſing a Marriage between her and *Supple*; for he is a quiet good-natured Man, and no doubt we ſhall have Intereſt enough with *Weſtern* to give him the Living of————,whoſe Incumbent is very old. Mr. *Jones* readily agreed to his Uncle's Propoſal; many Parts of which had much affected him; well knowing that his own Fate had been involved in almoſt every Particular of *Jenny*'s Life.

Well then, continued Mr. *Allworthy*, it is true *Partridge* has been better able to ſupport himſelf under his Misfortunes; but this is owing to his Sex; which did not lay him open to ſo many and ſuch like Temptations, as a Woman is ſubject to in Diſtreſs: and as they originally proceeded from the ſame Cauſe, as thoſe of *Jenny Jones*, he ſhould be as much an Object of our Regard: beſides, he is now pretty well advanced in Life, and leſs able to ſtrike into Buſineſs, which he has been deprived of ſo many Years, on your Account. *Jenny* was his Servant many Years, and, ſhewing an Inclination to Learning, he, who was a School-maſter, was ſo good-natured as to inſtruct her in the *Latin* Tongue, which however proved of a very bad Conſequence to him: for *Jenny* had no ſooner owned you

for

for her Child, but the World immediately proclaimed him to be your Father, tho' ſhe ſatisfied me with the moſt ſolemn Aſſurances that the Man was entirely out of my Reach, and was neither ſubject to my Power, nor in any Probability of becoming an Object of my Goodneſs. He was even brought before me a long Time after, upon the Accuſation of his Wife, who, ſpirited up with Jealouſy, ſupported only by quick Inventions forged in the Shop of evil Report, laid the Charge ſo home to her Huſband, that I was deceived into a Belief of his Guilt. And, in Conſequence of this Belief, I deprived him of a ſmall Annuity which I had allowed him for teaching the Neighbouring Children; tho' he perſiſted in his Innocence with the moſt ſolemn Proteſtations: which now I find to be true. He alſo bore much from the rude Behaviour of his jealous Wife, and this brought him almoſt to Deſpair, and both of them to a Morſel of Bread: till at laſt ſhe paid the Debt of Nature; and he then left the Country where he was in Danger of Starving. Yet this honeſt Fellow retained ſo much Gratitude for his former Benefactor, that you no ſooner fell in his Way than he reſolved to ſerve you, and to do the beſt of his Endeavours to ſupport one whom he did not know

know was any more than a Child of my Bounty and Favour. What Hardſhips have you related he has undergone for you? What Faithfulneſs has he diſtinguiſhed himſelf for in your Service? How did he imprudently leave his Buſineſs, to ſerve one he knew muſt preſently himſelf want Bread, in all human Appearance?— Theſe, certainly, deſerve our Notice. He muſt be rewarded.— I will give him an Annuity of 50 *l.* and, if you have no Objection, give *Molly Seagrim* the beſt Part of the Money you have recovered from her ungrateful Father, and we will, on theſe Conſiderations, try to make up a Match between them: For, in Juſtice, *Tommy*, you are bound to take her out of the Power of the World, and its Temptations. However, as your Crime with her was made public, and gave ſome Diſguſt to your Spouſe, then Miſs *Weſtern*, I only propoſe this Scheme, and adviſe you firſt to conſult her upon ſo nice a Topic; and let it rather come from her, than from yourſelf.—— Beware of laying a Foundation for Jealouſy! The World is very cenſorious. And a Woman can never bear the very Appearance of a Favourite in her Huſband's Affections. Old Love is ſoon renewed. A ſmall Spark will blow up into a great Flame, and, ſhould

ſhould it once enter into the Head of *Molly*, that you retain a Liking to her, ſhe may be imprudent or vain enough to boaſt of your Favours; and, perchance, too forward to expreſs her Gratitude to her Benefactor, in a Way too much bordering upon thoſe Inclinations, which firſt corrupted your Innocence. Therefore I am quite clear in my Opinion, That, though it is your Duty to provide for her whom you have injured in that Manner, it muſt be done in ſuch a Manner, as ſhe may, at the ſame Time, be convinced that her Relief is not the Reward of Vice, but an Encouragement to Virtue: That it is not the Effect of your Paſſion for her; but of your Lady's Prudence and Compaſſion to cover your youthful Follies, and to reſcue her, otherwiſe forlorn and abandoned to the World, from Ruin and Diſtreſs: And, in fine, that it is tendered as a Price to purchaſe for her a virtuous, ſober, chaſte and modeſt Life and Converſation; which, as I ſaid before, muſt be left to the Diſcretion and Management of my Niece *Sophia*. And I deſire ſhe may be acquainted with theſe Propoſals, and we will then meet, at her Leiſure, to conſult how to carry them into Action.

But

But I have not yet finiſhed all I intended. The Proſpect of your little Flights and Miſcarriages ſhews that Nature, left to itſelf, uncultivated, unwatched, is wanton and libertine; and loves to range in the Latitude of ſenſual Pleaſure, not within the Compaſs of Laws and Regularity.— I do not mean by this Obſervation to caſt any Reflections on you for what you have forſaken, and, I am ſatisfied, repented of. — But to caution you againſt the Exceſſes of the Age.— If you looſe the Rein, and give Nature the whole Line of Duty to play with, it will break through that Reſtraint, and carry you beyond it. Paſſions are like the Mobile; the more Liberty you give them, the more they aſk.— Whoever dare look little Sins in the Face without Horror; I have always ſeen, they ſoon commit great Sins with Pleaſure; and, lulling Conſcience to Sleep, boggle at no Impiety; break through all God's Commands, ſtorm Hell to ſatisfy their Paſſion; and take it for granted that Gentlemen are not tied to Virtue, Patience, and Humility. Therefore it is againſt theſe dangerous, but too common Examples amongſt the young Gentry about us, that I ſo earneſtly conjure you to avoid their Deſtruction;

tion; and to aſſure you that all Mankind are obliged to Virtue; and that this Obligation lies harder upon Gentlemen.

For, Gentlemen are ſubject to more and greater Temptations, than their Inferiors; they advance more in View of their Enemy; ſtand the Mark of every Temptation; they ſeem marked out for Slaughter and Sacrifice; they live in the midſt of Plague and Infection; and cannot take one Step without meeting Danger, nor breathe without drawing in Contagion. The World fawns on them: Paſſions revolt; and the Devil caſts Nets to enſnare them. Fine Sights debauch the Eyes, Muſic the Ears, Ragou's the Taſte, Perfumes the Smell, and falſe Principles the Underſtanding; Wine heats the Paſſions, and delicate Viands put them into a Ferment: So that it is evident that a Gentleman is beſet on all Sides; each Vice batters his Conſtancy, and aſſaults his Innocence; and he muſt certainly yield to their Force, if he do not force Pride with Humility, Luxury with Continency, Intemperance with Sobriety, and Love of Pleaſure with that of Duty, which can never be done by thoſe that think themſelves not tied to thoſe Virtues.

Beſides,

Beſides, you muſt no longer conſider yourſelf a ſolitary Individual, or one that paſſes along unobſerved in a Croud. Your preſent Fortune and Station at the Head of a Family, it may reaſonably be expected in a little Time, ſets you up as a Beacon, or Guide to a great Number of Souls, who, in all Probability, will copy your Behaviour and Conduct, your Faith and Morals. Therefore, in this Light alſo, Virtue is your indiſpenſable Obligation. Gentlemen's Crimes become univerſal, like a Plague; they ſweep away whole Families, and drive Mortality and Deſolation before them.— The Vulgar are an apiſh Generation; they live on Imitation, and are carried away by the Example of the great ones, as the inferior Orbs by the Motion of the ſuperior: So that, if a Maſter ſcatters his Vices among the Family, they are ſoon picked up, and worn as Robes of Honour. And, if Servants do not endeavour to ingratiate themſelves into Favour by Flattering, and adopting their Maſter's Vices and Extravagancies, Sins ſupported by *Eſcutcheon*, Eſtate or Title, paſs for Grandeur; and Vice at the Head of a pompous Retinue is often miſtaken for Virtue. For, Nephew, the Vulgar judge by the Eyes, not by

by Reaſon; and whatever appears great, they conclude to be alſo good; as if Glittering and Value were ſynonymous Terms in the Book of Life.

I have done. Keep my Words in your Heart, and practiſe my Advice; and you will add Health to your Bones, Joy to your Friends, and overcome whatever ſhall oppoſe your temporal or ſpiritual Welfare.

CHAP. VII.

Containing ſeveral ſecret and curious Anecdotes concerning Love, Courtſhip, Matchmaking, and married Fellows of Colleges, who have ſworn to live ſingle.

MR. *Jones* took the firſt Opportunity to communicate ſuch Parts of the foregoing Converſation, as he was directed, to his beloved *Sophia*, in ſuch a Manner as convinced her of the real Motive; and acquitted himſelf of any private Views in what was propoſed for the Relief and Support of thoſe diſtreſſed Women. She readily gave into every Particular, and, waiting upon Mr. *Allworthy*, took his Inſtructions how to open the Affair to the Parties concerned.

In

In the mean Time, Mr. *Allworthy* took upon himſelf the Taſk of engaging Squire *Weſtern* to join with him in making the Match between his Chaplain, Mr. *Supple*, and the Widow *Waters*, alias *Jenny Jones*; and alſo to perſuade *Partridge* to venture on the buxom *Molly Seagrim*. The Squire, whoſe Brains were now entirely free from all Care and Anxiety about his Daughter, and given himſelf up ſo greatly to his Bottle, ſince he found himſelf at Eaſe in his Mind upon her Marriage ſo greatly to his own Liking, never heſitated to lend his Aſſiſtance. But, when the Affair was broken to the reverend Divine, he demurred not a little: 'He could not, in 'Conſcience, he ſaid, take a Woman into 'his Boſom and Embraces, who had ſo 'notoriouſly lived with another Man, to 'the Diſgrace of Chriſtianity, of which 'he had the Honour of being a Preacher. '—I ſhall, added he, by ſuch an Action, 'be Partaker of other Men's Sins, and an 'Encourager of thoſe Things I ought to 'preach againſt: And beſides, he conti-'nued, my Marriage will oblige me to 'reſign my Fellowſhip at College, which I 'am ſworn to vacate upon certain Events.'

Mr.

Mr. *Weſtern*, who could bear no Contradiction, and had but very little Knowledge of Things beyond his own Obſervation, and regarded no Laws, Limitations, nor Obligations, which he had ſeen violated by Cuſtom, Connivance, or Impunity, laughed at the conſcientious Clergyman for raiſing theſe ſcrupulous Objections. He could ſcarce forbear Rapping, and told him, 'that 'he was over nice in his Caſuiſtry. For 'that he could aſſure him, it was not the 'Way to Preferment to ſtumble at a Wife 'with a good Living or Fortune; and 'that he could produce him a Doctor in 'Divinity, a Maſter of a Hall in one of 'the Univerſities, and Rector of two large 'Livings in the County of *Middleſex*, who, 'at the Time he was Fellow of *Br—z—n* '*N*— Col. married a Woman that had 'been kept by Beau *F—l—d—g*, and kept 'his Fellowſhip many Years, notwith-'ſtanding he was obliged by Oath to give 'it up. But, continued the Squire, I 'would not have thee degenerate into zuch 'a deſpiſeable Character; I will give thee 'an Equivalent to reſign thy Fellowſhip; 'and it is not quite clear that Mrs. *Waters* 'ever lived in Fornication.' Mr. *Allworthy* applauded them both: And Mr. *Supple*,

ple, profeſſing himſelf greatly obliged to his Patron, reſted upon his Promiſes, and reſolved to make his Addreſſes to the young Widow, without further Delay; being, at the ſame Time, cautioned not to divulge how far they had prompted him to take that Step.

The next Difficulty was how to perſuade *Partridge* to ſubmit to make Courtſhip to a Girl, whoſe Character was ſo notoriouſly blaſted, and confeſſedly debauched; or indeed to venture at-all upon a ſecond Wife, who had been ſo cruelly uſed, and totally ruined by ſhe that was dead. However, the great and real Regard, and grateful Senſe of Mr. *Allworthy*'s Goodneſs, which he had manifeſted in ſo ſingular a Manner, as related, were Grounds enough to hope he would acquieſce in what ſo worthy a Perſon propoſed for his Well-doing. And therefore, being called, Mr. *Allworthy* informed him abruptly of his Deſire, that he ſhould marry *Molly Seagrim*; and his Intention to ſettle them handſomely in Life, independent of Service. *Partridge* was much confounded at the Novelty of ſuch an unexpected Overture. He dreaded the Conſequences of Marriage, ſhould his ſecond Wife prove as jealous as the firſt; he

he loved his Maſter, and ſat down in his Service, as one at the Height of his Ambition; and therefore deſired his good Maſter not to think any more of it, and withdrew with a *Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum*, determined to be guarded againſt all Sollicitations to a State, which he had experienced and ſeen ſo unhappy amongſt others. This, in ſome Meaſure, diſconcerted Mr. *Allworthy*'s Scheme, but he did not give it up.

Miſtreſs *Sophia Jones* had no ſooner received her Inſtructions how to act her Part, but ſhe took the firſt Opportunity of her being alone with Mrs. *Waters*, to talk to her upon Marriage. The Subject was agreeable; and, as Mrs. *Jones* perceived her Paſſions work up with Deſire, ſhe fairly aſked her, 'If ſhe had any Thoughts that 'Way; and whether any ſuitable Perſon 'had proferred his Service? For, ſaid ſhe, 'I know I could prevail with my Father 'and Uncle to advance ſomething handſome, for to make you happy in a good 'Huſband.— What think you of the Doctor, Mr. *Supple*?—He is a good-natured 'Man, and not deſpiſeable in his Perſon.'— Mrs. *Waters* fetched a deep Sigh,— and, with her Eyes fixed on her Work, her profound

found Silence, and bluſhing Modeſty which, fluſhing into her Cheeks, gave ſufficient Tokens of her Readineſs to hearken to ſo advantageous a Propoſal. Therefore Mrs. *Jones* continued, 'Well, Mrs. *Waters*, Si-'lence, I perceive, gives Conſent.— Has 'the Doctor had Courage to aſk you the 'Queſtion himſelf?' At which, Mrs. *Waters*, never expecting ſuch an Offer, grew pale on a ſudden; but at laſt, recovering her Spirits, expreſſed her grateful Senſe for ſo kind a Wiſh from her Ladyſhip:— But aſſured her, that the Caſe was quite otherwiſe; that ſhe had too mean an Opinion of herſelf, ever to aim at ſuch an Honour, — and had given Countenance to the Addreſſes of, ſhe believed, an honeſt, induſtrious Tradeſman in the Neighbourhood. Well! and have you engaged yourſelf to him? replied Mrs. *Jones*. No, Madam, I ſhould never riſque the Favours of your Ladyſhip and Family, by entering into ſuch an Obligation, without your Privacy and Approbation. Beſides, I muſt now tell you all: There is Sir *Samuel Fairlop*'s *Valet de Chambre* pretends he is deſperately in Love with me; you may remember, how he followed us about, and ogled me, when upon a Viſit to his Lady; and how I deſired your Leave, laſt *Thurſday*, to take

a Walk as far as the Hinds in the Park; it was, indeed, to meet him. He vows, he ſwears, and wiſhes the moſt ſhocking Puniſhments upon his own Head, to perſuade me of his Sincerity. He tells me he has a good Dependence in Land of his own; and he is a very likely Man in Perſon: But, Madam, he is too young for me, I am old enough to be his Mother; and therefore have ſtrove all I can, to prevent his gaining any Aſcendency in my Affections. See here is a Letter he ſent me this Morning.

To the moſt adorable Object of my Deſires.

My Soul's Delight,

THE Diſtreſs I continually feel, ſince you, my Charmer, dealt ſo cruelly with me, as to reject my moſt ſincere and tender Offers of myſelf and Fortune, has well nigh driven me to perpetrate that raſh Declaration your Unkindneſs extorted from me, at our laſt Meeting: A Declaration, which the Force of the moſt violent Paſſion, that ever was, obliged me to make, in ſo impolite and abrupt a Manner. And therefore I look back upon it with an unconceivable Terror, leſt thereby I have offended the Life of my Soul; and tremble, for Fear you will condemn the Preſumption of this.

this. But if as many Years of humble Services, as Fate has allotted for my Life, may purchaſe a Pardon for my Temerity, I devote them entirely to you.— Henceforth rule my every Word and Action, I had almoſt ſaid my every Wiſh.— But that is out of your Power. —In Spite even of yourſelf, I muſt for ever love,— for ever worſhip you! Permit me then to owe to your Bounty, *what elſe my own Obſtinacy will give me, the Title of the*

Moſt adorable *Jenny*'s
Trueſt and everlaſting Lover,

P. VANDERMULEN.

Mrs. *Jones* read this romantic Letter with her accuſtomed gracious Smile; and, laying it down upon the Table, ſeemed neither to approve, nor openly to diſapprove it. But putting on a Steadineſs of Countenance much ſuperior to one of her Years, and fixing her Eyes ſtrongly upon Mrs. *Waters*, ſhe began: 'I have been taught 'that no Friendſhip is like that, which 'exerts its Powers moſt in Time of Need. 'Hitherto I have entertained you, Mrs. '*Waters*, not as a Servant, but as a Com-'panion. I ſhould therefore be very much 'wanting in my Duty, not to give you 'my friendly Sentiments in an Affair, that

'ſo nearly concerns your future Welfare
'in Life. You have already experienced
'many bitter Things, you have been de-
'ceived and diſtreſſed, you have been too
'credulous, and yielded to Words of De-
'ſtruction. And it is my Opinion, that,
'ſhould you give Way to Mr. *Vandermu-*
'*len*, you would preſently find that your
'Misfortunes would return.— I ſee too,
'too much of the modiſh Rant in his Stile,
'to believe him either willing or able to
'make you happy.— My Aunt *Weſtern*,
'though, in other Particulars, ſhe did not
'uſe me kindly, gave me excellent In-
'ſtructions to arm me againſt ſuch Lovers.
'I will repeat ſome of them, it may be
'you may meet with ſome Hints that
'ſhall ſuit your own Caſe :— Do not, ſaid
'ſhe, yield to any Sollicitations, that may call
'either your Honour or Reaſon in Queſtion.
'If Oaths, Imprecations, Vows, and Ado-
'rations are made Uſe of, hear them as
'Words of Courſe ; believe none of them,
'and ſolemnly declare no Vow ſhall de-
'ceive you, but that of Marriage.—Avoid,
'as much as poſſible, what Religion calls
'Temptation, and the World Opportuni-
'ties. For, did the good Women but
'know how many Thouſands of their Sex
'have been gradually betrayed from in-
'nocent

'nocent Freedoms and pretended Honour 'to Ruin and Infamy; and how many 'artful Men have begun with Flatteries, 'Proteſtations, and Endearments, but end-'ed with Reproaches, Perjury, and Per-'fidiouſneſs, they would ſhun, like Death, 'the very firſt Approaches of one that 'might lead them into Labyrinths of Guilt 'and Miſery, from which they never can 'extricate themſelves.— And, by ſtrictly 'adhering to theſe Inſtructions, I am ar-'rived to the happy State you ſee me poſ-'ſeſs.— Nor do you want any more to 'ſeal your own Happineſs, than to follow 'my Advice.'

Mrs. *Waters* had too much good Senſe not to acknowledge the Favour; and declared her entire Submiſſion to, and Approbation of whatever her Ladyſhip ſhould direct her to do. 'Well, then, I adviſe 'you, continued Madam *Jones*, as you 'declare yourſelf diſengaged, both in Pro-'miſe and Affections, that you will reſerve 'your Perſon for a more ſuitable and ad-'vantageous Match.—I can ſee.—I know. '—I am much deceived, if the Parſon has 'not a ſneeking Kindneſs for you.— I 'have obſerved he looks at you with a 'Sort of Fierceneſs, which never before

'appeared in his Countenance.—No longer 'ſince than Yeſterday at Dinner, we could 'all take Notice, that he looked, he ſighed, 'he leered again, and ſighed, grew pale, 'and then, red as Fire, his Lips quivered, 'his very Hand trembled, and he is quite 'fell off from his Stomach, ſince you have 'been placed at my Papa's Table: And 'yet the good Man, I find, has not Cou-'rage enough to ſeek Relief, where, I hope, 'he would find it in you.— He will cer-'tainly out with it at laſt.— Love will 'not be ſmothered with Baſhfulneſs.— 'Modeſty can be no Hinderance, where 'real Honour is intended. And now I 'think on it, he certainly watched your 'going this Morning, as uſual, to walk on 'the Terras; for I am told he did not 'come off till the Bell called to Dinner: 'But you know we were otherwiſe engaged 'To-day.— Huſh! ſomebody knocks at 'the Door.'——

Mr. *Supple*, after he had left his Patrons, went immediately upon the Love-Expedition.— He, that Moment, acquitted his intended Bride of all Crimes and Miſdemeanors. She appeared to him in the moſt amiable Light: And indeed ſhe was very ſuitable to his Age.— He had ſought her

her almoſt every where without Succeſs. But, hurried on by Fears and Expectations, the old Batchelor reſolved to try if the Object of his Enquiry was not depoſited in his young Lady's Chamber, where they frequently retired in an Afternoon to work. — It was he that knocked.— Madam *Jones*, perceiving the little Confuſion her Diſcourſe had thrown Mrs. *Waters* into, ran and opened the Door,—and they both for a Minute ſtood ſpeechleſs and aſtoniſhed to ſee Mr. *Supple* ſo near; and he was as much confounded at the Sight of his Sweet-heart: Till, recovering himſelf, he broke Silence with begging Pardon for interrupting her Ladyſhip, and pretending he was ſeeking for Mr. *Jones*. However, he accepted the Lady's Invitation to ſit down, and bear them Company.

It is not to be expreſſed how, in every Look and Action, he confirmed, in Mrs. *Waters*, the Belief of what ſhe had been told juſt before: And, at laſt, Madam *Jones* gave him an Opportunity to ſignify the ſame in his Words: 'What, ſaid ſhe, 'Mr. *Supple*, are you reſolved to die a 'Batchelor.— We ſhall by and by ſhun 'you as a Woman-hater.— Yet, I am

'ſure, if I have any Skill in Phyſiognomy, you are neither ſo cold, nor ſo inſenſible of Love, as you pretend.— I can help you to a good Wife, that will comfort you, take Care of you, and ſmirk you up as ſmart, as ſome of thoſe beau Parſons we ſaw in *London*.— And the Lady, I would recommend, is a Friend of mine,— and, who knows, but ſhe may bring you a good Fortune?' Mr. *Supple*, who knew not that Madam was in the Secret, was very eager to be informed, who the Perſon was, repreſented to him, in ſuch agreeable Terms. 'Well then, continued Madam *Jones*, it is Mrs. *Waters*, the Widow that ſits here; and I can tell, by your very Motions, ſhe is the Object of your own Affections.' 'I confeſs it, Madam, ſhe is the only Perſon I love in the World, and have longed for an Opportunity to tell her ſo,' ſaid he. To which, Mrs. *Waters* returned a moſt genteel, and yet condeſcending Anſwer: So that, in a ſhort Time, they were married to the mutual Satisfaction of all Parties.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing ſomething worth every Body's Knowledge.

Partridge's Indifference, and the Forwarding of the Marriage, in the preceeding Chapter put a Stop to the bringing the other to bear, for ſome Time. However, at laſt Madam *Jones*, who had all the Time caſt her Eye upon *Seagrim*'s Family, and ſupplied them with Neceſſaries, took *Molly* into her Dairy, with expreſs Orders not to ſet her Foot within the Houſe, without her Leave or Direction.

Molly obeyed, and every Thing went on ſmoothly, till one Day her Lady, attended by Mrs. *Honour*, who had been privy to the Girl's Failings, called upon her, and, taking her Home, laid before her a juſt Repreſentation of her Crimes; ſeverely rebuked her for her particular Sin with Mr. *Jones*, and threatened her with the moſt cruel Uſage, if ever ſhe ſhould be found in his Company any more. She alſo ſaid that her Huſband had conceived ſo great an Averſion to her Perſon, that it was with the

utmoſt Importunity ſhe had been able to reſtrain his Fury, and to hinder his puniſhing her for Fornication, as the Law directs.

'Huſſy, ſaid ſhe, you owe your very 'Being to my Compaſſion for my Sex. 'You muſt have periſhed, had I not beg-'ged my Papa to give you Bread, whom 'I have had Reaſon to hate above all Wo-'men. You have not only been a public 'Diſgrace to our Sex,—but you brought 'Shame to the Man of my Affections, at a 'Time you knew he was engaged to me.— 'You can never make me Satisfaction for 'that Peace of Mind you robbed me of. 'Here is my Maid *Honour* can juſtify the 'Truth of all I ſay. And I have ſtooped 'ſo low as to ſend for you, not out of any 'Regard to your Perſon, but to rebuke 'you ſeverely for your Immoralities, your 'wicked Actions, and, if it be poſſible, to 'work in you a true Sorrow and Repen-'tance. It is the Saving of your Soul I 'have at Heart, or you ſhould never 'more have eat my Bread. They are ſuch 'as you, who, as *Solomon* expreſſes it, lead 'Men to Death, after they have ruined 'their Families: who allure the young 'unexperienced Youths to Deſtruction.

'You

'You have only this in your Favour, that 'you have not added Murder to Whore-'dom. I know not how to ſpeak on ſuch a 'Subject without Horror! But, it is certain 'Multitudes of Infants have been made a-'way by thoſe, who brought them into 'the World, and were afterwards aſhamed 'or unable to provide for them. Where is 'the Aſſizes, where ſome unhappy Wretch 'is not executed for the Murder of a Baſt-'ard? Beſides many more of theſe Female 'Monſters of Inhumanity, which may be 'ſuppoſed to be wholly undiſcovered or 'cleared for Want of legal Proof. To paſs 'over thoſe who by unnatural Practices do, 'in ſome Meaſure, defeat the Intentions of 'Providence, and deſtroy their Concep-'tions, even before they are ripe for Birth. 'In which Caſes, tho' they eſcape preſent 'Puniſhment, the Guilt is the ſame.—My 'Indignation riſeth, I am almoſt angry 'with myſelf for admitting ſuch an Object 'of Contempt into my Preſence.— If you 'do not confirm your Repentance with a 'thorough modeſt and religious Behaviour, 'I will deliver you up to Puniſhment.'

Molly, no longer able to ſupport her Spi-rits, dropped down at Madam's Feet; but Nature, being ſo kind as to aſſiſt her with a

Profuſion of Tears, quickly relieved her Voice; and with Sighs, Sobs, and frequent Sinkings and half Words, bewailed, promiſed, and intreated ſo bitterly, unfeignedly, and pathetically, that, after Mrs. *Honour* had wiped her Face, and raiſed her off her Knees by Order of her Lady, Madam *Jones*, exchanging her ſevere for a mild compaſſionate Countenance, took her fainting Penitent by the Hand, and in a pleaſing Tone proceeded: 'Well, *Molly*, I am convinced 'that you are not that abandoned Sinner, 'as I expected to find you,—I am in great 'Hopes you thoroughly repent of your 'former Life, and firmly reſolve to live 'virtuous and chaſte for the Future.— 'I am not unmerciful,— my Heart is ever 'open to Conviction,—and as I am now 'ſatisfied that you are no longer that 'wicked, lewd, ſhameleſs, and vicious Girl, 'as you was before your Converſion, I 'ſhall think it no Shame, but take a Pleaſure in admitting you to my Converſation, at all proper Opportunities, and in diſtinguiſhing you by my Favours.' And, ſo, giving her a ſmall Token for the Pocket, ſhe diſmiſſed her, for the Preſent, with a Command to wait at her Cloſet next Morning.

Madam

Madam *Jones* delivered herſelf ſo agreeably in theſe laſt Words, that poor *Molly* was almoſt as deeply oppreſſed with Joy, as juſt before ſhe had ſunk under the Burden of her Sorrow. She bleſſed her good Stars that had influenced her Lady ſo much in her Favour, and ſincerely reſolved never more to draw down upon herſelf, her Diſpleaſure. She, however, was not able to compoſe her Spirits, ſo agitated between Grief and Joy: Still almoſt hung between Hope and Deſpair; and impatiently longed to be informed of the Event of their next Meeting. Her Lady's Countenance, ſhe fancied, prognoſticated nothing but Good to her: and again her own Conſcience kept her in Fear.

Next Morning, *Molly Seagrim* was punctually at her Lady's Cloſet, who had diſpoſed of Mrs. *Honour* another Way; and, being alone, after a very ſhort Hint of what had paſſed the Day before between them, Madam *Jones* continued, 'As it has 'pleaſed God to bleſs me with my Heart's 'Deſire, and placed me in a Station capable 'of doing Good, I ſhould be wanting in 'my Duty both to God and Man, ſhould 'I let ſlip any Opportunity of Benevolence 'and Charity. I am convinced that all 'Virtues are defective which are not tinc-

'tured

'tured with Charity—nor can I be truly 'charitable, if I deny Forgiveneſs to the 'Penitent:—If I do not patronize the Or-'phan, and the Widow: if I neglect to 'aſſiſt the Friendleſs, and to guide the Ig-'norant.— And I am convinced not only 'of your Reformation; but, by what 'happened between us Yeſterday, that 'Roughneſs of Temper is apt to diſcoun-'tenance the timorous or modeſt Perſon. 'Now, *Molly*, without further Reſerve, if 'you are not contracted to any other Per-'ſon, I have one in my Eye, that will 'make you a good Huſband; and, in order 'thereto, I ſhall take Care, you ſhall bring 'him a competent Fortune for you both to 'live on, provided you are ſincerely reſol-'ved to lead a new and virtuous Life, 'and can be content with a ſober Man of 'five and forty or fifty Years of Age:— 'It is *Partridge*, my Huſband's Man.—His 'Maſter has promiſed him 50 *l. per Annum* 'for his Life:—But he ſhall never have it, 'except he will oblige me by marrying you; 'if you approve of it.— My Intention is to 'retrieve your Character, and make you an 'honeſt Woman.' The Propoſal was too advantageous for *Molly* to reject it. But after her humble Submiſſion, and many thankful Speeches, and Promiſes of her good

good Conduct for the Future, Madam *Jones* replied, 'That this was no more than a 'Propoſal or Scheme of her own; and that, 'as ſhe was not ſure to bring it to bear, ſhe 'muſt be cautious, and not give the leaſt 'Hint of it to her Maid *Honour*, nor to 'any Body elſe, till further Notice. In the 'mean Time ſhe promiſed to uſe her beſt 'Endeavours to bring Things to bear.'

The whole Affair lay now upon Mr. *Allworthy*, who attacked *Partridge* ſo ſtrongly at their next Parley upon the Subject of Marriage, that he replied with a *Fiat voluntas tua*; and, by his Advice, paid his Reſpects to *Molly Seagrim*, who by her Inſtructions decently accepted the Propoſal, the Nuptials, were performed in the moſt private Manner, and the new married Couple were ordered to ſettle at a Town ſome Miles diſtant, yet they gave the World an Opportunity to rally the Virtue of Mr. *Jones*, ſuppoſing him ſtill to retain a criminal Affection for her, and that he had obliged his truſty Servant to cover a new Crime by taking her to Wife.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Of Envy, *and its direful* Effects, *repreſented in the* Directions *of Lady* BELLASTON *to diſturb Mr.* JONES's *Family.*

THESE Weddings were very diſguſtful to Mrs. *Honour*, who thought her Services merited as much, or more Regard, than ſome who received theſe Favours; and that her Years, which might ſhortly place her amongſt the *Ancients*, were as ripe for a Huſband as any others: and therefore ſhe now began, in good Earneſt, to meditate how ſhe ſhould diſturb their Peace. Envy determines her to be vexatious and unjuſt.

Envy is an ill-natured Vice: it loves Miſchief for Miſchief's Sake, and takes Pleaſure in Torment. 'Tis a Kind of Turnkey by Birth, and an Executioner by Profeſſion. It feeds on Stench, ſucks Poiſon from Cordials, and Infection from Perfumes. It never does a good Turn, but when it deſigns an ill one; and ſeldom takes Things by the right Handle. There is no Miſchief lies out of the envious Man's Reach: for, tho' he has not Courage or Opportunity to ſet

ſet upon the Body of the Perſon hated, he attacks his good Name, and falls foul upon his Honour. And when that is brought into Contempt and Diſrepute, it is eaſy to triumph over Grandeur and Eſtate.

Mrs. *Honour*, I ſay, ſo much envied the Happineſs of Mrs. *Waters* and *Molly Seagrim*, either of whoſe Places ſhe would have been glad to ſupply, that ſhe immediately vowed Vengeance againſt thoſe ſhe imagined had been the chief Promoters of it. Her Paſſion was committed to Writing, and Lady *Bellaſton* was immediately informed, not only of what had paſſed, but of her Conjectures; aggravated with as many Miſrepreſentations as her Envy could invent againſt her Maſter *Jones*.

The Receipt of this Account preſently attoned for all the Fears, and Impatience, which Mrs. *Honour*'s long Silence had occaſioned to Lady *Bellaſton* and her Coadjutrix Mrs. *Weſtern*. And, tho' it is probable, had *Honour* been provided for amongſt the other Brides, her Tongue and her Pen had judged it moſt prudent to remain ſilent, ſhe convinced her Correſpondents both of her Capacity and her Diligence in the Work of Defamation and Family Trouble. Therefore

fore it was agreed to ſend her the following Inſtructions, incloſed in a Parcel by the Stage Coach.

To Mrs. Honour, *at Squire* Weſtern's, *with Care.*

My faithful Girl,

'WE thank you for ſo convincing a 'Proof of Attachment to our Intereſt, as appears from yours of the 7th 'Inſtant.—Nothing could give us more 'Pleaſure.—Be watchful,— ſteady,—reſolute.— You have nothing to fear, nor to 'expect, from that Quarter;—you are convinced that I told you Truth,—You are 'neglected.— Your Virtue will be a certain Obſtacle to your Advancement, amongſt a Crew whoſe Affections are placed 'on a Baſtard;— whoſe Counſels are guided by a Baſtard.— When a Baſtard is at 'the Head of a Family, who can expect its 'Favours, but Whores and Fools, Dupes 'to his Paſſions, and Cloaks to his 'Shame, as you have rightly obſerved in 'your Letter?— Stoop not to their Ways '—Set their Houſe in a Flame,— and if 'it ſhould prove too hot for yourſelf,—if 'any unlucky Accident ſhould bring you

'under

'under Suſpicion,—flee away by its Light. '—I have always a ſafe Retreat for my 'faithful Servants.

'We both enjoin you once more to keep 'our Correſpondence an eternal Secret. 'We approve of your wiſe Conduct, in 'not diſcovering any Diſlike or Diſcontent 'in the late Tranſactions in your Family.— 'We adviſe you even to double your out-'ward Regard to your Maſter and your 'Lady, —and your Felicitation towards 'their Favourites;— ſuch a Behaviour will 'throw them off their Guard, and give 'you a greater Opportunity to ſet them 'by the Ears.—Whatever it may coſt you 'in Submiſſions, Patience, and Flattery, if 'poſſible, gain their Confidence,—and there 'is no Doubt but we ſhall gain our End. '— Where Intereſts appear to claſh, Envy 'will produce Circumſtances we cannot 'foreſee:—And if you play your Cards right, 'my Girl, we are ſatisfied, it is poſſible to 'play Them one againſt another; and to 'bring in the World to help us to baſte 'that *Jones*, who would not ſcruple to 'ruin us all.— If poſſible, create a Jealouſy 'between *Supple* and his Wife; you know 'her Character, and her Familiarities with '*Jones* at the Inn in *Glouceſterſhire*, which 'we

'we ſuppoſe *Supple* is not acquainted with.
'—She is an artful Huſſy,— you muſt be
'very much upon your Guard with her.—
'She certainly would be glad to enjoy *Jones*
'privately, now he has heaped ſuch Favours
'upon her, whom ſhe ſo eaſily admitted
'into her Embraces, as an entire Stranger.
'—You muſt feed her Expectations.—Tell
'her there is not that Harmony between
'your Maſter and Miſtreſs, as uſual:—
'That he has frequently talked to you
'with particular Satisfaction of Mrs. *Waters:*
'—That a Correſpondence might be car-
'ried on between them with the utmoſt
'Secreſy:—That ſhe is deſerving of a much
'brighter Huſband than *Supple*, who does
'not ſeem capable of ever making a Wo-
'man happy in a Family: and, in fine,
'that you are ready and willing to enter
'into any Meaſures that Time, Opportuni-
'ty, and Inclination ſhall ſuggeſt to throw
'her into a perpetual Union with Mr.
'*Jones*.— This will certainly ſooth her
'Temper and Conſtitution;— ſhe is a Jilt
'in Nature,— and what is bred in the
'Bone, is ſeldom got out of the Fleſh.—
'Only ſet her in Motion, and never fear,
'ſhe will preſently begin to deſpiſe her
'Huſband;— try every Means to recom-
'mend her Perſon;— throw herſelf in

'*Jones*'s

'*Jones*'s Way;—dreſs, flaunt, and run 'into a hundred little Extravagancies, ſuc-'geſted by a weak, conceited, amorous 'Heart, which at once will expoſe her to 'the Public;—draw upon her Imputa-'tions,—and awaken the Attention of her 'Huſband, to inſpect into her Behaviour, 'and to ſuſpect her Fidelity to his Bed.—'Then a little Matter will make the Man 'rack himſelf with the tormenting Be-'lief, that he is a Cuckold.

'This we look upon as the chiefeſt Point 'you are to labour: for, there does not 'appear ſo much Difficulty to introduce a 'contentious Jealouſy into *Partridge*'s Fa-'mily.—He is an old Fellow, compared to 'his Bride: and they preſently grow yel-'low, upon the firſt Appearances of a 'young Wife's Courteſy to a young Gentle-'man.—And as for *Molly*, ſhe lies open to 'your Management,—ſhe has given too 'many Proofs of her Experience of a Man, 'to be fully ſatisfied with one older than 'her Father.—No Wonder, as you write, 'the Country ſuſpects her ſtill to be kept 'for your Maſter's Uſe.—Nouriſh this 'Opinion with a ſmiling Acknowledge-'ment, whereever you hear it inſinuated; '—and, if you are preſſed to declare your

'Mind,

'Mind, confirm the Report with a *ſarcaſtical Negative*,' ſaying, 'It does not become 'me to ſpeak,—Servants are obliged to 'keep Family Secrets: But,—if I durſt: '—However it is none of my Buſineſs.' 'And ſuch broken Speeches will gain more 'Credit, and do more Miſchief, than even 'if you ſhould poſitively avouch the Fact.

'By theſe Means, *Honour*, you will be 'able to revenge yourſelf and us upon the 'Baſtard your Maſter, without ſcarce even 'appearing in it, if you manage right.—'Firſt of all, make *Waters* and *Seagrim* 'jealous of each other, in regard to the 'Favours expected from *Jones*.—Be al-'ways inſinuating to each of them ſepa-'rately, that nothing retards a Demonſtra-'tion of the Truth of your Suggeſtions, 'but the partial Love you diſcover in him 'for her Rival;—we know how far our 'Sex will engage in ſuch a Fray.—They 'will ſoon grow clamorous, and fruitful 'in their Inventions to beſpatter them-'ſelves.—They will improve every Re-'port to the Diſadvantage of each other, '—and help you to Aſperſions which 'nothing but Jealouſy can invent.—Thus 'armed with public Report and their Im-'prudences, take the Advantage of your

'Lady's

'Lady's Toilet, and Leiſure Hours, when 'alone at your Needle Work. Throw in 'the Cenſure of the World upon her Huſ-'band's Behaviour, in regard to theſe 'Women, by Way of Diverſion, and 'very tenderly at firſt; and, by Way of 'Diſdain, againſt the Contrivers and Pub-'liſhers of ſuch idle Stories.—If ſhe pays 'the leaſt Regard, or ſhews the leaſt In-'clination to hearken to ſuch Reports,— 'defend your Maſter's Innocence:— But 'condemn the Women of bad Deſigns,— 'and ſupport your Opinion with a Re-'troſpect upon their former Lives and Fa-'miliarities with him.—If ſhe enters deep-'ly into their Characters, you may be ſure 'of ruining them in your Miſtreſs's Opi-'nion,—and, firſt craving Pardon for your 'Concealment of what you was afraid 'would not help but trouble her, tell her 'plainly of their Inclinations and Expecta-'tions; and ſhe is Woman enough to apply 'them to her own Diſquiet, and to her 'Huſband's Miſconduct and Diſadvantage. 'This will lay her quite open to admit what-'ever ſhall feed her Jealouſy; and ſhe will 'like you the better, during the Predominan-'cy of this Paſſion, ſhould you give her any 'Hints to excuſe ſuch a pernicious Suſpi-'cion againſt her Huſband. I need not

'remind

'remind you what to add upon the Occa-
'ſion.— You know what paſſed between
'you and *Jones*, juſt after our firſt Meet-
'ing.— I am not concerned for the Conſe-
'quences to which it may expoſe me to,
'even if you tell all you heard behind his
'Bed; provided you do but add, by Way
'of Sample of his roving Affections, the
'real or pretended Attempts made by him
'upon your Virtue.— But, whatever Con-
'feſſions you make, ſeal them with Tears
'in Abundance, to manifeſt your Love for
'your Miſtreſs, and Deteſtation of her
'Huſband's Crime.

'Religiouſly obſerve your Vow; depart
'not a Tittle from theſe Directions, if
'Circumſtances will bear you out; regard
'not Conſequences; and inform us, by
'every Opportunity, what Progreſs you
'make.— You will find incloſed a Piece of
'Gold, and ſome other ſmall Pledges of
'our Regard for your Services, who am

Your aſſured Friend,

BELLASTON.'

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Madam Jones's *Jealouſy, and the* Plot, *which occaſioned it, diſcovered.*

MRS. *Honour* ſo artfully executed the Intrigue, as, in a ſhort Time, to draw them all into her Snare. Every Mouth was open, amongſt both gentle and ſimple, throughout the Country, againſt the young Squire; and each Family raged with Jealouſy, before it once reached his Ears. And as he was all Life, courteous, affable, kind, and off his Guard, every Word and Action was miſinterpreted and diſtorted to his Defamation.— Till, at laſt, a general Gloomineſs wherever he appeared, and the lovely *Sophia*, emaciated with the Anguiſh of her Soul, awakened his Attention: And he ſo affectionately and undiſguiſedly urged to know the Cauſe of her Grief, that ſhe, but not without the greateſt Emotion of a Soul overwhelmed with Jealouſy, told him very explicitly, that ſhe was become the moſt miſerable of Women,— deceived by him and his Uncle,— made a Tool to ſecure to him two vile Proſtitutes, under the Cloak of Charity, Juſtice, and Gratitude,—

and, in a Word, that he had ſhared her Bed with Mrs. *Waters* and *Molly Seagrim*; of which, ſhe added, the whole Country rings.

The Shock, which this Declaration gave Mr. *Jones*, was ſo great, that nothing but the moſt guarded Innocence could have borne up under it.— And he ſo affectionately and tenderly vindicated his own Conduct, in every Particular, ſince Marriage, that her Tears dried up; her Love and Reaſon got the better of Jealouſy and Paſſion; and, as in Duty bound, ſhe caſt the whole Blame upon the crafty Inſinuations of her Maid *Honour*; whom ſhe, from that Moment, determined to ſacrifice to her Reſentment. But Mr. *Jones*, penetrating farther into ſuch a dark Contrivance to diſturb the Peace of ſo many Families, perſuaded his dear *Sophy* to forbear, till he ſhould try to diſcover the Principals, that ſet her on.— She agreed.— *Honour* was admitted and careſſed, as uſual,—and, with her Huſband's and Uncle *Allworthy*'s Advice, Madam *Jones* informed her Maid *Honour* how much ſhe was concerned, and the Indignation ſhe had conceived from her Reports againſt her Huſband; and, with-

all,

all, that ſhe could not forbear Accuſing of him; that he had ſolemnly aſſerted his inviolable Fidelity to her Bed; and that ſhe was afraid of being obliged to open her Caſe to her Aunt *Weſtern*, and call upon herſelf to confront him with the Charge.

Mrs. *Honour*, finding herſelf puſhed, wrote immediately to Lady *Bellaſton*, to know how to proceed, Things being brought already to ſuch a Criſis. And my Lady, Mrs. *Weſtern* being then abſent from Town, directed her by the next Poſt; for, *Honour* was urgent for her Ladyſhip's Anſwer: That, as long as Mrs. *Weſtern* was pitched upon to be Judge, or at leaſt to be her Niece's Adviſer in the Caſe, ſhe need be under no Apprehenſions of Diſgrace: But, to put a better Colour upon her Deciſion, it would be adviſeable to corrupt either *Supple*'s or *Partridge*'s Wife with a Sum of Money to corroborate the public Reports, by taxing the other of acknowledging her too great Favours from Mr. *Jones*, ordering her to give a Draught for 50 *l.* upon her Banker, which ſhe promiſed ſhould be paid upon Sight.

Mr. *Allworthy*, who entertained the like Suſpicions, as his Nephew did, of a Con-

ſpiracy in this Affair, had ordered Mrs. *Honour* to be ſtrictly watched; and that all Perſons and Letters, enquiring or directed for her, ſhould be brought before him. He was preſently informed of her ſending a Letter by Poſt, juſt before thoſe Orders given in the Family, and by the ſame Conveyance expected a Reply that might help them to unfold ſo villainous a Scheme.—But, when the Poſtman delivered to his Hands the above from Lady *Bellaſton*, whom they had never ſuſpected; what Amazement appeared in every Face! What Surprize to think one in her Character and Station of Life, at leaſt, ſhould contrive and abet Miſchief, for Miſchief Sake! A Friend! a Relation! one, whom all the Family of the *Weſterns* had always treated with the greateſt Diſtinction! to ſollicit, and, as it appears, even to contrive their Diſcontent and Deſtruction, threw them into the utmoſt Conſternation; which was not a little augmented by the dark Hints given in it of Mrs. *Weſtern*.

However, armed with this Proof of the Conſpiracy, Mr. *Allworthy*, attended by his Nephew and Niece, ſent a proper Officer to bring Mrs. *Honour* before his Worſhip, in a legal Manner, as a Juſtice of Peace,

Peace, upon a Complaint made againſt her, for certain Miſdemeanors.—The Fact was too plain to be denied.—The Letter was produced.— Yet ſhe had Confidence enough to urge her own Innocence, and to plead that whatever ſhe had done, or ſaid, was in Love to her Lady, and a thorough Belief of what was laid to her Maſter's Charge. But as this did not ſatisfy the diſcerning Juſtice, and helped rather to inrage than aſſwage the innocent Nephew, ſhe was told that nothing but an open, free, and unreſerved Confeſſion of all the Perſons and Particulars ſhe was privy to, in this helliſh Plot againſt the Innocence and Peace of her Maſter and his Family, could prevent the moſt rigorous Juſtice the Law would inflict upon ſuch an Offender, who muſt be looked upon as the Principal, ſo long as ſhe endeavoured to ſkreen her Accomplices. Nor did this Declaration, from the Mouth of the Juſtice, bring her to Confeſſion. And therefore it was thought proper to ſend for, and examine Mrs. *Supple* and Mrs. *Partridge* a-part privately, to ſee if there could be gathered from their Words any Foundation for an Attempt to engage either of them in the Way directed by Lady *Bellaſton*; and, at the ſame Time, not doubt-

ing to find more Letters on the Subject, it was concluded neceſſary to examine the Trunks, Pockets, *&c.* of the Priſoner. By which Means, they recovered Lady *Bellaſton*'s firſt Letter, which unravelled the whole Secret; ſet every Body right; and brought the artful Chamber-maid to an explicit Confeſſion of the whole Affair from the Beginning.

The Proſpect of the Danger, in which ſo many were concerned, was viewed with Horror. The Diſcovery was made as public as poſſible. The deceived Women were confounded at their own Credulity; and mutually, and together begged Pardon of each other, and of their generous Benefactors, for hearkening to, and not revealing ſuch ſcandalous Inſinuations: And Mrs. *Honour* was obliged to find Security for her good Behaviour, and Appearance, when it ſhould pleaſe the injured Perſons to proſecute Lady *Bellaſton*, at a proper Time. And Mr. *Jones*, to expreſs his thorough Contentment in the Enjoyment of ſo amiable a Lady, and his Approbation of a retired Life, took her by the Hand, and congratulated her in the Words of the Poet:

Retir'd

Retir'd, we tread a ſmooth and open Way;
Thro' Briars and Brambles, in the World we ſtray:
Stiff Oppoſition, and *perplex'd* Debate,
And thorny Care, and rank and ſtinging Hate,
Which choak our Paſſage, our Career controul,
And wound the firmeſt Temper of the Soul.
O ſacred Solitude! divine Retreat!
Choice of the Prudent! Envy of the Great!
By thy pure Stream, or in thy waving Shade,
We'll court fair Wiſdom, that celeſtial Maid:
The genuine Offspring of whoſe lov'd Embrace,
(Strangers on Earth!) are *Innocence* and *Peace*:
There, from the Ways of Men laid ſafe aſhoar,
We'll ſmile to hear the diſtant Tempeſt roar.
There, bleſt with Health, with Buſineſs unperplext,
This Life we'll reliſh, and enſure the next.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Shewing how far Scandal *is ſerviceable to* Barbers, Apothecaries, *and* Phyſicians; *which may ſerve to conclude this Part of the Hiſtory.*

THE whole Country was immediately informed of this Diſcovery; yet, it was not ſo implicitly received by all, as to root it out of every Mind. Nay, the Tea-tables, which had been employed for two Months together, to whiſper about the Imputation, and to bemoan Miſs *Sophia*'s ſad Fortune; or had treated her with Diſdain for marrying a Man, of whom ſhe had ſuch Proofs of his Incontinency; were rather inclined to acquit Mrs. *Honour*, &c. than to acquieſce in the Proceedings againſt her; Some of the old Maids, that remembered *the Foundling* in the Juſtice's Bed, and how tender he was towards *Jenny Jones*, its reputed Mother; failed not to recount this Hiſtory, and to accuſe him of Partiality, for puniſhing a poor Maid-ſervant ſo ſeverely for detecting her Maſter's Whoredoms and Adulteries, when he not only let a Whore go off ſcot-free, but provided for her Baſtard, as if it had been his own Child.—'Ha! ſaid they, there is more

'Truth

'Truth in this Affair, than we can dive 'into;—where there is Smoke, there muſt 'be ſome Fire.—The poor Girl has only 'blown the Coals too ſoon,— Might will 'overcome Right.' But others more prudent, or leſs ſplenetic, choſe to ſuſpend their Opinions: Yet, each Way, this innocent Family became the Diverſion and Ridicule of their Neighbours.

If the Barber was called to ſhave at the next Inn, he entertained his Cuſtomer with the Oddity of this Affair, and ſent it half-told on Horſe-back to the next Stage. The Apothecary, who always carries a Budget of Novelties to edulcorate his bitter Medicines, and to add Value to his tedious Viſits, diſperſed this Incident in ſuch various Mixtures, that it either ſerved for a Laugh or a Pun, or a ſerious Text againſt Adultery, or againſt Scandal and Defamation. Nay, the very Phyſician, after feeling the Pulſe, made Uſe of this Story to fill up the Time neceſſary for his Chariot to ſtand at a Patient's Door; while the deceived Multitude without were admiring his Diligence and Care in conſulting, as they vainly ſuppoſed, the Patient's Welfare. And at laſt he diſcovered it an excellent

lent *Recipe* to recommend himſelf amongſt the Ladies, by lulling their Diſtemper aſleep with a Diſh of Scandal.

But, be this as it will, Lady *Bellaſton* finding herſelf indited at the *King*'s-*Bench* Bar, for aiding, abetting, and contriving this Act of Defamation and Scandal, we are informed it will come on next Term. And I think it is Time to retire from this Theatre of Envy, with the Words of the Poet.

The CONCLUSION.

Fools gaze, and envy; Envy darts a Sting,
Which makes a Swain as wretched as a King;
I envy none their Pageantry and Show,
I envy none the *Gilding* of their Woe.
Give me, indulgent Gods! with Mind ſerene,
And guiltleſs Heart, to range the ſylvan Scene.
No ſplendid Poverty, no ſmiling Care,
No well-bred Hate, or ſervile Grandeur there.
Say, dear *Hippolytus* (whoſe Drink is Ale,
Whoſe Education is a *Chriſtmas* Tale;
Whoſe

Whoſe Miſtreſs is ſaluted with a Smack,
And Friend receiv'd with Thumps upon the Back)
Thy pleaſing Objects uſeful Thoughts ſuggeſt,
Thy Senſe is raviſh'd, and thy Soul is bleſt.

FINIS.

ERRATUM.

PAGE 150, Line 1, *for* conceal, *read* conceive.

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